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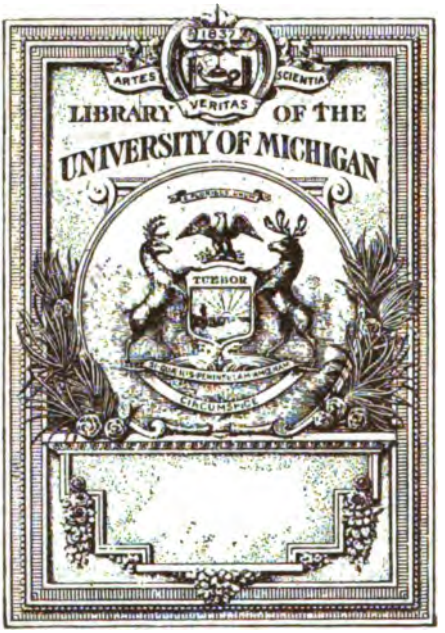

THE GIFT OF
Dr. Warren P. Lombard

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Pt. Dr. Norman P. Lowland

PETER PINDAR'S WORKS.

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Philad.ª Published by M. Wallis Woodward & Co

THE

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OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

PHILADELPHIA:

M. WALLIS WOODWARD & CO.

NO. 11 MINOR STREET.

1835.

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PETER PINDAR'S WORKS.

HUMOROUS TALES, STORIES, &c.

THE CORNISH LASSES.

A STORY.

WALKING one afternoon along the Strand,
My wondering eyes did suddenly expand
Upon a pretty leash of country lasses.—
"Heavens! My dear beauteous angels, how d'ye do?
Upon my soul I'm monstrous glad to see ye."
"Swinge! PETER, we are glad to meet with *you*:
We're just to London come—Well, pray how be ye?

"We're just a going, while 'tis light,
To see St PAUL's before 'tis dark.—
Lord! come, for once, be so polite,
And condescend to be our spark."

"With all my heart, my angels."—On we walk'd,
And much of London—much of Cornwall talk'd:
Now did I hug myself to think
How much that glorious structure would surprise—
How from its awful grandeur they would shrink
With open mouths and marveling eyes!

As near to Ludgate-Hill we drew,
St PAUL's just opening on our view;
Behold, my lovely strangers, one and all,
Gave, all at once, a diabolic squall,
As if they had been tumbled on the stones,
And some confounded cart had crushed their bones.

After well frightening people with their cries,
And sticking to a ribbon-shop their eyes—
They all rushed in, with sounds enough to stun—
And clattering all together, thus begun;—

"Swinge! here are colours, then to please!"
"Delightful things I vow to Heaven!"
"Why! not to see such things as these,
We never should have been forgiven."—

"Here, here, are clever things—good Lord!
And, Sister, here, upon my word—
Here, here!—look! here are beauties to delight;
Why! how a body's heels might dance
Along from Launceston to Penzance,
Before that one might meet with such a sight!"

"Come, Ladies, 'twill be dark," cried I—
"I fear:
Pray let us view St PAUL's, it is so near."—
"Lord! PETER (cried the girls), don't mind St PAUL!
Sure! you're a most *incurious* soul"—
"Why—we can see the church another day,"
"Don't be afraid—St PAUL's can't *run away*."

Reader,
If e'er thy bosom felt a thought *sublime*,
Drop tears of pity with the man of rhyme!

KING CANUTE AND HIS NOBLES.

A TALE.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
That by a kind of royal *necromancy*,
He had the power Old Ocean to control——

Down rushed the royal Dane upon the strand
And issued, like a second Solomon, command—Poor soul!

"Go back, ye waves, you blustering rogues," quoth he,
"Touch not your lord and master, Mr Sea,
For, by my power *almighty*, if you do"——
Then staring vengeance—out he held a stick,
Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,
Should he even wet the latchet of his shoe.

The sea retired—the monarch fierce rushed on,
And looked as if he'd drive him from the land,
But Sea, not caring to be put upon,
Made for a moment a bold stand.

Not only make a *stand* did Mr Ocean,
But to his honest waves he made a motion,
And bid them give the king a hearty trimming:
The orders seemed a deal the waves to tickle,
For soon they put his majesty in pickle;
And set his royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,
Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;
His head and ears most handsomely they doused—
Just like a porpus, with one general shout,
The waves so tumbled the *poor* king about—
No Anabaptist e'er was half so soused.

At length to land he crawl'd, a half drowned thing,
Indeed, more like a crab than like a king,
And found his courtiers making rueful faces:
But what said Canute to the lords and gentry,
Who hailed him from the water, on his entry,
All trembling for their lives or places?

"My lords and gentlemen, by your advice,
I've had with Mr Sea a pretty bustle;
My treatment from my foe not over nice,
Just made a jest for every shrimp and muscle:
A pretty trick for one of my dominion!——
My lords, I thank you for your *great* opinion.

"You'll tell me, perhaps, I've only lost *one* game,
And bid me try another—for the rubber—
Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
That you're a set of knaves, and I'm a lubber."

Such is the story, my dear ode,
Which thou wilt bear—a sacred load!
Yet much I fear, 'twill be of no great use:
Kings are in general obstinate as mules;
Those who surround them mostly rogues and fools,
And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools;
But this unluckily the simple fact is;
Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
And all so devilish modest, don't desire
The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE BOILED FLEAS.

Some discontents arising among the more enlightened members of the R—— Society, on account of Sir Joseph's non-communication of wisdom to the Royal Journals, spurred the knight on at last to open his mouth.—He told an intimate friend that he had made a discovery that would astonish the world, enrich the journals, and render himself immortal.—With the most important confidence and philosophic solemnity, he affirmed, that he was upon the very eve of proving what had never entered into the soul of man, *viz.* that *fleas* were *lobsters*.—Accordingly, Jonas Dryander was ordered to go and collect fifteen hundred fleas, and boil them; which, if they changed to the fine crimson of the lobster, would put the identity of the species beyond the possibility of a doubt.—At length, the beds of the president were ransacked by his *flea-crimp*, Jonas.—Fifteen hundred of the hopping inhabitants were caught, and passed the dreadful ordeal of boiling water: with what success, O gentle reader, the Ode will inform thee.

Blessed be the man who thought upon a college,
The market of all sorts of knowledge;
Th' Emporium, as we classic people say,
Nay, he upon societies who thought,
To learning's stock a deal of treasure brought,
Dragging obscurity so deep to day;

Making the dame turn out her bag,
  Concealed beneath her inky cloak;
Examining the smallest rag,
  Blackened by time's most sacred smoke.

To use a simile a little rough,
Stripping dame Nature to her very buff;
Or, to be somewhat more in speech refined,
By dint of powers of eye and mind,
Enlightening what through darkness might escape,
Embroidering thus with silver-spangles crape.

The mention of societies recalls
Of SOMERSET* the lofty walls,
  The hive where fam'd Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;
Though men, to whom Sir Joseph is not known,
Most certainly must take him for a drone;
  Whose face by sloven nature's hard decree,
Seems formed fair ladies' pockets to alarm,
Rather than steal their tender hearts by charm.

Well! so much for Sir Joseph's face,
And eke about the hive-like place,
  Where our Sir Joseph reigns queen bee;
And verily queen bee's a proper name,
For, reader, know it is a royal dame,
  Who to her subjects issueth decree:

Sendeth her subjects east and west,
To pitch on flowers and weeds the best,
  And bring sweet treasure to the hive;
She keepeth, too, of gentlemen a band,
To say soft things, and flatter, kiss her hand,
  Who eat the honey for such deeds, and thrive.

Sir Joseph has his flatterers, too, in hand,
  Who say soft things—yea, very soft, indeed,
For which the gentle flattering band
  Gain buttered toast, sweet flattery's oily meed.

A girl for novelty where'er it lies,
In mosses, fleas, or cockle-shells, or flies,
  Sir Joseph ever seeks for something new:
Of this, whene'er he sits, he gravely talks,
Or whilst he eats, or drinks, or runs, or walks,
  Amidst his royal and attendant crew.

* The Royal Society hold their meetings there.

One morning, at his house in Soho-square,
As with a solemn awe-inspiring air,
  Amidst some royal sycophants he sat,
Most manfully their masticators using,
Most pleasantly their greasy mouths amusing,
  With coffee, buttered toast, and bird's nest chat;
In Jonas Dryander, the favourite, came,
Who manufactures all Sir Joseph's fame——
  "What luck?" Sir Joseph bawled—
  "say, Jonas, say."—
"I've boiled just fifteen hundred,"—Jonas whined—
"The devil a one changed colour could I find;"
  Intelligence creating dire dismay!——

Then Jonas cursed, with many a wicked wish,
Then showed the stubborn fleas upon a dish—
"How," roared the President, and backward fell—
"There goes, then, my hypothesis to hell!"
And now his head in deep despair he shook;
  Now closed his eyes, and now upon his breast,
  He, muttering, dropped, his sable beard unblessed;
Now twirled his thumbs, and groaned with piteous look.

Dead struck sat AUBERT, BLAGDEN, PLANTA, WOYDE,
Whose jaw-bones in the mumbling trade employed,
  Half opened, gaped, in sudden stupor lost;
Whilst from the mouth of every gaping man,
In many rills the cream-clad coffee ran,
  Supporting dainty bits of buttered toast.

When gaining speech, the parasitic crowd
Leaped up, and roared in unison aloud:
  "Heavens! What's the matter? Dear Sir Joseph, pray?"
Dumb to their questions the *great man* remained:
  The knight, deep pondering, nought vouchsafed to say:
Again the *gentlemen* their voices raised;
Sudden the president of flies, amazed,
Strides round the room with disappointment mad,
  Whilst every eye, enlarged with wonder, rolls;

And now his head against the wainscot leaning,
"Since you *must* know, *must* know," he said, "the meaning,
Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls!"*

THE ROYAL SHEEP.

A FABLE.

Some time ago, a dozen lambs,
Two *reverend* patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old ewe,
Died on a sudden down at Kew;

Where with the sweetest innocence, alas!
Those pretty inoffensive lambs,
And reverend patriarchal rams,
And motherly old ewe, were nibbling grass:
All the fair property of our great king,
Whose deaths did much the royal bosom wring:
'Twas said that dogs had tickled them to death:
Play'd with their gentle throats, and stopped their breath.

Like Homer's heroes on th' ensanguined plain,
Stalked Mr R—b—ns—n† around the slain!
And never was more frightened in his life!
So shocked was Mr R—b—ns—n's whole face,
Not stronger horrors could have taken place,
Had Cerberus devoured his wife!

With wild despairing looks and sighs,
And wet and pity-asking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal presence ventured—
White as the whitest napkin when he entered!
White as the man who sought king Priam's bed,
And told him that his warlike son was dead.

"O! please your M—j—ty," he, blubbering, cried—and then stopped short——
"What? what? what? what?" the staring k—g replied,
"Speak, Robinson, speak, speak, what, what's the hurt!"

"O Sire," said R—b—ns—n again——
"Speak"—said the King—"put, put me out of pain—
"Don't, don't in this suspense a body keep"—
"O sire," cried Robinson, "the sheep, the sheep!"
"What of the sheep," replied the King, "pray, pray?
Dead, R—b—ns—n, dead, dead, or run away?"
"Dead," answered R—b—ns—n, "dead, dead, dead, dead!"
Then like a drooping lily hung his head.
"How? how?" the monarch asked, with visage sad.
"My dogs," said R———n, "and likely mad!"
"No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad—
No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad," rejoined the King,
"Off with them quick to market, quick, depart—
In with them, in, in with them in a cart:
Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."

Now to Fleet-market, driving like the wind,
Amidst his murdered mutton rode the hind,
All in the royal cart so great,
To try to sell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewes, and rams,
Designed for many a London dinner,
Reached the leathern ears of Sheriff Skinner,
Who, with a hammer and a conscience clear,
Pompously gets ten thousand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud London's prouder Mayor.

The alderman was in his pulpit shining,
'Midst gentlemen with night-caps, hair, and wigs;
In language most rhetorical defining
The sterling merit of a lot of pigs:
When suddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet-market were unwholesome sheep,
Which made the preacher from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a tailor, or as thought.

For justice panting, and unawed by fears,
This king, this emperor of auctioneers,

* The author would not have so frequently taken the liberty of putting vulgarisms into the worthy President's mouth, had he not known that Sir Joseph was the most accomplished swearer of the Royal Society.

† The hind.

Set off—indeed a furious face he put on—
Like lightning did he gallop up Cheapside!
Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride—
To catch the man who sold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet-market full of wrath he came,
And with the spirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded, I believe, by no man,
The *alderman*, so virtuous, cried out "shame!"

"D—m'me," to Robinson said Master Skinner,
"Who on such mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"—
"You, if you please,"
Cried Robinson, with perfect ease.
"Sir!" quoth the red hot alderman again—
"You," quoth the hind, in just the same cool strain.

"Off, off," cried Skinner, "with your carrion heap—
Quick, d—m'me, take away your nasty sheep!
Whilst I command, not even the king
Shall such vile stuff to market bring,
Nor London stalls such garbage bear——
So take away your stinking fare."

"*You*," replied Robinson, "*you* cry out shame!
You blast the sheep, good Master Skinner, pray,
You give the harmless mutton a bad name!
You impudently order it away!

"Sweet Master Alderman, don't make this rout:
Pray clap your spectacles upon your snout;
And then your keen surveying eyes regale
With those same fine large letters on the cart
Which brought this blasted mutton here for sale."—
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a start.

Like Hamlet frightened at his father's ghost,
The alderman stood staring, like a post;
He saw G. R. inscribed in handsome letters,
Which proved the sheep belonged unto his betters.

The alderman now turned to deep reflection,
And, being blessed with proper recollection,
Exclaimed, "I've made a great mistake!—
Oh! sad—
Indeed, the sheep are really not so bad.

"Dear Mr Robinson, I beg your pardon,
Your Job-like patience I've borne hard on;
Whoever says the mutton is not good,
Knows nothing, Mr Robinson, of food.

"I verily believe I could turn glutton,
On such neat, wholesome, pretty-looking mutton—
Pray, Mr Robinson, the mutton sell——
I hope, Sir, that his Majesty is well."——

So saying, Mr Robinson he quitted,
With cherubimic smiles and placid brows,
For such embarrassing occasions fitted——
Adding just five-and-twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinson to sell the sheep;
But people would not buy, except *dog-cheap;*
At length the sheep were sold—without the fleece—
And brought King George just half a crown a-piece.

Now for the other saucy, lying story,
Made, one would think, to tarnish kingly glory.

THE KING AND PARSON YOUNG.

The King, God bless him, met old Parson Young
Walking on Windsor terrace one fair morning—
Delightful was the day—the scent was strong—
A heavenly day for howling and for horning;
For tearing farmer's hedges down, and halloings,
Shouts, curses, oaths, and such like pious doings.

"Young," cried the King, "d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day?
Yes, yes,—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day."

Low with a reverend bow the priest replied,
"Great King! I really have no horse to ride;
Nothing, O Monarch, but my foundered mare,
And she, my liege, as blind as she can stare."

"No horse," rejoined the King, "no horse, no horse!"
"Indeed," the parson added,—"I have none:
Nothing but poor old Dobbin, who, of course,
Is dangerous—being blinder than a stone."
"Blind, blind, Young? never mind, you must, must go,
Must hunt, must hunt, Young—stay behind?——no, no."

What pity that the King, in his discourse,
Forgot to say, "I'll lend you, Young, a horse!"

The King to Young—behaving thus so kind,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclined,
At home with *politesse* Young could not stay——
So up his *Reverence* got upon the mare,
Resolved the chase with majesty to share,
Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Roused was the deer!—the King and Parson Young,
Castor and Pollux like, rode side by side;
When lo! a ditch was to be sprung!
Over leaped G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jumped Tinker, Towzer, Rockwood, Fowler,
Over jumped Mendall, Brushwood, Tubal, Jowler,
Trimbush and Lightning, Music, Ranter, Wonder,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder——
Great names! whose pedigrees so fair,
With those of Homer's heroes might compare.

Thus gloriously attended, leaped the King,
By all those hounds attended with a spring!—
Not Cæsar's self a fiercer look put on,
When with his host he passed the Rubicon!

But wayward fate the parson's palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a sudden check——
Unfortunately poor blind Dobbin stumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The Monarch, gaping, with amaze looked round
Upon his dead companion on the ground—
"What, what!" he cried, "Young dead! Young dead! Young dead!
Hump!—take him up—and put him home to bed."

Thus having finished—with a cheerful face—
Nimrod the Second joined the jovial chase.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

Fools would have stopped when Parson Young was killed,
And, losing every thought of hound and deer,
With weakness, called compassion, filled,
Had turned *Samaritan*, and dropped a *tear*.

But better far the royal sportsman knew—
He guessed the consequence, beyond a doubt—
Full well he guessed he should not have a view,
And that he should be shamefully thrown out.

Perhaps, from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet pages sware they never saw it drop.

But majesty may say—"What, what, what's death?
Nought, nought, nought, but a little loss of breath,"

To Parson Young 'twas *more*, I'm very clear—
He lost by death some hundred pounds a-year.

A great deal, my dear liege, depends
On having *clever* bards for friends——
What had Achilles been without his Homer?—
A tailor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where.

In poetry's rich grass how virtues thrive!—
Some when put in, so lean, seem scarce alive;
And yet, so speedily a bulk obtain,
That even their owners know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gained my muse of fire,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great Sire!
Then had I praised your nobleness of spirit!

Then had I boasted that myself,
High Peter, was the first blessed, tuneful elf
You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of *Mammon*, lo! I scorn to be the fool.
If fortune calls, she's welcome to my cot,
Whether she leaves a guinea or a groat:
Whether she brings me from the butcher's shop—
The whole sheep, or a single chop.

For lo! like Andrew Marvel, I can dine,
And deem a mutton-bone extremely fine—
Then, Sir, how difficult the task you see,
To bribe a moderate gentleman like me.

I will not swear, point blank, I shall not alter—
A saint*—my namesake even was known to faulter.

Nay more—some clever men in opposition,
Whose souls did really seem in good condition;
Who made of Pitt such horrible complaint,
And damned him for the worst of knaves;
Altered their mind—became his humble slaves,
And published their new patron for a saint.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that description find?
Who will not sell their souls for cash,
That most angelic diabolic trash!

Even grave divines accept of glittering gold!
The best of consciences are bought and sold:
As in a tale† I've shown most edifying,
To prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEASE.

A TRUE STORY.

A BRACE of sinners for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig, looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse*,
The Priest had ordered pease into their shoes:

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes:
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Pease in their shoes, to go and pray:
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped, as if he had been shot.

One saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with outstretched bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the pease:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke—
"You lazy lubber!"
"Ods curse it," cried the other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For dam'me if I han't lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain:
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes:
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

* Saint Peter.
† *Vide* the tale intituled 'The Parson, the Squire, and the Spaniel.

"How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that nought had happened, burn ye!"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to *boil my peass*."

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

ONCE on a time, a monarch, tired with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor, defenceless, harmless buck;
(The horse and rider wet as muck)
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, half-blind, good, old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished some apple-dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this? what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand——
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed," he cried:
"What makes it, pray, so hard?"—The dame replied,
Low court'sying, "Please your majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing, indeed!—strange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round, rejoined the king)
"'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats PINETTI's conjuring all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
But, Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," (quoth she), 'I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew."—
"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed,
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses, so beauteous, stared,
All with the wonders of the dumpling art!

There did he labour one whole week to show,
The wisdom of an *apple-dumpling maker*;
And lo! so deep was majesty in *dough*,
The palace seemed the lodging of a *baker*.

READER, thou likest not my tale—look'st blue—
Thou art a courtier—roarest, "Lies, lies, lies!"
Do for a moment stop thy cries—
I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis true.

Why should it not be true?—the greatest men
May ask a foolish question now and then—
This is the language of all ages:
Folly lays many a trap—we can't escape it,
"*Nemo*," says one "*omnibus horis sapit*."
Then why not kings like *me* and *other* sages?

Far from despising kings, I like the breed,
Provided king-like they behave.
Kings are an instrument we need,
Just as we razors want to shave;
To keep the state's face smooth—give it an air—
Like my Lord North's, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of kings, though freely I impart,
I hate not royalty, Heaven knows my heart.
Princes and princesses I like, so loyal——
Great George's children are my chief delight;
The sweet Augusta and sweet princess royal,
Obtain my love by day, and prayers by night.

Yes! I like kings—and oft look back with pride
Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle—
Great souls! in virtue as in valour tried,
Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse! let us also forward look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold the sceptre young Augustus sways,
I hear the mingled praise of millions rise;
I see upraised to Heaven their ardent eyes;
That for their monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the brightest annals of renown,
Behold! fair fame his youthful temples crown
With laurels of unfading bloom;
Behold dominion swell beneath his care,
And genius, rising from a dark despair,
His long-extinguished fires relume.

Such are the kings that suit my taste, I own—
Not those where all the littlenesses join—
Whose souls should start to find their lot a throne,
And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to kings of foreign nations.

Poets (so unimpeached tradition says),
The sole historians were of ancient days,
Who helped their heroes fame's high hill to clamber;
Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
And thus preserving, by immortal song,
Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am I doing? Lord! the very same—
Preserving many a deed deserving fame,
Which that old lean, devouring shark, called Time,
Would without ceremony eat;
In my opinion, far too rich a treat——
I therefore merit statues for my rhyme.

"All this is laudable," (a quaker cries)
"But let grave wisdom, friend, thy verses rule;
Put out thine Irony's two squinting eyes—
Despise thy grinning monkey, ridicule."

What! slight my sportive monkey, Ridicule,
Who acts like birch on boys at school,
Neglecting lessons—truants, p'rhaps, whole weeks!
My Ridicule, with humour fraught, and wit,
Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks.

A moral mercury, that cleanseth souls
Of ills that with them play the devil—
Like mercury, that much the power controls
Of presents gained from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please;
The ancients did so, therefore why not *I*?
Lo! for my good advice I ask no fees,
Whilst other doctors let their patients die;
That is, such patients as can't pay their cure—
A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now, though I'm soul-physician to the king,
I never begged of him the smallest thing,
For all the threshing of my virtuous brains;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t'impart,
So well I know my royal patient's heart,
He would not give me two-pence for my pains.

But hark! folks say the king is very mad—
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,
And far too serious an affair to mock it—
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhymes revered—
He goes a-hunting with them in his pocket.

And when thrown out—which often is the case
(In bacon hunting, or of bucks the race)
My verse so much his Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honoured odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads—
Now under trees and hedges,—now in ditches.

Hark! with astonishment a sound I hear,
That strikes tremendous on my ear;
It says, great Arden, commonly called Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is ordered out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty master, Mr Jove,
And ask how it can square with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on
With thy short sturdy beak and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon?

By heavens, I disbelieve the fact——
A monarch cannot so unwisely act!
Suppose that kings so rich are always *mumping*,
Praying and pressing ministers for money;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees) be thumping,
Trying to shake out all our honey;

A thing that oft has happened in our isle!—
Pray shan't we be allowed to smile?
To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our plundered hive?

A king of France (I've lost the monarch's name),
Who avaricious got himself bad fame,
By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
Into his subjects' purses,
A deep manœuvre that obtained their curses,
Because it treated the gentle folks like sponges.

To show how much they relished not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel seizing,
They published libels to display their hate,
To comfort in some sort their souls,
For such a number of large holes
Eat by this royal rat in each estate.

The Premier oped his gullet like a shark,
To hear such satires on the grand monarque,
And roared "Messieurs, you soon shall feel
My criticism upon your ballads,
Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and sallads,
A structure critical ycleped Bastile."

But first he told the tidings to the king,
Then swore *par Dieu*, that he would quickly bring
Unto the grinding-stone their noses down——
No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive:
He'd flay them, Like St Bartlemew, alive—
Villains! for daring to insult the crown.

The Monarch heard Monsieur Le Premier out,
And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
Replied, "Monsieur Le Premier, you are wrong—
Don't of the pleasure let them be debarred—
You know how we have served 'em—faith, 'tis hard
They should not for their money have a *song*."

Ovid, sweet-story-teller of old times,
Unluckily transported for his rhymes,
Addressed his book before he bade it walk;
Therefore my worship, and my ode,
In imitation of such classic mode,
May, like two Indian nations, have a *talk*.

"Dear ode! whose verse the true sublime affords,
Go, visit kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords,
And if thy modest beauties they adore,
Inform them they shall speedily have more."

But possibly a mighty king may say,
"Ode! ode!—What; I hate your rhyme haranguing;
I'd rather hear a Jack-ass bray,
I never knew a poet worth the hanging.

"I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings;
I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at kings;
Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues their songs shall rue,
A ragged, bold-face, ballad-singing, crew,
Yes, yes, the poets shall my power confess;
I'll maul that spawning devil called the press."

If furious thus exclaims a king of glory,
Tell him, O gentle muse, this pretty story.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER.

A TALE.

A King, near Pimlico, with nose and state,
Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
Because this kiln did vomit nasty smoke;
Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred,
Did very often take it in the head
To blacken the great house, and try the king to choke.

His sacred majesty would sputtering say,
Upon a windy day,
"I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—
Pox take the smoke—the sulphur!—Zounds!
It forces down my throat by pounds—
My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop."

One day he was so pestered by a cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus bawled aloud:
"Go," roared his majesty unto a page,
Worked, like a lion, to a devilish rage,
"Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,
That if he dares to burn another brick,
Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,
I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

Off set the page, and soon his errand told:
On which the brick-maker—a little bold,
Exclaimed, "He break my bones, good master page!
He say my kiln shan't burn another brick,
Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick!
Go—give my compliments to master's rage,
And say, more bricks I am resolved to burn;
And if the smoke his worship's stomach turn,
To stop his royal mouth and snout—
Nay, more, good page, his majesty shall find
I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
And dam'me, try to smoke him out.

This was a dreadful message to a king,
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud;
Yet, though so impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhetoric could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor Hastings, Edmund Burke,
This brick-maker went tooth and nail to work,
And formed a true Vesuvius on the eye:
The smoke in pitchy volumes rolled along,
Rushed through the royal dome with sulphur strong,
And then ascending darkened all the sky.

Thus did this cloud of darkness daily shade
The building for the Lord's anointed made,
And blackened it like palls that grace a burying;
Thus was the man of mud and straw employed,
And, at the thought so wicked, overjoyed,
Of smoking his liege sovereign like a herring:

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,
Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine.
But lo! this baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his sovereign, fortunately sick,
And ere the wretch could please his spleen and pride
Of turning monarchs into bacon——died.

The modern bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings
Of sharp and prudent economic kings,
Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks fed,
And pigs of every sort of breed:

—Of kings who pride themselves on fruitful sows;
Who sell skimmed milk, and keep a guard so stout
To keep the geese, the thievish rascals, out,
That every morning used to suck the cows:*

—Of kings who cabbages and carrots† plant
For such as wholesome vegetables want;
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,
Then send it through the villages in carts,
To cheer, (how wondrous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of such as only pay for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,
Singeth commercial treaties—commutation—
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,
Olympian dew, gloves, sticking-plaster, hats,
Quack medicines for sick Christians and sound rats,
And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious kings,
Who love their wives so constant from their heart—
Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping—
Their heads so lovely into houses popping,
And doing wonders in the haggling art.

And why, in God's name, should not queens and kings
Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron strings,
Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
Farthings are not beneath the royal care!
Farthings are helpless children of a guinea:

* Is it possible for this story to be true? We would rather give it as apocryphal.

† Mr Warton says in his Ode, "Who plant the Civic Bay;"—but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

If not well watched, they travel to their cost!
For, lo! each copper-visaged little ninny
Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dared defend—
I'd have a monarch save a candle-end;
Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks save,
The more, indisputably, they must have,
Crowned heads of saving should appear examples;
And Britain really boasts two pretty samples!

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train;
Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houses,
And add another civil obligation,
That addeth greatly to our reputation—
Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader! when tired, I'm fond of taking breath.—
Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,
And, consequently, my immortal rhyme,
'Tis clear thou never canst desire my death.

Swans, in their songs, most musically die—
If that's the case, then, reader, so might I.
Let me then join thy wishes—stay my rapture,
And nurse my lungs to sing a second chapter.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

IN CONTINUATION.

"GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,"
Says Pope (I don't know where), a little liar,
Who, if he praised a man, 'twas in a tone
That made his praise like bunches of sweet brier.
Which, whilst a pleasing fragrance it bestows,
Pops out a pretty pickle on your nose.

Were some folks to exclaim, who fill a throne
"Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none;"
Such princes were upon the forlorn hope,—
Soon, very soon, to reputation dead;
Their idle laureats, faith, might shut up shop,
And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muse, this is all well said; but, not t' offend ye,
I beg you will not cultivate digression—
Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi;*
For surely there are limits to th' expression.
Then cease to wanton thus in episode,
And tell the world of Mr Warton's ode.

The modern poet, Laureat Thomas says,
To Botany's grand island tunes his lays,
Fixed for the swains and damsels of St Giles,
Whose knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art
Bids them from Britain somewhat sudden start,
To teach the southern climes their ministerial wiles:
Improve the wisdom of the commonweal,
And teach the simple natives how to steal;
The picklock sciences, so dark, explain,
And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again, the modern poet sings
Of sweet, good-natured, inoffensive kings;
Who, by a miracle, escaped with life—
Escaped a damsel's most tremendous knife:
A knife, that had been taught, by toil and art,
To pierce the bowels of a pie or tart.

Thus, having given a full display
Of what our laureat says, or meant to say:
I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my ears,
Why, in his verses, we should call
The knights who traced the high-arched hall,
A set of bears?

Why the bold steel-clad knights of elder days
Are not entitled to a little praise,
Who, for God's cause, did palace, house, and hut sell,
As well as monarchs of the present date,
Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,
Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nutshell?

"What king hath small religion?" thou repliest—
"If George the Third thou meanest—bard, thou liest."
Hold, Thomas—not so furious—I know things
That add not to the piety of kings.
I've seen a king at chapel, I declare,
Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a prayer—

When inward his sad optics ought to roll,
To view the dark condition of his soul;

Catch up an opera-glass with curious eye,
Forgetting God, some stranger's phiz to spy,
As though desirous to observe, if Heaven
Had Christian features to the visage given;
Then turn (for kind communication keen)
And tell some new-found wonders to the queen.
"Ah! Peter, Peter," Laureat Thomas cries,
"Thou hast no fear of kings before thy eyes;
Great—little—all, with thee are equal jokes,
And mighty monarchs merely common folks.
Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know"—
Know what?—"That monarchs are not merely show:
Souls they possess, and on a glorious scale."
To this I answer, Thomas, with a tale.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not which)
Thus on a certain time addressed a poet—
"I'm much afraid of the same scribbling itch—
You've wit—but pray be cautious how you show it;
Say nothing in your rhymes about a king—
If praise—'tis lies;—if blame—a dangerous thing."

That is, the duke believed the king, uncivil,
Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

Peter, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st no prince of common-sense possessed—

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest—
On Stanislaus the muse could pour her strain,
Who, dying, sunk a sun upon Lorraine:
Too like the parted sun, with glory crowned—
He filled with blushes deep th' horizon round.
Frederick the Great, who died the other day,
Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say.

We must not touch upon the king's belief—
Because I fear he seldom said his prayers—
Nor dare we say the hero was no thief,
Because he plundered every body's wares.
I'm told the emperor is vastly wise—
And hope that Madam Fame hath not told lies:
Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,
The monarch's oratory was not much:
Full many a trope from bayonet and drum
He threatened—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wise are our gracious queen's superb relations,
The pride and envy of the German nations—
People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state—
Lo! what demand for them, in heaven, of late!

Lo! with his knapsack, even just now departed,
As fine a soldier, faith, as ever started—
Whom death did almost dread to lay his claws on—
Old captain—what's his name?—Saxehilberg-Hausen:*
For whom (with zeal, for folks of worship, burning)
We once again are blackened up by mourning
To show, by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,
A peck of troubles for the old gentleman.

Good lack-a-daisie then! what dozens
Our queen hath got of uncles, aunts, and cousins!
Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doomed to dismal black,
Must always bear a hearse-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always crying.

Great is the northern empress, I confess!
Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Bess.
She keeps her fair court-dames from getting drunk;†
And all so temperate herself, folks say,
She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a-day!
And, in love-matters, is a queen of spunk.

* Great uncle to our most gracious queen. He died in the emperor's service.

† At an assembly, some years since, at Petersburg, which was honoured with the empress's presence, one of the rules was, "that no lady should come drunk into the room."

And when on horseback—lo! with manly pride
This brave Semiramis doth sit *astride!*
Yet like I not such woman for a wife—
Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,
Might hammer from one's tender head hard notes:
I own my delicacy is so great,
I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet
Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learned dispute upon a cap,
By way of answer, one might have a slap—
P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—
Nay! possibly on madam's being kissed!
And really, I would rather be knocked down
By weight of argument, than weight of fist.

I like not dames whose conversation runs
On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns—
The milder beauties win my softened soul;
Who look for fashions with desiring eyes!
Pleased when on wigs the conversations roll,
Cork-rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers' sighs.

Love! when I marry, give me not an ox—
I hate a woman like a sentry-box;
Nor can I deem the dame a charming creature,
Whose hard face holds an oath in every feature.

In woman—angel-sweetness let me see—
No galloping horse-godmothers for me,
I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*
As Mademoiselle D'Eons, and Hannah Snells,
Yet men there are (how strange are love's decrees!)
Whom vulgar, coarse jack-gentlewomen please.

How different, Silvia, from thy form so fair!
That triumph in a love-inspiring air;
Superior beaming, even where thousands shine—
Thy form!—where all the tender graces play,
And, blushing, seem in every smile to say,
"Behold we boast an origin divine!"

See too the Queen of France—a gem, I ween!—
With reverence let me hail that charming queen,
Bliss to the king, and lustre to her race:
Though Venus gave of beauty half her store,
And all the Graces bid a world adore—
Her smallest beauties are the charms of face.

T. W.

Heavens! why abroad for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, at home.

I beg your pardon—yes—the Prince of Wales
(Whose actions smile contempt on scandal's tales)
Ranks in the muse's favour high—
I wish some folks, that I could name with ease,
Blessed with his head—his heart—his powers to please—
Then pity's soul would cease from many a sigh.

The crouching courtiers that surround a throne,
And learn to speak and grin from one alone,
Who watch, like dancing-dogs, their master's nod—
Are ready now, if horse-whipped from their places,
At Carlton-House to show their supple faces,
And call the prince they vilify, a god.

T. W.

Thinkest thou not Cæsar doth the arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Thinkest thou not Cæsar would each joy forego
To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no.

T. W.

What! not one bag, to bless a child, bestow?—

P. P.

Heaven help thy folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!
The sordid souls that avarice enslaves,
Would gladly grasp their guineas in their graves:
Like that old Greek—a miserable cur,
Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;
She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:
At every danger, Lord! how puss is frighted—
She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins:
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilst her cats are young indeed:
But when grown up, alas! how changed their luck!
No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,
Lies down and, mewing, bids them come and suck.

No more she sports and pats them, frisk and purs;
Plays with their little tails, and licks their furs;
But when they beg her blessing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with squinting eye;
And if she spies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.

No more a tender love she seems to feel—
The devil for her may eat 'em at a meal—
With all her soul—the jade so wondrous saving,
Cries, "Off! you now are at your own beard-shaving."

So—to some kings this evil doth belong—
Th'intelligence is good, I make no doubt—
Who really love their offspring when they're young,
But lose that fond affection when they're stout!
Far off they send them—nor a sixpence give—
I wonder, Thomas, where such monarchs live!

Should such one, Thomas, come across thy way,
And for thy flattery, offer butts of sack;
Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy lay;
And turning on him thy Pindaric back,
Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger bristle,
Nor damn thy precious soul to whet thy whistle.

THE PARSON, THE SQUIRE, AND THE SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN possessed a favourite spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of which we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of Tray.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died:
A coffin then was ordered to be made,
The dog was in the church-yard laid,
While o'er his pale remains the master cried:
Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He raised a small blue stone, just after burial,
And, weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

TRAY'S EPITAPH.

HERE rest the relics of a friend below,
Blessed with more sense than half the folks I know;
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no sect, but calmly gnawed his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in every way—
Blush, *Christians*, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

THE curate of the Huntingtonian band,
Rare breed of Gospel-hawks that scour the land,
And fierce on sins their quarry fall,
Those locusts, that would eat up all:

Men who, with new-invented patent eyes,
See heaven and all the angels in the skies;
As plain as in the box of showman Swiss,
For little master made, or curious miss,
We see with huge delight the king of France
With all his lords and ladies dance.

This curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaimed, with infinite devotion:
"O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
Fine doings, these upon my word!
This, truly, is a very pretty thing!
What will become of this most shocking world?
How richly such a rogue deserves to swing,
And then to Satan's hottest flames be hurled.

"Oh! by this damn'd deed how I am hurried
A dog in Christian ground, indeed, be buried
And have an epitaph, forsooth, so civil:
Egad! old maids will presently be found
Clapping their dead *ram-cats* in holy ground,
And writing verses on each *mousing devil.*"

Against such future casualty providing,
The priest set off, like Homer's Neptune, striding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the court:
He found him at the spaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, neither singing of a stave:
And thus began t' abuse him, not exhort:—

"Son of the devil, what hast thou done?
Nought for the action can atone——
I should not wonder if the Great All-wise
Quick darted down his lightning all so red,
And dashed to earth that wretched head,
Which dared so foul, so base an act devise.

"Bury a dog like Christian folk!——
None but the fiend of darkness could provoke
A man to perpetrate a deed so odd:
Our inquisition soon the tale shall hear,
And quickly your fine fleece shall shear;
Why, such a villain can't believe in God."

"Softly, my reverend Sir," the squire replied,—
"Tray was as good a dog as ever died——
No education could his morals mend.——
And what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
Before his lamp of life went out,
He ordered you a legacy, my friend."

"Did he?—poor dog," the softened priest rejoined,
In accents pitiful and kind;——
"What! was it Tray? I'm sorry for poor Tray.
Why, truly dogs of such rare merit,
Such real nobleness of spirit,
Should not like common dogs be put away.

"Well, pray what was it that he gave,
Poor fellow, e'er he sought the grave?
I guess I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."
"A piece of gold," the gentleman replied.—
"I'm much obliged to Tray," the parson cried:
So left God's cause, and pocketed the guinea.

Yet, should I imitate the fickle wind,
Or Mister Patriot Eden—change my mind;
And for the bard your majesty should send,
And say, "Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
I long, I long, to give you something, Peter—
You make fine verses,—nothing can be sweeter;
What will you have? what, what? speak out, speak out;
Yes, yes, you something want, no doubt, no doubt."

Or should you, like some men who gravely preach,
Forsake your useful short-hand mode of speech,
And thus begin—in Bible-phrase sublime:
"What shall be done for our rare son of rhyme?
The bard who, full of wisdom, writeth,
The man in whom the king delighteth."

Then would the poet thankfully reply,
With faultering voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye
All meekness; such a simple, dove-like thing!
"Blessed be the bard who verses can indite,
To yield a second Solomon delight!
Thrice blessed who findeth favour with the king!

"Since 'tis the royal will to give the bard
In whom the king delighteth some reward,
Some mark of royal bounty to requite him;
O king, do any thing but knight him."*

* Peter layeth out thus ironically for a pension.

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

OR

A ROYAL VISIT TO

WHITBREAD'S BREWERY.

Sic transit gloria mundi!—Old Sun-Dials.

From House of Buckingham, in grand parade,
To Whitbread's *Brewhouse*, moved the cavalcade.

THE ARGUMENT.

PETER's loyalty.—He suspecteth Mr Warton of joking.—Complimenteth the poet Laureat.—Peter differeth in opinion from Mr Warton.—Taketh up the cudgels for King Edward, King Harry V. and Queen Bess.—Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious sovereign.—King Charles the Second half damned by Peter, yet praised for keeping company with gentlemen.—Peter praiseth himself.—Peter reproved by Mr Warton.—Desireth Mr Warton's prayers.—A fine simile.—Peter still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings.—Peter expostulateth with Mr Warton.—Mr Warton replieth.—Peter administereth bold advice.—Wittily calleth death and physicians poachers.—Praiseth the King for parental tenderness.—Peter maketh a natural simile.—Peter furthermore telleth Thomas Warton what to say.—Peter giveth a beautiful example of ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's love for the arts and sciences, even in quadrupeds.—His resolution to know the history of brewing beer.—Billy Ramus sent ambassador to Chiswell street.—Interview between Messrs Ramus and Whitbread.—Mr Whitbread's bow, and compliments to Majesty.—Mr Ramus' return from his embassy.—Mr Whitbread's terrors described to Majesty by Mr Ramus.—The King's pleasure thereat.—Description of people of worship.—Account of the Whitbread preparation.—The royal cavalcade to Chiswell street.—The arrival at the brewhouse.—Great joy of Mr Whitbread.—His Majesty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of questions.—A West India simile.—The marvellings of the draymen described.—His Majesty peepeth into a pump.—Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone.—The minute curiosity of the King.—Mr Whitbread endeavoureth to surprise Majesty.—His Majesty puzzleth Mr Whitbread.—Mr Whitbread's horse expresseth wonder.—Also Mr Whitbread's dog.—His Majesty maketh laudable inquiry about Porter.—Again puzzleth Mr Whitbread.—King noteth *notable* things.—Profound questions proposed by Majesty.—As profoundly answered by Mr Whitbread.—Majesty in a mistake.—Corrected by the brewer.—A nose simile.—Majesty's admiration of the bell.—Good manners of the bell.—Fine appearance of Mr Whitbread's pigs.—Majesty proposeth questions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers.—Peter telleth the duty of Kings.—Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims.—Sublime simile of a water-spout and a King.—The great use of asking questions.—The

habitation of truth.—The collation.—The wonders performed by the Royal Visitors.—Majesty proposeth to take leave.—Offereth knighthood to Whitbread.—Mr Whitbread's objections.—The king runneth a rig on his host.—Mr Whitbread thanketh Majesty.—Miss Whitbread curtsieth.—The Queen dippeth.—The Cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth.—Admonisheth the Laureat.—Peter croweth over the Laureat.—Discovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and surgeons, and men who have lost their legs.—Peter reasoneth.—Vaunteth.—Even insulteth the Laureat.—Peter proclaimeth his peaceable disposition.—Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a prayer for curious Kings.

Tom, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy golden lyre,
Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,
To sing of kings and queens, and such rare folk:
Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the Nine, thou writest well on nought:
Thy thundering stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh:
Edward and Harry were much braver men
Than this new-christened hero of thy pen.
Yes, laurelled Odeman, braver far by half;

Though on Blackheath and Wimbledon's wide plain,
George keeps his hat off in a shower of rain;
Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head:

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster;
Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess:
His present majesty, whom Heaven long bless
With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
As that old queen, though often called old b—ch,
In fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that king
Indeed was never any mighty thing;
He merited few honours from the pen:
And yet he was a devilish harty fellow,
Enjoyed his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
And mind—kept company with *gentlemen*:

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight—
Nor joked by day with pages, servant-maids,
Large, red-polled, blowzy, hard two-handed jades:
Indeed I know not what Charles did by night.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover;
In short, I'm candour's self all over;
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe;
Make it a rule that Virtue shall be praised,
And humble Merit from her bum he raised:
What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou criest, "Oh! how false! behold thy king,
Of whom thou scarcely sayest a handsome thing;
That king has virtues that should make thee stare."
Is it so?—Then the sin's in me—
'Tis my vile optics that can't see;
Then pray for them, when next thou sayest a prayer.

But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
So distant, O ye gods! from every one,
The royal virtues are like many a star,
From this our pigmy system rather far:
Whose light, though flying ever since creation,
Has not yet pitched upon our nation.*

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

Then may the royal ray be soon explored—
And Thomas, if thou'l swear thou art not humming,
I'll take my spying-glass and bring thee word
The instant I behold it coming.
But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou not, thy sovereign smoking?

How canst thou seriously declare,
That George the Third
With Cressy's Edward can compare,
Or Harry?—'Tis too bad, upon my word:
George is a clever king, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, "God rot it! Peter, pray
What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom:
Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,
His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,
By abbey company and kettle drum:
Leaving that son to death and the physician,
Between two fires—a forlorn-hope condition;
Two poachers, who make man their game,
And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, though the monarch did not see his son,
He kept aloof through fatherly affection;
Determined nothing should be done,
To bring on useless tears, and dismal recollection.
For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes;
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
That show the leakiness of feeble nature?

Tom, with my simile thou wilt not quarrel;
Like air and any sort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the prince, when wet was every eye,
And thousands poured to heaven the pitying sigh
Devout;
Say how a king, unable to dissemble,
Ordered Dame Siddons to his house, and Kemble,
To spout:

Gave them ice creams, and wines, so dear
Denied till then a thimble full of beer;
For which they've thanked the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral mender Peter.
Who, in his Ode on Ode, did dare exclaim,
And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
Thus shall thy labours visit fame's abode,
In company with my immortal lay;
And look, Tom—thus I fire away—

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

This day, this very day, gave birth,
Not to the brightest monarch upon earth,
Because there are some brighter and as big;
Who love the arts that man exalt to heaven,
George loves them also, when they're given
To four-legged Gentry, christened dog and pig,*
Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Mr Whitbread's fame:
Quoth he unto the queen, "My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew:
Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen!"
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen!

Red-hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mr Whitbread forth he sent a page,
To say that majesty proposed to view,
With thirst of wondrous knowledge deep inflamed,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads famed,
And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
Most reverently the brewer bowed;
So humbly (so the humble story goes)
He touched even *terra firma* with his nose;

Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
"Happy are we that our great king should name us,

* The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

As worthy unto majesty to show,
How we poor Chiswell people brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought;
To majesty the welcome tidings brought,
How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
And trembled—then the civil things he said—
On which the king did smile and nod his head:
For monarchs like to see their subjects quake:

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
Proclaiming reverence and humility:
High thoughts to all those shaking fits declare
Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sons of earth,
Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!
High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr Whitbread made;
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine:
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine:

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread route of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner christened Chiswell-street;
But oftener charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman-square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,
His grace the Duke of Montague *likewise*,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree-show,
And fixed all Smithfield's marvelling eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arrived, the king broad grinned, and gave a nod
To smiling Whitbread, who, had God
Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met—
Indeed the man was in a sweat
So much the brewer did the king revere.

Her majesty contrived to make a dip:
Light as a feather then the king did skip,
And asked a thousand questions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread comprehended half.

Reader! my ode should have a simile—
Well! in Jamaica, on a tamarind tree,
Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I've seen—such noise the feathered imps did make,
As made my very *pericranium* ache—
Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask:
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wondering to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view, and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And, lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep;
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known;
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And, lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
"What's this! hæ, hæ? what's that? what's this? what's that?"
So quick the words too when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side to reach along to Kew:
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried,
"What, if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?"
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen:
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished neighed;
The brewer's dog too poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And, after taking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling, disagreeing question;
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of cask,
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer—
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

Mem.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me, away.

Now having penciled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his asses' skin.

To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say,
"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay!"
"Yes, please your majesty," in humble notes,
The brewer answered—"also, Sir, of oats:
Another thing my horses too maintains,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains," said majesty, to fill their crops?
"Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?"

Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
"Sire," cried the humble brewer, "give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

"True," said the cautious monarch, with a smile:
"From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
"An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure."
"Yes," answered majesty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now this was wise in Whitbread—here we find
A very pretty knowledge of mankind:
As monarchs never must be in the wrong,
'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue,
To tell a little fib, or some such thing,
To save the sinking credit of a king.

Some brewers, in a rage of information,
Proud to instruct the ruler of a nation,
Had on the folly dwelt, to seem damned clever!
Now, what had been the consequence? Too plain!
The man had cut his consequence in twain;
The king had hated the *wise* fool for ever!

Reader, whene'er thou dost espy a nose
That bright with many a ruby glows,
That nose thou mayest pronounce, nay safely swear,
Is nursed on something better than small-beer.

Thus when thou findest kings in brewing wise,
Or natural history holding lofty station,
Thou mayest conclude, with marvelling eyes,
Such kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine:
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their stye,
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which the observant man, who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own:
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brim full of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed, "O heavens! and can my swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine!
Heavens! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs royal!"
To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said, "Good God!"
Then winked significant on Miss;
Significant of wonder and of bliss;
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest courtesy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty so gracious say
To Mr Whitbread, in his flying way,
"Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

"D'ye hunt!—hæ, hunt? No, no, you are too old—
You'll be lord mayor—lord mayor one day—
Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told:
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare:
Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be lord mayor.

"Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hæ?
Hæ, Whitbread? you have feather'd well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, "May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first;"
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But e'er the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and baulked the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong—
From curiosity doth wisdom flow:
For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,
The more a man inquires, the more he'll know.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?
'Tis possible that thou wilt answer, "No."
Well then! he makes a most infernal rout;
Sucks, like an elephant, the waves below,
With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,
As if he meant to drink the ocean dry:
At length so full he can't hold one drop more—
He bursts—down rush the waters with a roar
On some poor boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,
And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep;
Thus have I seen a monarch at reviews,
Suck from the tribe of officers the news,
Then bear in triumph off each *wondrous* matter,
And souse it on the queen with such a clatter!

I always would advise folks to ask questions;
For, truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:
Soldiers, who forage for the mind's digestions,
Cut figures at the Old Bailey, and at college;
Make chancellors, chief justices, and judges,
Even of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well,
Questions are then the windlass and the rope
That pull the grave old gentlewoman up:
Damn jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,
Reflecting upon kings for asking questions.*

Now having well employed his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels, and their bungs,
The king and Co. sat down to a collation
Of flesh and fish, and fowl of every nation.
Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merciless fell like tomahawks to work,
And fearless scalped the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
Whilst Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conquering monarch, stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,
Now turned to Whitbread with complacence round,
And, merry, thus addressed the man of beer:
"Whitbread, is't true? I hear, I hear,
You're of an ancient family—renowned—
What? what? I'm told that you're a limb
Of Pym,* the famous fellow Pym:
What Whitbread, is it true what people say?
Son of a round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?
I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—
A snuffling round-headed society—
Prayer-books instead of cash to buy them coats—
Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:
Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare—
Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of prayer.
Thirtieth of January don't you *feed?*
Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
Whole hosts o'erturned—and seized on all supplies;
The royal visitors expressed a wish
To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But first the monarch, so polite,
Asked Mr Whitbread if he'd be a *knight.*
Unwilling in the list to be enrolled,
Whitbread contemplated the knights of Peg,
Then to his generous sovereign made a leg,
And said, "He was afraid he was too old.
He thanked however his most gracious king,
For offering to make him *such a thing.*"

But, ah! a different reason 'twas I fear!
It was not age that bade the man of beer
The proffered honour of the monarch shun:

* This alludes to the late Dr Johnson's laugh on a great personage, for a laudable curiosity in the queen's library some years since.

* His Majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his wife's relation.

The tale of Margaret's knife, and royal fright,
Had almost made him damn the *name* of knight,
A tale that farrowed such a world of fun.

He mocked the prayer* too by the king appointed,
Even by himself the Lord's Anointed :—
A foe to *fast* too, is he, let me tell ye;
And though a Presbyterian, cannot think
Heaven (quarrelling with meat and drink)
Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air
Up rose the monarch with his laurelled brow,
When Mr Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
Expressed much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.
Miss Whitbread now so quick her curtsies drops,
Thick as her honoured father's Kentish hops;
Which hop-like curtsies were returned by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;
For hips and knees of queens are sacred things,
That only bend on gala days
Before the best of kings,
When odes of triumph sound his praise.—

Now through a thundering peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from hired† and unhired jaws,
The raree-show thought proper to retire;
Whilst Whitbread and his daughter fair
Surveyed all Chiswell street with lofty air;
For, lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her sovereign to view.

† When his majesty goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the Lord Chamberlain provides some pounds-worth of mob to huzza their beloved monarch. At the playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their majesties' appearance, at two shillings and sixpence per head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These *Stentors* are placed in different parts of the theatre, who, immediately on the royal entry into the stage Box, set up their howl of loyalty; to whom their majesties with sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant courtesy. This congratulatory noise of the *Stentors* is looked on by many, particularly country ladies and gentlemen, as an infallible thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the national regard.

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
Thus shouldst thou birth-day songs indite;
Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty sky;
No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest laureat write of kings—
Not praise them for *imaginary things;*
I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
Call every king a character sublime;
For conscience will not suffer me to wander
So very widely from the paths of candour.
I know full well *some* kings are to beween,
To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains.*
I won't say that they *never* brain possessed—
They *may* have been with such a present blessed,
And therefore fancy that some *still* remains;

For every well-experienced surgeon knows
That men who with their legs have parted,
Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes,*
And often at the twinges started;
Then stared upon their oaken stumps in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their absent toes have mourned,
Can fancy those same toes at times returned;
So kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have stumbled on their senses.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing ode—
Why liftest thou thy pious eyes to God!
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;
And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
"Is this an action, Peter, this a deed
To raise a monarch to the sky?
Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,
Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!"

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On kings and brewers, porter, pumps and barrels—

Far from the dove-like Peter be such strife!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact—
Thy Cæsar never did an act
More wise, more glorious in his life.

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting kings,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham, or Kewhouse:
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his brew-house!

THE LOUSIAD,

A

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

Prima Syracoslo dignata est ludere versu
Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia;
Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem
Vellit et admonuit——— Virgil.

I, who so lately in my Lyric lays
Sung to the praise and glory of R. A's;
And sweetly tuned to Love the melting line,
With Ovid's art, and Sappho's warmth divine;
Said, (nobly daring!) "Muse, exalt thy wings,
"Love and the Sons of Canvass quit for kings."
Apollo, laughing at my powers of song,
Cried, "Peter Pindar prithee hold thy tongue."
But I, like poets, self-sufficient grown,
Replied, "Apollo, prithee hold thy own."

TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,

It is necessary to inform thee, that his majesty actually discovered, some time ago, as he sat at table, a *louse* on his plate. The emotion occasioned by the unexpected appearance of such a guest can be better imagined than described.

An edict was, in consequence, passed for shaving the cooks, scullions, &c., and the unfortunate louse condemned to die.

Such is the foundation of the Lousiad.—With what degree of merit the poem is executed, the un-critical as well as critical reader will decide.

The ingenious author, who ought to be allowed to know somewhat of the matter, hath been heard privately to declare, that, in his opinion, the Batrachomyomachia of Homer, the Secchia Rapita of Tassoni, the Lutrin of Boileau, the Dispensary of Garth, and the Rape of the Lock of Pope, are not to be compared to it; and to exclaim at the same time, with all the modest assurance of an author—

Cedite, scriptores Romani; cedite, Grali—
Nil ortum in terris, *Lousiada* melius,

Which, for the sake of the mere English reader, is thus beautifully translated:

Roman and Grecian authors, great and small,
The author of the *Lousiad* beats you all.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Proëmium.—Description of the Louse's fall.—History of his wife and family.—A wonderfully sublime simile of a cow.—Discovery of the louse by his majesty.—The king's horror and astonishment on seeing him.—Equal to that he felt at Mr Fox's attempt on prerogative.—At Mr Burke's dreadful defalcation of the royal table.—Equal to that his majesty felt in a tumble from his horse.—Equal to the horrors of disappointed venison eaters.—Of a serjeant at law.—Of a country girl.—Of a petit-maître saluted by a chimney-sweeper.—Of the Devil when pinched by St Dunstan's red hot tongs.—Of Lady Worsley.—Of Sam House the patriot.—Of Billy Ramus.—Of Kynaston, the 'Squire of Leatherhead.—Of the perjured Christopher Atkinson.—Of the Prince of Asturias.—Of the King of Spain.—Of Dr Johnson and Dr Wilson.—Description of his majesty's heart.—Most naturally and wittily compared to a dumpling.—His majesty's speech to the queen.—Her majesty's most gracious and short answer.—The short speech of the beautiful princesses.—His Majesty's rough rejoinder.—The fear that came on the queen and her children.—Beautiful apostrophe to the princesses.—The king's speech to the pages.—The king unable to eat.—The queen able.—The king's orders about the Louse.—Description of Dixon the cook major.—His speech.—A speech of the cooks.—Fine simile of bubble and squeak; thought more sublime than that of Homer's black pudding.—Speech of a scullion.—Of a scullion's mate.—Of a turnbroche.—Noble comparison of a Tartar Monarch after he hath dined.—A long and wise speech of a yeoman of the kitchen.—The cook's approbation of the yeoman's speech.—Grand simile of a barn and its lodgers set on fire by lightning.—The concluding speech of the cook major.

CANTO I.

THE Louse I sing, who, from some head unknown,
Yet born and educated near a throne,
Dropped down—(so willed the dread decree of fate!)
With legs wide sprawling on the monarch's plate:
Far from the raptures of a wife's embrace;
Far from the gambols of a tender race,
Whose little feet he taught with care to tread
Amidst the wide dominions of the head;
Led them to daily food with fond delight,
And taught the tiny wanderers where to bite;
To hide, to run, advance, or turn their tails;
When hostile combs attacked, or vengeful nails:
Far from those pleasing scenes ordained to roam,
Like wise Ulysses, from his native home;
Yet like that sage, though forced to roam and mourn,
Like him, alas! not fated to return!
Who, full of rags and glory, saw his boy*
And wife† again, and dog‡ that died for joy.

* Telemachus.
† Penelope.
‡ Argus, for whose history see the Odyssey.

Down dropped the luckless *louse*, with fear appalled,
And wept his wife and children as he sprawled.
Thus, on a promontory's misty brow,
The *poet's* eye, with sorrow, saw a cow
Take leave abrupt of bullocks, goats and sheep,
By tumbling headlong down the dizzy steep;
No more to reign a queen amongst the cattle,
And urge her rival beaux, the bulls, to battle;
She fell,* remembering every roaring lover,
With all her wild *courants* in fields of clover.
Now on his legs, amidst a thousand woes,
The *louse*, with judge-like gravity, arose;
He wanted not a motive to entreat him,
Beside the horror that the king might eat him:
The dread of gasping on the fatal fork,
Stuck with a piece of mutton, beef, or pork,
Or drowning 'midst the sauce in dismal dumps,
Was full enough to make him stir his stumps.

* —— Moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

Vain hope of stealing unperceived away!
He might as well have tarried where he lay.
Seen was this Louse, as with the royal brood
Our hungry king amused himself with food;
Which proves (though scarce believed by one in ten)
That kings have appetites like common men;
And that, like London aldermen and mayor,
Kings feed on solids less refined than air.
Paint, heavenly muse, the look, the *very* look,
That of the sovereign's face possession took,
When first he saw the Louse, in solemn state,
Grave as a Spaniard, march across the plate!
Yet, could a Louse a British King surprise,
And like a pair of saucers stretch his eyes?
The little tenant of a *mortal* head,
Shake the great ruler of three realms with dread?
Good Lord! (as somebody sublimely sings)
What great effects arise from *little things!*
As many a loving swain and nymph can tell,
Who following nature's law have loved too well!

Not with more horror did his eyes behold
Charles Fox, that cunning enemy of old,
When triumph hung upon his plotting brains,
And dear *prerogative* was just in chains:
Not with more horror did his eye-balls work
Convulsive on the patriotic Burke,
When guilty of economy, the crime!
Edmund wide wandered from the *true sublime*,
And, cat-like, watchful of the flesh and fish,
Cribbed from the royal table many a dish;
Saw every slice of bread and butter cut,
Each apple told, and numbered every nut;
And gauged (composed upon no sneaking scale)
The monarch's belly like a cask of ale;
Convinced that, in his scheme of state-salvation,
To *starve** the palace, was to *save* the nation:

Not more aghast he looked, when, 'midst the course,
He tumbled, in a stag-chase, from his horse,
Where all his nobles deemed their monarch dead,
But luckily, he pitched upon his *head!*

Not *venison eaters* at the vanished fat,
With stomachs wider than a Quaker's hat:
Not with more horror Mr Serjeant Pliant
Looks down upon an empty-handed client:
Not with more horror stares the rural *maid*,
By hopes, by fortune-tellers, dreams, betrayed,
Who sees her ticket a dire blank arise,
Too fondly thought the twenty thousand prize,
With which the simple damsel meant, no doubt,
To bless her faithful favourite, Colin Clout.

Not with more horror stares each lengthened feature,
Of some fine, fluttering, mincing *petit-maître*,
When of a wanton chimney-sweeping wag
The beau's white vestment feels the sooty bag:
Not with more horror did the Devil look,
When Dunstan by the nose the dæmon took,
(As gravely say our legendary songs)
And led him with a pair of red-hot tongs:
Not Lady Worsley, chaste as *many* a nun,
Looked with more horror at Sir Richard's fun,
When, raised on high to view her naked charms,
He held the peeping captain in his arms:
Like David, that most am'rous little dragon,
Ogling sweet Bathsheba without a rag on:

Not more the great Sam House* with horror stared,
By mob affronted to the very beard:
Whose impudence (enough to damn a jail)
Snatched from his waving hand his fox's tail,
And stuffed it, 'midst his thunders of applause,
Full in the centre of Sam's gaping jaws,
That, forcing down his patriotic throat,
Of "Fox and freedom!" stopped the glorious note.

* His majesty was really reduced some time since to a most mortifying dilemma. The apples at dinner time having been, by too great liberality to the royal children, expended; the king ordered a supply, but was informed that the *Board of Green Cloth* would positively allow no more. Enraged at the unexpected and unroyal disappointment, he furiously put his hand into his pocket, took out sixpence, sent a *page* for two pennyworth of pippins, and received the change.

* In Westminster Hall, where the *sense* (the author was just about to say *nonsense*) of the people was to be taken on an election.

Not with more horror Billy Ramus* stared,
When Puff,† the prince's hair-dresser appeared
Amidst their eating room, with dread design,
To *sit* with *pages* and with *pages dine!*

Not with more horror Gloster's Duchess star'd,
When (blessed in metaphor!) the king declared,
That not of all her *mongrel breed, one whelp*
Should in the royal kennel ever *yelp*.

Not more that man so sweet, so unprepared,
The gentle squire of Leatherhead,‡ was scared,
When, after prayers so good, and rare a sermon;
He found his front attacked by fierce Miss Vernon;
Who meant (Thalestris-like, disdaining fear?)
To pour her *foot* in thunder on his *rear*:
Who, in God's house,§ without one grain of grace,
Spit, like a *vixon*, in his worship's face;
And shook her nails, as sharp as tailor's shears,
That itched to scrape acquaintance with his ears.

Not Atkinson‖ with stronger terror started
(Somewhat afraid, perchance, of being carted)

* Billy Ramus—emphatically and constantly called by his majesty *Billy Ramus*; one of the pages who shaves the sovereign, airs his shirts, reads to him, writes for him, and collects anecdotes.

† Puff, his Royal Highness' hair-dresser, who attending him at Windsor, the prince, with his usual good-nature, ordered him to dine with the *pages*. The pride of the pages immediately took fire, and a petition was despatched to the king and prince, to be relieved from the distressful circumstance of dining with a *hair-dresser*. The petition was treated with the proper contempt, and the pages commanded ro receive Mr Puff into their mess, or quit the table. With unspeakable mortification Mr Ramus and his brethren *submitted*; but, like the poor Gentoos, who have lost their *cast*, have not held up their heads *since*.

‡ Kynaston is the name of the gentleman assailed by this furious maid of honour, for disapprobation of the lady as an acquaintance for his wife.

§ Verily in the House of the Lord, on the Lord's Day, in the year of our Lord 1785, in the village of Leatherhead, in the county of Surrey, did this profane *salival* assault take place on the phiz of 'Squire Kynaston, to the disgrace of his family, the wonder of the parson, the horror of the clerk, and the stupefaction of the congregation.

‖ Mr Christopher Atkinson's airing on the pillory is sufficiently known to the public.

When *justice*, a sly dame, one day thought fit
To pay her serious compliments to Kit;
Asked him a few short questions about *corn*,
And whispered she believed he was forsworn;
Then hinted, that he probably would find,
That though she sometimes winked, she was not blind.

Not more Asturias' princess* looked affright,
At breakfast, when her spouse, the unpolite,
Hurled, madly heedless both of time and place,
A cup of boiling coffee in her face;
Because the fair one eat a buttered roll,
On which the selfish prince had fixed his soul:
Not more astonished looked that prince to find
His royal father to his face unkind;
Who, to the cause of injured beauty won,
Seized on the proud proboscis of his son,
(Just like a tyger of the Lybian shade,
Whose furious claws the helpless deer invade)
And led him, till that son its durance freed,
By asking pardon for the brutal deed;
Led him thrice round the room, (the story goes)
Who followed with great gravity his nose,
Resolved at first (for Spaniards are stiff stuff) -
To ask no pardon, though the snout came off:
Not more astonished looked that Spanish king,†
Whene'er he missed a snipe upon the wing:
Not more astonished looked that King of Spain,
To see his gun-boats blazing on the main:
Not Dr Johnson more, to hear the tale
Of vile Piozzi's marrying Madam Thrale;
Nor Dr Wilson, child of am'rous folly,
When young Mac Clyster bore off Kate Macaulay.‡

* This quarrel between the Prince of Asturias and his Princess, with the interference of the Spanish Monarch, as described here, is not a poetic fiction, but an absolute fact, that happened not many months ago.

† His most Catholic Majesty's shooting merits are universally acknowledged. Though far advanced in years, he is still the admiration of his subjects, and the envy of his brother kings, as a *shot*; and it is well known, that even on those days when the royal robes are obliged to be worn, his breeches pockets are stuffed with gun flints, screws, hammers, and other implements necessary for the destruction of snipes, partridges, and wild pigs.

‡ The Fair Historian.

What dire emotions shook the monarch's soul!
Just like two billiard balls his eyes 'gan roll;
Whilst anger all his royal *heart* possessed,
That, swelling, wildly bumped against his breast;
Bounced at his ribs with all its might so stout,
As resolutely bent on jumping out,
To avenge, with all its powers, the dire disgrace,
And nobly spit in the offender's face.
Thus a large dumpling to its cell confined,
(A very apt allusion, to my mind)
Lies snug, until the water waxeth hot,
Then bustles 'midst the tempest of the pot:
In vain!—the lid keeps down the child of dough,
That bouncing, tumbling, sweating, rolls below.

"What's that! what's that!" th' astonished monarch cries,
(Lifting to pitying Heaven his piteous eyes)
"What monster's that, that's got into the house?
A louse, God bless us! louse, louse, louse, louse, louse?"
The queen looked down, and said, "Mine Gote! good la!"
And with a smile the grey-backed stranger saw;
Each princess strained her lovely neck to see,
And, with another smile, exclaimed, "Good me!"
"Mine Gote! Good me! is that all you can say?"
(Our gracious monarch cried, with huge dismay).
"What! what! a silly vacant smile take place
Upon your majesty's and children's face,
Whilst that vile *louse* (soon, soon to be unjointed!)
Affronts the presence of the Lord's Anointed!"

Dashed, as if taxed with hell's most deadly sins,
The queen and princesses drew in their chins,
Looked prim, and gave each exclamation o'er,
And, very prudent, '*word spake never more.*'
Sweet maids! the beauteous boast of Britain's isle,
Speak—were those peerless lips forbid to smile?
Lips! that the soul of simple Nature moves—
Formed by the bounteous hands of all the Loves!
Lips of delight! unstain'd by Satire's gall!
Lips! that I never kissed—and never shall.

Now, to each trembling page a poor mute mouse,
The *pious* monarch cried, "Is this *your louse?*"
"Ah! Sire, (replied each page with pig-like whine)
An't please your majesty, it is not *mine.*"
"*Not thine?* (the hasty monarch cried again)
What? what? what? what? what? who the devil's then?"

Now at this sad event the sovereign, sore
Unhappy, could not eat a mouthful more:
His wiser queen, her gracious stomach studying,
Stuck most devoutly to the beef and pudding;
For *Germans* are a very hearty sort,
Whether begot in hog-styes or a court;
Who bear (which shows their hearts are not of stone)
The ills of others better than their own.

Grim terror seized the souls of all the pages,
Of different sizes, and of different ages;
Frightened about their pensions or their bones,
They on each other gaped like Jacob's sons!

Now to a page, but which we can't determine,
The growling monarch gave the plate and vermin:
"Watch well that blackguard animal," he cries,
"That soon or late, to glut my vengeance, dies!
Watch like a *cat*, that vile marauding *louse*,
Or George shall play the devil in the house.
Some *spirit* whispers, that to cooks I owe
The precious *visitor* that crawls below;
Yes, yes! the whispering *spirit* tells me true,
And soon shall vengeance all their locks pursue.
Cooks, scourers, scullions too, with tails of pig,
Shall lose their coxcomb curls, and wear a wig."
Thus roared the king—not Hercules so big;
And all the palace echoed—"Wear a wig!"

Fear, like an ague, struck the pale-nosed cooks,
And dashed the beef and mutton from their looks!
Whilst from each cheek the rose withdrew its red,
And *pity* blubbered o'er each menaced head.

But lo! the great cook-major* comes! his eyes
Fierce as the reddening flame that roasts and fries!
His cheeks like bladders, with high passion glowing,
Or like a fat Dutch trumpeter's when blowing.
A neat white apron his huge corps embraced,
Tied by two comely strings about his waist;
An apron that he purchased with his riches,
To guard from hostile grease his velvet breeches:
An apron that, in Monmouth-street high hung,
Oft to the winds with sweet deportment swung.

"Ye sons of dripping, on your major look!"
(In sounds of deep toned thunder, cried the cook)
"By this white apron, that no more can hope
To join the piece in Mr Inkle's shop;
That oft hath held the best of palace meat,
And from this forehead wiped the briny sweat;
I swear this head disdains to lose its locks;
And those that do not, tell them they are *blocks;*
Whose head, my cooks, such vile disgrace endures?
Will it be yours, or yours, or yours, or yours?
Ten thousand crawlers in that head be hatched
For ever itching, but be never scratched!
Then may the charming perquisite of grease,
The mammon of your pocket, ne'er increase;—
Grease! that so frequently hath brought you coin,
From veal, pork, mutton, and the great *sirloin*.
O brothers of the spit, be firm as rocks:
Lo! to no *king* on earth I yield these locks.

* Dixon.

Few are my hairs behind, by age endeared!
But, few or many, they shall not be sheared.

"Sooner shall Madam Schwellenberg,* the jade,
Yield up her favourite perquisites of trade;
Give up her majesty's old cloaks and gowns,
Caps, petticoats, and aprons, without frowns:
She! who for ever studies mischief—she!
Who soon will be as busy as a bee,
To get the liberty of locks enslaved,
And every harmless cook and scullion shaved—
She! if by chance a *British servant maid*,
By some insinuating tongue betrayed,
Induced the fair forbidden fruit to taste,
Grows, luckless, somewhat bigger in the waist;
Rants, storms, swears, turns the penitent to door,
Graced with the pretty names of bitch and whore:
To range a prostitute upon the town,
Or, if the weeping wretch think better, drown?
But, if a *German spider brusher* fails,
Whose nose grows sharper, and whose shape tells tales;
Hushed is the affair—the *queen* and *she*, good dame,
Both club their wits to hide the growing shame;
To wed her, get some fool—I mean some wise man;
Then dub the prudent cuckold an excise-man—
She! who hath got more insolence and pride,
God mend her heart! than half the world beside:
She! who of guttling fond, stuffs down more meat,
Heaven help her stomach! than ten men can eat!
Ten men! aye, more than ten—the hungry *hag!*—
Why, zounds! the woman's stomach's like a bag:
She! who will swell the uproar of the house,
And tell the king damn'd lies about the *louse*,
When probably that louse (a vile old trull!)
Was born and nourished in her own grey scull.

* Mistress of the robes to her majesty.

"Sooner the room shall buxom Nanny* quit,
Where oft she charms her master with her wit;
Tells tales of every body, every thing,
From honest courtiers to the thieves who swing—
Waits on her sovereign while he reads despatches,
And wisely winds up state affairs or watches:

"Sooner the *prince* (may Heaven his income mend!)
Shall quit his bottle, mistress, or his friend;
Laugh at the drop on *Misery's* languid eye,
And hear her sinking voice without a sigh;
Break for the wealth of realms his sacred word,
And let the world write *coward* on his sword:
Sooner shall ham from fowl and turkey part,
And stuffing leave a calf's or bullock's heart:
Sooner shall toasted cheese take leave of mustard,
And from the codlin tart be torn the custard:
Sooner these hands the glorious haunch shall spoil,
And all our melted butter turn to oil;
Sooner our *pious* king, with pious face,
Sit down to dinner without saying grace;
And every night salvation prayers put forth,
For Portland, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and North:
Sooner shall fashion order frogs and snails,
And dishclouts stick eternal to our tails!
Let George view *ministers* with surly *looks*,
Abuse 'em, kick 'em—but revere his *cooks!*"

"What, lose our locks!" replied the roasting crew:
"To barbers yield 'em!—Damme if we do!
Be shaved like foreign dogs one daily meets,
Naked and blue, and shivering in the streets!
And from the palace be ashamed to range,
For fear the world think we had the mange;
By taunting boys made weary of our lives,
Broad grinning whores, and ridiculing wives!"

"Rouse, *opposition!*" roared a tipsey cook,
With hands a-kimbo, and bubonic look,—
"'Tis *she* alone our noble curls can keep—
Without *her*, *ministers* would fall asleep:
'Tis *she* who makes great men—our Foxes, Pitts,
And sharpens, whetstone-like, the nation's witts,
Knocks off your knaves and fools, however great:
And, broom-like, sweeps the cobwebs of the state:
In casks like sulphur, that expels bad air,
And makes, like thunder-claps, foul weather fair;
Acts like a gun, that, fired at gathered soot,
Preserves the chimney and the house to boot:
Or, like a school-boy's whip, that keeps up tops,
The sinking realm by flagellation, props.
Our monarch must not be indulged too far;
Besides! I love a little bit of war.
Whether to crop our curls he boasts a right,
Or not, I do not care the louse's bite;
But then, no force-work! No! no force, by Heaven!
Cooks! Yeomen! Scourers! we will not be driven.
Try but to force a *pig* against his will,
Behold the sturdy *gentleman* stands still!
Or pr'haps (his power to let the driver know),
Gallops the very road he should not go—
No force for me!—The *French*, the fawning dogs,
Even let *them* lose their freedom, and eat frogs;
Damme! I hate each pale *soupe maigre* thief—
Give me my darling liberty and beef."

He spoke—and from his jaws a lump he slid,
And, swearing, manful flung to earth his *quid*.
Then swelling pride forbade his tongue to rest,
Whilst wild emotions laboured in his breast—
Now sounds confused his anger made him mutter,
And when he thought on shaving, curses splutter,
Such is the sound (the simile's not weak)
Formed by what mortals *bubble* call and *squeak*,*

* Buxom Nanny—a female servant of the palace who constantly attends the king when he reads despatches.

* The modest author of the *Lousiad* must do himself the justice to declare here, that his simile of the bubble and squeak is vastly more natural and more sublime than Homer's black pudding on a gridiron, illustrating the motions and emotions of his hero Ulysses.

When, 'midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,
The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage.

"Be shaved!" a scullion loud began to bellow,
Loud as a parish bull, or poor Othello,
Placed by that rogue Iago upon thorns,
With all the horrors of a pair of horns:
Loud as th' *exciseman** struggling for his life,
And panting in a most inglorious strife;
When on his face the smuggling princess sprung,
And, cat-like clawing, to his visage clung.

"Be shaved, like pigs!" rejoined the scullion's mate,
His dishclout shaking, and his pot crowned pate:
"What barber dares it, let him watch his nose,
And, curse me, dread the rage of these ten toes."
So saying, with an oath to raise one's hair,
He kicked with threatening foot the yielding air.

Thus have I seen an *ass* (baptized a *Jack*)
Graced by a *chimney-sweeper* on his back,
Prance, snort, and fling his heels with liberality,
In imitation of a *horse of quality*.

"Be shaved!" an understrapper *turn-broche* cried
In all the foaming energy of pride—
"Zounds! let us take his majesty in hand!
The king shall find he lives at *our* command:
Yes; let him know with all his wondrous state,
His teeth and stomach on *our* wills shall wait;
We rule the platters, *we* command the spit,
And George shall have his mess when *we* think fit;
Stay till *ourselves* shall condescend to eat,
And then, if *we* think proper, have his meat."

* This affair happened a few years since.—An exciseman seizing some smuggled goods belonging to a princess, a relation of the Great Frederick, her highness fell upon the poor *rat as cave* and almost scratched his eyes out: the exciseman made a formal complaint to the king, begging to be relieved from the disgrace. The gallant monarch returned for answer, that he gave up the duties to his cousin the princess; but could not conceive how the hand of a fair lady could dishonour the face of an exciseman.

Thus having fed on venison rather coarse,
A colt, or crocodile, or dish of horse,
The Tartar quits his smoky hut with scorn,
Sounds to the kingdoms of the world his horn;
And treating monarchs like his slaves or swine,
Informs them they have liberty to dine.

"Heavens!" cried a *yeoman*, with much learning graced,
In books as well as meat, a man of taste,
Who read with vast applause the daily news,
And kept a close acquaintance with the *Muse;*
Conundrum, rebus made, acrostic, riddle;
And sung his dying sonnets to the fiddle,
When *Love*, with cruel dart the murdering thief,
His heart had spitted, like a piece of beef;
"Are these," he said, "of *kings*, the whims and jokes?
Then *kings* can be as mad as common folks.
Dame Nature, when a *prince's* head she makes,
No more concern about the inside takes
Than of the inside of a bug's or bat's,
A flea's, a grasshopper's, a cur's, a cat's!
As careless as the *artist*, trunks designing,
About the trifling circumstance of lining;
Whether of Cumberland he use the plays,
Miss Burney's novels, or Miss Seward's lays;
Or sacred dramas of Miss Hannah More,
Where all the *Nine*, with little Moses snore;
Or good 'Squire Pindar's Odes, or Wharton's stick;
Or Horace Walpole's Doubts upon King Dick,
Who furious drives, at times, his old goose quill,
On *Strawberry*, (reader!) not th' *Aonian-hill*,
Whether he doomed the *royal speech* to cling,
Or those of lords and commons to the king;
Where one begs money and the others grant,
So easy, freely, friendly, complaisant,
As though the cash were really all their own,
To purchase knick-knacks* that disgrace a throne.

* The Civil List, we are inclined to think, feels deficiencies from toys—For an instance, we will appeal to Mr Cumming's non-descript of a time-piece at the queen's house which cost nearly two thousand pounds. The same artist is also allowed 200*l*. per annum to keep the bauble in repair.

Ah, me! did people know what trifling things
Compose those idols of the earth called *kings*,
Those counterparts of that *important fellow*,
The children's wonder—*Signor Punchinello;*
Who struts upon the stage his hour away;
His outside gold—his inside rags and hay;
No more as God's vicegerents would they shine,
Nor make the world cut throats for right divine.

"Those *lords* of earth, at dinner, we have seen,
Sunk, by the merest trifles, with the spleen—
Oft for an ill-dressed egg have heard them groan,
And seen them quarrel for a mutton bone:
At salt or vinegar, with passion, fume,
And kick dogs, chairs, and pages, round the room.*

"Alas! how often have we heard them grunt,
Whene'er the rushing rain hath spoiled a hunt!
Their sanguine wishes crossed, their spirits clogged,
Mere riding dishclouts homeward they have jogged;
Poor imps! the sport (with all their pride and power)
Of nature's diuretic stream—a shower!
This *we*, the actors in the farce perceive;
But *this* the *distant* world will ne'er believe,
Who fancy kings to all the virtues born,
Ne'er by the vulgar storms of passion torn;
But, blessed with souls so calm, like summer seas,
That smile to heaven, unruffled by a breeze:
Who think that kings, on wisdom always fed,
Speak sentences like Bacon's brazen head;
Hear from their lips the vilest nonsense fall,
Yet think some heavenly spirit dictates all;
Conceive their bodies of celestial clay,
And, though all ailment, sacred from decay;
To nods and smiles their gaping homage bring,
And thank their God their eyes have seen a king!

* This is partly a picture of the last reign as well as the present. The passions of George the Second were of the most impetuous kind—his hat and his favourite minister, Sir Robert Walpole, were too frequently the foot-balls of his ill humour—nay, poor Queen Caroline came in for a share of his foot benevolence. But he was Prince of virtues—*ubi plura nitent, non ego* paucis *offendar maculis.*

Lord! in the circle when our royal master
Pours out his words as fast as hail, or faster,
To country 'squires, and wives of country 'squires;
Like stuck pigs staring, how each oaf *admires!*
Lo every syllable becomes a gem!
And if, by chance, the monarch cough, or hem,
Seized with the symptoms of a deep surprise,
Their joints with rev'rence tremble, and their eyes
Roll wonder first: then, shrinking back with fear,
Would hide behind the brains, were any there.
How taken is this idle world by show!
Birth, riches, are the Baals to whom we bow:
Preferring, with a soul as black as soot,
A rogue on horseback, to a saint on foot.
See France, see Portugal, Sicilia, Spain,
And mark the desert of each *despot's* brain;
Whose tongues should never treat with taunts a *fool;*
Who prove that nothing is too mean to *rule.*
What could the prince, high-towering like a steeple,
Without the *majesty* of us the *people?*
Go, like the king of Babylon,* to grass,
Or wander, like a beggar, with a pass!
However modern *kings* may cooks despise,
Warriors and *kings* were cooks, or history lies.—
Patroclus broil'd beef-steaks to quell his hunger;
The mighty Agamemnon potted conger!—
And Charles of Sweden, 'midst his guns and drums,
Spread his own bread and butter with his thumbs.
Be shaved!—No!—sooner pill'ries, jails, the stocks,
Shall pinch this corpse, than barbers snatch my locks."

"Well hast thou said," a scourer bold rejoin'd;
"Damme! I love the man who speaks his mind."
Then in his arms the orator he took,
And swore he was an angel of a cook.
A while he held him with a Cornish hug;
Then seized, with glorious grasp, a pewter mug,
Whose ample womb nor cider held, nor ale,
But nectar fit for Jove, and brew'd by Thrale.

* Nebuchadnezzar.

"A health to cooks," he cried, and wav'd the pot;
"And he who sighs for titles is a sot—
Let dukes and lords the world in wealth surpass;
Yet many a lion's skin conceals an ass.
Lo! this is one amongst my golden rules,
To think the greatest men the greatest fools:
The *great* are judges of an opera song,
And fly a Briton's for a eunuch's tongue;
Thus idly squand'ring for a squall their riches,
To faint with rapture at those cats in breeches.
Accept this truth from me, my lads—the man
Who first found out a spit, or frying-pan,
Did ten times more towards the public good,
Than all the tawdry titles since the flood:
Titles! that *kings* may grant to asses, mules,
The scorn of sages, and the boast of fools."

He ended—All the cooks exclaimed, "Divine!"
Then whisper'd one another, 'twas "damn'd fine!"
Thus spoke the *scourer* like a man inspired,
Whose speech the *heroes* of the kitchen fired:
Grooms, master-scourers, scullions, scullions' mates,
With all the overseers of knives and plates,
Felt their brave souls like frisky cider work,
Whizzing in opposition to the cork:
Earth's potentates appeared ignoble things,
And cooks of greater consequence than kings;
Such is the power of words, where truth unites,
And such the rage that injured worth excites!
The *scourer's* speech, indeed, with reason blessed,
Inflamed with godlike ardour all the rest.
Thus if a barn heaven's vengeful lightning draw,
The flame ethereal darts amongst the straw;
Doors, rafters, beams, owls, weazles, mice, and rats,
And (if unfortunately mousing) cats;
All feel the fierce devouring fire in turn,
And, mingling in one conflagration burn.

"Sons of the *spit*," the major cried again,
"Your warlike speeches prove you blessed with brain:
Brain! that Dame Nature gives not every head,
But fills the vast vacuity with lead!
Yet ere for opposition we prepare,
And bravely battle in the cause of *hair*;
Methinks 'twould be but decent to petition,
And tell the king with firmness our condition:
Soon as our sad complaint he hears us utter,
His gracious heart may melt away like butter;
Fair mercy shine amidst our gloomy house,
And angered majesty forget the *Louse*."

THE LOUSIAD,

A

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO II.

"—— *Qualis ab incepto.*" Horace.

"As it was in the *beginning*, *is now*, and *ever shall be*, world without end."

ADVERTISEMENT.

As many people persist in their incredulity with respect to the attack made by the barbers on the heads of the harmless cooks, I shall exhibit a list of the unhappy sufferers: it is the Palace list, and therefore as authentic as the Gazette.

A true List of the Shaved at Buckingham House.

Two master cooks,	Six under scourers,	Five pastry people,
Three yeoman ditto,	Six turnbroches,	Eight silver scullery,
Four grooms,	Two soil-carriers,	for laughing at the
Three children,	Two door-keepers,	cooks.
Two master scourers,	Eight boys,	

In all, fifty-one.

A young man, named John Bear, would not submit, and lost his place.

THE ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Muses.—Degeneracy of modern poets.—The ragged state of the ladies of Parnassus.—Sad condition of bards.—Praise of Mr West's great picture of King Alexander and the Stag.—More invocation to the Muses.—The tricks of those ladies.—Their impositions on poets and poetesses.—A compliment to King George and Dr Herschell, on their intimacy with the moon, and important discoveries in that planet.—Invocation to Apollo.—Invocation to Conscience.—Conscience described.—The great powers of Conscience —More invocation to Conscience.—Truth and Falsehood, their situations.—More invocation to Conscience.—The praise of royal economy and a Hanoverian College.—Address to Gottingen.—More invocation to Conscience.—Mr Hastings' bulse, Mrs Hastings' bed and cradle properly treated.—More words to Conscience.—The fatal power of Conscience over the late Mr Yorke and Lord Clive.—Address to Fame.—A request to the aforesaid Gentlewoman instructing her how to dispose of some of her trumpets.—Description of her *psuedo*-votaries.—The Bard blushing for the quantity of invocation.—Procession of his epic poem.—Madame Schwellenberg described with a plate of ham.—Account of her birth, parentage, and education.—Account of pride.—

Madam Schwellenberg's visit to the king.—His majesty's most gracious speech.—Madame Schwellenberg's answers.—Address to readers on ladies swearing.—Sir Francis Drake, the steward of the household, described.—Not to be confounded with the famous Sir Francis Drake, who died near two hundred years ago.—The perquisites of the present Sir Francis.—Description of the dining-room belonging to the cooks at Buckingham House.—The entertainment and utensils of this room.—Dixon the cook-major's speech.—Story of a nabob and a beggar.—Cook-major Dixon's speech in continuation. Speech of another cook.—The cooks in the dumps.—The cook-major's rejoinder to the cook's speech.—A very sensible speech.—Conclusion with a beautiful simile.—The petition of the cooks.

NYMPHS of the sacred fount, around whose brink
Bards rush in droves, like cart-horses, to drink;
Dip their dark beards amidst your streams so clear,
And, whilst they gulp it, wish it ale or beer:
Far more delighted to possess, I ween,
Old Calvert's brewhouse for their Hippocrene;
And blessed with beef, their ghostly forms to fill,
Make Dolly's chophouse their Aonian hill;
More pleased to hear knives, forks, in concert join,
Than all the tinkling cymbals of the *Nine;*
Assist me—ye who themes sublime pursue,
With scarce a shift, a stocking, or a shoe!
Such power have satires, epigrams, and odes,
As make even bankrupts of the born of gods,
As well as mortal bards, who oft bewail
Their unsuccessful madrigals in jail,
Where penned, like hapless cuckoos in a cage,
The ragged warblers pour their tuneful rage;
Deck the damp walls with verse of various quality,
And, from their prisons, mount to immortality.

Ah! tell me where is now thy blush, O *shame!*
Shall bards through *jails* explore the road to fame?
Like souls of papists in their way to glory,
Doomed at the half-way house, called Purgatory,
To burn before they reach the realms of light,
Like old tobacco-pipes, from black to white?
Yet let me say again, that powerful rhyme
Hath lifted poets to a state sublime;
To lofty pillories raised their sacred ears
High o'er the heads of marvelling compeers,
Whose eggs, potatoes, turnips, and their tops,
Paid flying homage to their tuneful chops!
Blessed state! that gives each fair exalted mien,
To grace in print a monthly magazine;
And deck the shops with sweet engravings dressed,
'Midst angels, sinners, saints of Mr West.
Where brave King Alexander and the Deer,
A noble bustling hodge-podge shall appear,
From that famed picture* which our wonder drew,
And poured its brazen splendours on the view:
Bright as the pictures that with glorious glare,
On pent-house high, in Piccadilly stare,
Where lions seem to roar, and tigers growl,
Hyænas whine, and wolves in concert howl;
And, by their goggling eyes and furious grin,
Inform what shaggy devils lodge within.

Ye Nymphs who, fond of fun, full many a time,
Mount on a jack-ass many a child of rhyme,
And make him think, astride his braying hack,
He moves sublime on Pegasus's back:
Ye *Muses*, oft by brainless poets sought,
To bid the stanza chime, and swell with thought;
Who, whelping for *oblivion*, fain would save
Their whining puppies from the sullen wave;
Assist me! ye who visit towns and hovels,
To teach our girl in bibs to eke out novels,
And treat with scorn (far *nobler* knowledge studying)
The humble art of making pie or pudding:
Who bid our Sapphos of their verse be vain,
And fancy all Parnassus in their brain;

* A whole acre of canvass so daubed by colour as to give it the appearance of a brass foundry.

And 'mid the bustle of their lucubrations,
Take downright madness for your inspirations;
Charmed with the cadence of a lucky line,
Who taste a rapture equal, George, to thine;
When, blessed at *Datchet*, through thy Herschell's glass,
That brings from distant worlds a horse, an ass,
A tree, a windmill, to the curious eye,
Shirts, stockings, blankets, that on hedges dry,
Thine eyes, at evenings late, and mornings soon,
Unseated feast on wonders in the moon;
Where Herschell on volcanoes, mountains, pores,
And happy nature's true sublime explores;
Whilst thou, so modest, (wonderful to tell!)
On *lunar trifles* art content to dwell,
Flies, grasshoppers, grubs, cobwebs, cuckoo spittle;
In short, delighted with the world of *little;*
Which West shall paint, and grave Sir Joseph Banks
Receive from thy historic mouth with thanks;
Then bid the vermin on the journals* crawl,
Hop, jump, and flutter, to amuse us all.

And thou, great *Patron*† of the double quill,
That flays by rhyme, and murders by a pill,
A pretty kind of double-barrelled gun,
More given to tragedy than comic fun;
Auspicious *Patron* of the paunch and backs
Of those all-daring rascals christened quacks,
To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,
Who, hawk-like, keep the human species under:

God of those gentlemen of jingling brains,
Who, for *their own amusement*, print their strains:
Strains that ne'er soared beyond the beetle's flight,
Save on the pinions of a school-boy's kite;
Strains arrant strangers to a depth profound,
Save when deep pilgrimaging under ground,
In humble rags, like tinners in a mine,
They pay their court to Cloacina's shrine;
Strains that no ray of light or warmth proclaim,
Save when, committed to the fire, they flame;
Strains that a *circulation* never found,
Save when they turned on beef or venison round:
Oh! aid, as lofty Homer says, my *nouse*,
To sing sublime the Monarch and the Louse!

Nymphs, Phœbus, in my *first* heroic chapter
I should have prayed for crumbs of tuneful rapture:
Thus to forget my friends was not so clever;
But says the proverb, "better *late* than *never*."
Well! since I'm in the invocation trade,
To *Conscience* let my compliments be paid—

Conscience, a terrifying little sprite,
That, bat-like, winks by day, and wakes by night;
Hunts through the heart's dark holes each lurking vice,
As sharp as weasels hunting eggs or mice:
Who, when the lightnings flash, and thunders crack,
Makes our hair bristle like a hedgehog's back;
Shakes, ague-like, our hearts with wild commotion;
Uplifts our saint-like eyes with dread devotion:
Bids the poor trembling tongue make terms with Heaven,
And promise miracles to be forgiven:
Bids spectres rise, not very like the Graces;
With goggling eyes, black beards, and Tyburn faces;
With scenes of fires of glowing brimstone scares,
Spits, forks, and proper culinary wares,
For roasting, broiling, frying, fricasseeing
The *soul*, that sad offending little *being;*
That stubborn stuff, of salamander make,
Proof to the fury of the burning lake.

O *Conscience!* thou strait jacket of the soul,
The madding sallies of the bard control;
Who, when inclined, like brother bards, to lie,
Bring *Truth's* neglected form before his eye;
Fair *maid!* to towns and courts a stranger grown,
And now to rural swains almost unknown,

* Of the Royal Society. † Apollo.

Whose company was once their prudent choice
Who once, delighted, listened to her voice;
When in their hearts the *gentler* passion strove,
And *Constancy* went hand in hand with *Love!*
Sweet *Truth*, who steals through lonely shades along,
And mingles with the turtle's note her song;
Whilst *Falsehood*, raised by sycophantic tricks,
Unblushing, flaunts it in a coach and six.

Conscience! who bid'st our monarch, from the nation,
Send sons to Gottingen for education,
Since helpless *Cam* and *Isis*, lost to knowledge,
Are idiots to this Hanoverian college,
Where simple science beams with orient ray;
The great, the glorious *Athens* of the day!
So says the *ruler* of us English fools,
Who cannot judge like *him* of *Wisdom's* schools.

Dear attic *Gottingen!* to thee I bow,
Of knowledge, oh! most wonderful milch cow,
From whom huge pails the royal boys shall bring,
And give, we hope, a little to the king.
Through *thee*, besides the knowledge they may reap,
The lads shall get their board and lodging cheap;
And learn, like their good parents, to subsist
Within the limits of the Civil List;
Who seldom bid a minister implore
A little farther pittance for the *poor!*

Conscience! who, to the wonder of his *sire*,
Bad'st from his wonted state a prince retire,
And, like a subject, humbly seek the shade,
That not a tradesman might remain unpaid:
An action that the soul of *envy* stings—
A deed unmention'd in the book of *Kings:*

Conscience! who mad'st a monarch, in thy power,
Send pris'ner the famed di'mond* to the Tower;
So witchingly that looked him in the face,
And impudently sought to bribe his *grace:*

* Such is the story of the late sly bulse that stole into St James'.

Where, too, the cradle and the bed shall rest,
That on the same damned errand left the East—
Thus fall of gem and pearl the treasonous tribe;
And beds and cradles that would *monarchs* bribe!

Conscience! who now canst like a cart-horse draw;
Now, lifeless sinking, scarcely lift a straw;
So different are thy powers at different times,
Thou dear companion of the man of rhymes!
Thou! who at times canst like a lion roar
For one poor sixpence; yet, like North, canst snore,
Though rapine, murder, try to ope thine eyes,
And raging Hell with all his horrors rise;
Whose eye on petty frauds can fiercely flame,
Yet wink at full-blown crimes that *blast* a name!

O *Conscience!* who didst bid to madness work
(So great thy power) the brain of hapless York,
And mad'st him cut from ear to ear his throat,
That luckless spoiled his patriotic note;
Yet wanted'st strength to force from *his* hard eye
One drop—who *helped* him to yon spangled sky;
Whose damned prayers, feigned tears, and tongue of art,
Won on the weakness of his honest heart!
Poor York! without a stone whose reliques lie,
Though *Virtue* mark'd the murder with a sigh!

O *Conscience!* who to Clive didst give the knife,
That, desperate plunging, took his forfeit life;
Who, lawless plunderer, in his wild career,
Whelm'd *Asia's* eye with woe, and heart with fear;
Whose wheels on carnage rolled, and, drenched with blood,
From gasping Nature forced the blushing flood;
Whilst *Havoc*, panting with triumphant breath,
Nerved his red arm, and hailed the hills of death.—

And now to thee, O lovely *Fame*, I bend;
Let all thy trumpets this great work commend:
Give one a-piece to all the learned Reviews,
And bid them sound the labours of the Muse:
Give to the Magazines a trumpet each,
And let the swelling note to doomsday reach:
To daily newspapers a trumpet give;
Thus shall my epic strain for ever live;
Thus shall my book descend to distant times,
And rapt posterity resound my rhymes.
By future *beauties* shall each tome be pressed,
And, with their lapdogs, live a parlour guest.

Thee, dearest *Fame*, some mercenaries hail,
Merely to gain their labours a good sale;
Or rise to fair preferment by thy tongue,
Though deaf as adders to thy charms of song:
Just as the hypocrites say prayers, sing psalms,
Bestow upon the blind and cripple alms;
Yield glory to the *power* who rules above,
Not from a principle of heavenly love,
But, sneaking rascals! to obtain, when dead,
A comfortable lodging over head,
When forced by age, or doctors, or their spouses,
The vagrants quit their sublunary houses.

With tiresome invocation having done,
At length our glorious epic may go on.
Lo! Madam Schwellenberg, inclined to *cream*,
Was wondrous busy o'er a plate of ham;
A ham that once adorned a German pig,
Rough as a bear, and as a jack-ass big;
In woods of *Westphaly* by hunters smitten,
And sent a present to the queen of Britain.

But ere we farther march, ye Muses, say
Somewhat of Madam Schwellenberg, I pray:—
If ancient poets mention but a horse,
We read his genealogy of course:
Oh! say, shall horses boast the deathless line,
And o'er a *lady's* lineage sleep the Nine?

By virtue of her father and her mother,
This woman saw the light without much pother;
That is—no grand commotions shook our earth;
Apollo danced no hornpipe at her birth,
To say to what perfection she was born,
What wit, what wisdom should the nymph adorn;
No bees around her lips in clusters hung,
To tell the future sweetness of her tongue;
Around her cradle perched no cooing dove,
To mark the soul of innocence and love;
No smiling Cupids round her cradle played,
To show the future conquests of the maid,
Whose charms would make the jealous sex her foes,
And with their lightnings blast a thousand beaus.
Indeed the Muse must own a trifling pother
Sprung up between the father and the mother;
For, after taking methods how to gain her,
They knew not how the devil they should maintain her.

Heavens! what! no prodigy attend *her* birth,
Who awes the greatest palace upon earth?
Yes! a black cat around the bantling squalled,
Joined its young cries, and all the house appalled:
Now here, now there, he sprung with visage wild,
And made a bold attempt to kiss the child;
Bats poured in hideous hosts into the room,
And imp-like, flitting, formed a sudden gloom;
Then to the cradle rushed the darkening throng,
And, raptured, shrieked congratulating song;
Which song, in concert with the squalls of puss,
Seemed in plain German, "*Thou art one of us.*"
In Strelitz first this dame the light espied,
Born to a good inheritance of pride;
For, howe'er paradoxical it be,
Pride pigs with people of a *low* degree,
As well as with your folks of fortune struts;
Like rats that live in palaces or huts;
Or bugs, an animal of pompous gait,
That dwell in beds of straw, or beds of state;
Or monkeys vile, whose tooth inglorious grapples,
Now with ananas, now with rotten apples.
Hail, *Proteus* Pride, whose various powers of throat
Can swell the trumpet's loud and saucy note;
And if a meaner air can serve thy turn,
In panting, quivering sounds of Jews-harps, mourn!

Hail, *Pride*, companion of the great and little,
So abject, who canst lick a patron's spittle:
Whine like a sneaking puppy at his door,
And turn the hind part of thy wig before;
Nay, if he orders, turn it inside out,
And wear it, Merry-Andrew like, about;
Heed not the grinning world a single rush,
But bear its pointed scorn without a blush!
Yet fain wouldst thou the crouching world bestride,
Just like the *Rhodian Bully* o'er the tide;
The brazen wonder of the world of yore,
That proudly stretched his legs from shore to shore,
And saw of Greece the loftiest navy travel,
In dread submission, underneath his navel.

So much for pride—great, little, humble, vain;
And now for Madam Schwellenberg again.

Whether the nymph could ever boast a grace,
That deigned to pay a visit to her face,
The Muse is ignorant, she must allow;
Yet knows this truth, that not one sparkles *now*.
If ever beauties, in delight excelling,
Charmed on her cheek, they long have left their dwelling.
This nymph a mantua-maker was, I ween,
And prized for cheapness by our saving queen,
Who (where's the mighty harm of loving money?)
Brought her to this fair land of milk and honey,
And placed her in a most important sphere—
Inspectress General of the royal geer.

Soon as this woman heard the Louse's tale,
At once she turned, like walls of plaster, pale;
But first the ham of *Westphaly* she gobbled,
And then to seek the Lord's Anointed hobbled:
Him full of wrath, like Peleus' son of yore,
When Agamemnon took away his whore,
In all the bitterness of wrath she found,
The queen and royal children staring round,
"O *Swelly!*"—thus the maddened monarch roared,
Whilst wild impatience winged each rapid word;
For, lo! the *solemn* march of graceful speech,
The *king* long since had bid to kiss his breech.
The broken language that his mouth affords,
Are heads and tails, and legs and wings of words,
That give imagination's laughing eye
A lively picture of a giblet pie.—

"O *Swelly, Swelly!*" cried the furious king,
"What! what a dirty, filthy, nasty thing!
That thus you come to ease my angry mind,
Indeed is very, very, very, very kind.—
What's your opinion, hæ!"—the monarch raved;
"Yes, yes, the cooks shall every one be shaved—
What! what! hæ! hæ! now tell me, *Swelly*, pray,
Shan't I be right in't—What! what! *Swelly*, hæ?
Yes, yes, I'm sure on't, by the Louse's looks,
That he belonged to some one of the cooks.
Speak, *Swelly*; shan't we shave each filthy jowl?
Yes, yes, and that we will upon my soul."

To whom the *dame*, with elevated chin,
Wide-staring eyes, and broad, contemptuous grin:

"Yes, sure as dat my soul is to be saved,
So sure de dirty rascals sal be shaved—
Shaved to de quick be every moder's son—
And curse me if *I* do not see it done!
De barbers soon der nasty locks sal fall on,
Nor leave vone standing for a louse to crawl on.
If on der skulls de razor do not shine,
May gowns and petticoats no more be mine—
Curl, club, and pigtail, all sal go to pot,
For such cursed nastiness, or I'll be rot;
Or else to Strelitz let me quickly fly,
Dat dunghill, dat poor pighouse to de eye;
Where from his own mock trone de prince, so great,
Can jomp into anoder prince estate—
Iss, by de God dat made dis eart and me,
No single lousy rascal sal go free."

Reader, thou raisest both thy marvelling eyes,
In all the staring wildness of surprise;
As if the poet did not truth revere,
And fanciest *gentlewomen* could not swear:
Go, fool, and seek the ladies of the mud,
Queens of the lakes, or damsels of the flood,
Nymph's Nereids, or what vulgar tongues call drabs,
Who vend at Billingsgate their sprats and crabs,

Tell them their fish all stink, and thou wilt hear
Whether fine *gentlewomen* ever swear:
Nay, visit many of our courtly dames,
When wrath their dove-like gentleness inflames;
Lo! thou shalt find, by many a naughty word,
They use small ceremony with the Lord,
In spite of all that godly books contain,
That teach them not to take his name in vain.

"Thanks, *Swelly*, thanks, thanks, thanks," the king replied;
"Like me you have not got a grain of pride.
Yes, yes, if I am master of this house—
Yes, yes, the locks shall fall, and then the Louse."

He spoke—and to confirm the dreadful doom,
His head he shook, that shook the dining room.
Thus Jove of old, the dread, the thundering god,
Shook, when he swore, Olympus with his nod.

"Yes," cried the king, "yes, yes, their curls shall quake—
But tell me, where, where, where's Sir Francis Drake?"

O, reader, think not 'twas that Drake, Sir Francis,
Whose wondrous actions seem almost romances:
Who shone in sense profound, and bloodiest wars,
And raised the nation's glory to the stars;
Who first in triumph sailed around the world,
And vengeance on the foes of Britain hurled:
But *he* who skulks around the royal kitchen,
Which if he catch a neigbour's dog or bitch in,
Lets fly, to strike the four-legged mumper dead,
A poker, or a cleaver, at his head.
Not *that* Sir Francis Drake who, god-like, bore,
Fair freedom, science, to th' Atlantic shore;
To Pagans gave the Gospel's saving grace,
And planted virtue 'midst a barbarous race,
Spread on the darkened realms the blaze of light—
But *he* who sees the spoons and plates are bright;

Sees that the knives before the king and queen
Are, like the pair of royal stomachs, *keen*:
Not *he*, whose martial frown whole kingdoms shook,
But he whose lowering visage shakes a cook:
Not he who poured on Mexico his tars;
But he, at *London*, who with *linen* wars,
Napkins and damask table-cloths* assails
With scissars, razors, knives, and teeth, and nails;
Who dares with Doylies, desperate war to wage,
Such is *his* province and domestic rage,
If, like his predecessors, he hath grace,
And calls his conquests, *perquisites of place*.
'Twas not that Drake who bade his daring crew
Run with their bayonets the Spaniards through;
But that important Drake, in office big,
Instructing cooks to spit a goose or pig:
Not *he* who took the Spaniards by the nose,
And prisons filled with Britain's graceless foes;
But he who bids the geese, his prisoners, die,
And stuffs their legs and gizzards in a pye:
He who, three times a week, a green-cloth lord,
Sits, wisdom fraught, at that important board,
With wise compeers, in judge-like order studying,
Whether the *king* shall have a tart or pudding.
Not *he*, by virtues to the world endeared,
By foes respected, and by friends revered;
Prompt to relieve the supplicating sigh,
Who never dashed with tears the asking eye;
But waked of joy the long-departed beam,
Deep sunk in sorrow's unremitting stream:
But *he*, with generosity at strife,
Who never gave a sixpence in his life;
Who, if he ever asked a friend to dine,
Requested favours that outweighed his wine:
From lane to lane, who steals with wary feet,
Just like the cautious hare that seeks his seat:

* It was a common practice in the last and preceding reigns to tear and cut the royal linen privately, which on account of the teeth, knife, nail, or scissar wounds, were never more used, but went as perquisites to treasurers and masters of the household.

Who, though a city* near him rears her head,
And wealthy villages around him spread,
No friend, no neighbour near his mansion found,
Like Cain he walks in solitude around.
'Twas *this* Sir Francis, quite a different man
From him who round the world with glory ran:
Forbid it, heaven! that e'er the *Muse* untrue
Should give to any man another's due!

Muse, leave we now the monarch, vengeance brewing,
To take a peep at what the cooks were doing.

In that snug room,† the scene of shrewd remark,
Whose window stares upon the sauntering park;
Where many a hungry bard, and gambling sinner,
In chop-fallen sadness, counts the trees for dinner;
In that snug room where any man of spunk
Would find it a hard matter to get drunk;‡
Where coy Tokay ne'er feels a cook's embraces,
Nor port nor claret show their rosy faces;
But where old Adam's beverage flows with pride,
From wide-mouthed pitchers, in a plenteous tide;
Where veal, pork, mutton, beef, and fowl and fish,
All club their joints to make one *handsome* dish;
Where stewpan covers serve for plates, I ween,
And knives, and forks, and spoons are never seen;
Where pepper issues from a paper bag,
And for a cruet stands a brandy cag;
Where Madam Schwellenberg too often sits,
Like some old tabby in her mousing fits,
Demurely squinting with majestic mien,
To catch some fault to carry to the *queen*:
In that snug room, like those immortal Greeks,
Of whom, in book the thirteenth, Ovid speaks;
Around the table, all with sulky looks,
Like culprits doomed to Tyburn, sat the cooks;

* Exeter.
† The larder.
‡ This will be deemed strange by my *country* readers; but it is nevertheless true.

At length, with phiz that showed the man of woes,
The sorrowing king of spits and stewpans rose;
Like Paul at Athens, very justly sainted,
And by the charming brush of Raphael painted,
With out-stretched hands, and energetic grace,
He fearless thus harangues the *roasting-race;*
Whilst gaping round, in mute attention, sit
The poor forlorn disciples of the spit:
"Cooks, scullions, hear me every mother's son—
Know that I relish not this royal fun:
George thinks us scarcely fit ('tis very clear)
To carry guts, my brethren, to a bear."—
"Guts to a bear!" the cooks, up-springing, cried—
"Guts to a bear!" the major loud replied.
"Guts to the devil!" loud roared the cooks again,
And tossed their noses high in proud disdain:
The plain translation of whose pointed noses
The reader needeth not, the bard supposes;
But if the reason some dull reader looks,
'Tis this—whatever kings may think of cooks,
Howe'er crowned heads may deem them low-born things,
Cooks are possessed of souls as well as kings.
Yet there are some who think (but what a shame!)
Poor people's souls, like pence of Birmingham,
Adulterated brass—base stuff—abhorred—
That never can pass current with the Lord;
And think, because of wealth they boast a store,
With every freedom they may treat the *poor:*
Witness the story that my Muse, with tears,
Relates, O reader, to thy shrinking ears.

With feeble voice and deep desponding sighs,
With sallow cheek and pity-asking eyes,
A wretch, by age and poverty decayed,
For farthings lately to a Nabob prayed;
The Nabob, turkey-like, began to swell
And damned the beggar to the pit of hell.
"Oh! Sir," the supplicant was heard to cry,
(The tear of misery trickling from his eye)
"Though I'm in rags, and wondrous, wondrous poor,
And *you* with gold and silver covered o'er,
There won't in heaven such difference, Sir, take place,
When we before the Lord come face to face."—

"*You* face to face with *me!*" the Nabob cried,
In all the insolence of upstart pride—
"*You* face to face with *me*, you dog appear!
Damme, I'll kick you, if I catch you there."—
Oh, shocking blasphemy! oh! horrid speech!—
Where was the fellow born!—the wicked wretch!—
So black an imp would pull, I do suppose,
A bulse of diamonds from a Begum's nose:
Or make, like Doulah, careless of his soul,
A new edition of the old Black Hole.

"What's life," the major said, "my brethren pray,
If force must snatch our first delights away?
Relentless shall the royal mandate drag
The hairs that long have graced this silken bag;
Hairs to a barber scarcely worth a fig,
Too few to make a foretop for a wig?
Must razors vile these locks, so scanty, shave,
Locks that I wish to carry to my grave;
Hairs, look, my lads, so wonderfully thin,
Old Schwellenberg hath more upon her chin?"—
"Yes, that she hath," exclaimed a cook, "by God,
A damned old German good-for-nothing toad.
Yes, yes, her mouth with beard divinely bristles—
Curse me, I'd rather kiss a bunch of thistles—
Oh! were it but his majesty's commands
To give her gentle jaw-bones to these hands;
I'd shave her, like a punished soldier, *dry!*
No killing sow shall make a sweeter cry:
I'd pay my compliments to madam's chin;
I'd answer for't I'd make the devil grin:
The razor most deliciously should work;
I'd trim her muzzle; yes, I'd scrape her pork.
I'd teach her to some purpose to behave,
And show the witch the nature of a shave.
O! woman, woman! whether lean or fat,
In face an *angel*, but in soul a *cat!*"

He ended—when each mouth upon the stretch,
Crowned with a loud horse-laugh the classic speech.

Too soon, alas! Resentment seized the hour,
And *Joke* resigned his grin-provoking power;
Rage dimmed of mirth the sudden sunny sky,
And filled with gloomy oaths each scowling eye;
While *Grief*, returning, took her turn to reign,
Sunk every heart, and saddened every mien;
Drew from their giddy heights the laughing Graces—
For much is grief disposed to bring down faces.
"Son of the spit," the major, strutting, cried,
"I like thy spirit, and revere thy pride:
I'd rather hear thee than a bishop preach,
For thou hast made a very pretty speech.
Such is the language that the gods should hear,
And such should thunder on the royal ear.
Yet, son of dripping, though thou speak'st my notions,
We must not be too nimble in our motions.
Awhile, heroic brothers, let us halt;
Soft fires, the proverb tells us, make sweet malt.
And yet again I bid you stand like rocks,
And battle for the honour of your locks.
Lo! in these aged hairs is all my joy;
To shave them is my *being* to destroy.
What's life, if life has not a bliss to give?
And, if unhappy, who would wish to live?
Content can visit the poor spidered room;
Pleased with the coarse rush mat and birchen broom;
Where parents, children, feast on oaten bread,
With cheeks as round as apples, and as red;
Where health with vigour nerves their backs and hams,
Sweet souls, though ragged as young colts or rams;
Where calmly sleeps the parents with their darlings,
Though nibbled by the fleas as thick as starlings;
Lulled to their rest, beneath the coarsest rugs,
And dead to bitings of a thousand bugs.

"*Content*, mild maid! delights in *simple* things,
And envies not the state of queens or kings;
Can dine on sheep's head, or a dish of broth,
Without a table or a table cloth:
Nor wishes, with the fashionable group,
To visit Horton's shop for turtle soup;
Can use a bit of packthread for a jack,
And sit upon a chair without a back:

Nay, wanting knives, can with her fingers work,
And use a wooden skewer for a fork,
Sweet maid! who thinks not shoes of leather shocking,
Nor feels the horrors in a worsted stocking;
Her temper mild, no huckaback can shock,
Though for her lovely limbs it forms a smock.
Pleased with the natural curls her face that shade,
No graves are robbed for hair to form a braid:
Her breast of native plumpness ne'er aspires
To swelling *merry thoughts* of gauze and wires,
To look like crops of ducks (with labour borne)
Stretched by a superfluity of corn.
With nature's hips, she sighs not for *cork rumps*,
And scorns the pride of pinching stays or jumps:
But, pleased from whalebone prisons to escape,
She trusts to simple nature for a shape;
Without a warming-pan can go to bed,
And wrap a petticoat about her head;
Nor sigh for cobweb caps of Mechlin lace,
That shade of quality the varnished face:
Sweet nymph, like doves, she seeks her strawbuilt nest,
And in a pair of minutes is undressed;
Whilst all the *fashionable* female clans,
Undressing, seem unloading caravans.
No matter from what source contentment springs;
'Tis just the same in cooks as 'tis in kings;
And if our souls are set upon our hair,
Let snip-snap barbers—nay, let *kings* beware,
Nor tempt the dangerous rage of true John Bulls,
And clap, like fools, the edge-tool to our skulls.
Tread on a worm, he shows his rage and pain,
By turning on the wounding heel again;
Nay, even *inanimates* appear to feel;
On the loose *stone*, if chance direct your heel,
Lo! from its womb the sudden stream ascends,
To prove the foot was not among its friends:
And calling in the aid of neighbour mud,
O'er the fair stocking spouts the sable flood."

So spoke the major, with resentment fired,
Spoke like a man; indeed like man inspired.
Some critic cries, with sharp, fastidious look,
"Bard, bard, this is not language for a cook."—
"O snarler! but I'll lay thee any wager,
It is not too sublime for a *cook-major*."

"Behold! to remedy our sad condition,"
The major cried, "I've cooked up a petition:
This carries weight with it, or I'm mistaken,
Shall shake the monarch's soul and save our bacon."
Then jumping on a barrel, thus aloud
He read sonorous to the gaping crowd.

Thus reads a parish-clerk in church a brief,
That begs for burnt-out wretches kind relief—
Relief, alas! that very rarely reaches
The poor petitioners, the ruined wretches;
But (lost its way) unfortunately steers
To fat churchwardens and fat overseers;
Improves each dish, augments the punch and ale,
And adds new spirits to the smutty tale.

THE PETITION OF THE COOKS.

"YOUR majesty's firm friends and faithful cooks,
Who in your palace merry lived as grigs,
Have heard, with heavy hearts and downcast looks,
That we must all be shaved, and put on wigs:
You, Sire, who with *such honour* wear *your* crown,
Should never bring on *ours* disgraces down.

"Dread Sir! we really deem our heads our own,
With every sprig of hair that on them springs:
In France, where men like spaniels lick the throne,
And count it glory to be *cuffed* by kings,
Their locks belong unto the *Grand Monarque*,
Who swallows privileges like a shark.

"Be pleased to pardon what we now advance;—
We dare your sacred majesty assure,

That there's a difference between *us* and *France:*
And *long*, we hope, that *difference* will endure.
We know King Lewis would, with power so dread,
Not only cut the *hair* off, but the *head*.

"Oh! tell us, Sir, in loyalty so true,
What dire designing ragamuffins said,
That we, your cooks, are such a nasty crew,
Great Sir! as to have crawlers in our head?
My liege, you can't find one through all our house;
Not if you'd give a guinea for a louse.

"What creature 'twas you found upon your plate,
We know not—if a louse, it was not ours:—
To shave each cook's poor unoffending pate,
Betrays too much of arbitrary powers;
The act humanity and justice shocks:
Let him who *owns* the crawler lose his locks.

"But grant upon your plate this louse so dread,
How can you say, Sir, it belongs to *us?*
Maggots are found in many a princely head;
And if a maggot, why then not a louse?
Nay, grant the fact; with horror should you shrink?
It could not eat your majesty, we think.

"Hunger, my liege, hath oft been felt by kings,
As well as people of *inferior state;*—
Quarrels with cooks are therefore dangerous things:—
We cannot answer for your stomach's fate;
For, by your size, we frankly must declare,
You feed on more substantial stuff than *air*.

"My liege, a universe hath been your foes;
The times have looked most miserably black;
America hath *tried* to pull your nose;
French, Dutch, and Spaniards, *tried* to bang your back:
'Twould be a serious matter, let us tell ye,
Were *we* to buccaneer it on your *belly*.

"You see the spirit of your cooks, then, Sire,
Determined nobly to support their locks;
And should your guards be ordered out to fire,
Their guns may be opposed by spits and crooks:—
Knives, forks, and spoons, may fly, with plates a store,
And all the thunder of the kitchen roar.

"Nat. Gardner, yeoman of the mouth, declares
He'll join the standard of your injured cooks!
Each scullion, turnbroche, for redress prepares,
And puts on very formidable looks:
Your woman, too—*imprimis*, Mistress Dyer,
Whose eggs are good as ever felt a fire:

"Next sweeper-general Bickley, Mistress Mary,
With that famed bell-ringer called Mistress Loman;
Ann Spencer, guardian of the necessary;
That is to say, the necessary woman:
All these, an't please you, Sir, so fierce, determine
To join us in the cause of hair and vermin.

"There's Mistress Stewart, Mister Richard Day,
Who find your sacred majesty in linen,
Are ready to support us in our fray—
You can't conceive the passion they have been in;
They swear so much your scheme of shaving hurts,
You shan't have pocket-handkerchiefs or shirts.

"The grocers, Clarke and Taylor, curse the scheme,
And say, whate'er we do, the world won't blame us;
So Comber says, who gives you milk and cream;
And thus your old friend Mr Lewis Ramus:
We think your sacred majesty would mutter
At loss of sugar, milk, and cream, and butter.

"Suppose, an't please you, Sir, that Mistress Knutton
And Mistress Maishfield, fierce as tiger cats
One overseer of all the beef and mutton,
The other, lady president of sprats—
Suppose, in opposition to your wish,
This locks away the flesh, and *that* the fish?

"Suppose John Clarke refuse supplies of mustard,
So necessary to your beef and bacon?
Will Roberts, all the apple-pie and custard?
Your majesty would growl, or we're mistaken.
Suppose that Wells, to plague your stomach, studying,
From Sunday, *sacrilegious*, steals the pudding?

"Suppose that Rainsforth with our *corps* unites—
We mean the man who all the tallow handles;
Suppose he locks up all the mutton lights,
How could your majesty contrive for candles?
You'd be, (excuse the freedom of remark)
Like *some* administrations—in the *dark*.

"We dare assure you that our grief is great;
And oft, indeed, our feeling it enrages,
To see your sacred majesty beset
By such a graceless gang of idle pages:
And, with submission to your judgment, Sire,
We think old Madam Schwellenberg a liar.

"Suppose, great Sir, that by your cruel *fiat*,
The barbers shall attack our humble head,
And that we should not choose to breed a riot,
Because we might not wish to lose our bread,
Say, would the triumph o'er each harmless cook
Make George the Third like Alexander look?

"Dread Sir, reflect on Johnny Wilkes' fate,
Supported chiefly by a paltry rabble;
Wilkes bade defiance to your frowns and state,
And got the better in that famous squabble;
Poor was the victory you wished to win,
Which set the mouth of Europe on the grin.

"O king, our wives are in the kitchen roaring,
All ready in rebellion now to rise;
They mock our humble method of imploring,
And bid us guard against a *wig* surprise:
'*Yours* is the hair,' they cry, 'th' Almighty gave ye,
And not a king in Christendom should shave ye.'

"Lo! on th' event the world impatient looks,
And thinks the joke is carried much too far;
Then, pray, Sir, listen to your faithful cooks,
Nor in the palace breed a civil war:
Loud roars our band, and, obstinate as pigs,
Cry, "Locks and liberty, and damn the wigs!"

THE LOUSIAD,

A

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO III.

Magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires,
Non juvat ex facili lecta corona juge. Propertius.

Bold is the ascent, but *glory* nerves my powers;
I like to pick on *precipices*, flowers.

THE ARGUMENT.

A SUBLIME, natural, elegant, and original description of Night.—Modesty of the stars.—Slumbering situation of their Majesties, with a compliment to their constancy.—The charming Princesses asleep.—High compliments bestowed on them.—A prophetic suggestion of courtship between one of our Princesses and some great German Duke.—An account of Mr Morpheus, vulgarly called the God of sleep.—His civility to the people in giving them pretty dreams, by way of compensation for shutting up their mouths, eyes, and ears, for a dozen or fourteen hours together.—The solemn amusements of Silence.—A night-picture of London.—The palace, a night-scene.—The goodness of certain Court Lords to the Maids of Honour.—Kind embraces placed in a new light, and vindicated.—More account of the palace, containing a thirsty fly, a hungry cat, a starved bull-dog, and frost-nipped crickets.—An account of Madam Fame's journey to the Den of Madam Discord.—An account of Madam Discord.—An inventory of her cell.—Account of her excursions.—Her pictures and music.—Her sudden flight to Buckingham House.—Assumes the shape of Madam Schwellenberg.—Whispers his majesty.—The speech to majesty.—Majesty's fine answer in his sleep.—Discord quits majesty.—Takes the form of Madam Haggerdorn, and goes to the major's bed-side, and whispers rebellion to him.—Her speech.—The major sits upright in his bed.—Handles his pigtail.—The major's most pathetic curses.—His sensible soliloquy on wigs.—His attack on kings in general, and praise of our most gracious king in particular.—The major strikes a light.—A rich comparison.—Visits a master cook.—Vast difference between a battle fought in a field, and in a newspaper.—The descent of the cooks to the kitchen.—A great and apt comparison.—The cooks look about for daylight with horror.—The situation of their souls described.—Finely illustrated by a great Woman's apprehensions for her fine diamond stomacher.—Lord Eglinton and an old maid.—A most tender and just apostrophe to the frail fair ones of the town.—A tear dropped on their unhappy condition.—Their part taken by the poet, and, in a great measure, vindicated.—The poet's thunderbolt launched at a certain great limb of the law, by way of palliation.—A short, yet most charming reflection on the female heart, when in love.—The poet returns to the cooks.—Continues to describe their dread of daylight, by more apt comparisons of hungry authors.—General conflagration.—Sir William Chambers and the Bishop of Exeter.—Some allusion to his majesty's journey to Exeter.—Extracts from a manuscript poem of a Devonshire Humourist, one John Ploughshare.—The major vainly endeavours

to banish his fears by whistling and humming a couple of tunes.—The names of the unsuccessful tunes.—The major's choice of them only known to the Great Author of Nature.

NIGHT, like a widow in her weeds of woe,
Had gravely walked for hours our world below:
Hobgoblins, spectres in her train, and cats;
Owls round her hooting, mixed with shrieking bats,
Like wanton Cupids in the Idalian grove,
That flickering sport around the Queen of Love.
Now like our quality, who darkling rise,
Each star had op'd its fashionable eyes;
Too proud to make appearance, too well bred,
Till *Sol*, the *vulgar wretch*, had gone to bed.

His wisdom dead to sublunary things,
In leaden slumber snored the *best* of kings:
In slumber lifeless, with seraphic mien,
Close at his back, too, snored his *gentle* queen:
Unlike the pair of modern days, that weds,
And, in *one* fortnight, bawls for different beds!

Blessed imp! now Morpheus o'er each princess stole,
And closed those radiant eyes that vainly roll!
Eyes! Love's bright stars! but doomed in vain to shine;
For, ah! what youth shall say, "those orbs are mine?"
Then, what are eyes, alas! the *brightest* eyes,
Forbid to languish on a lover's sighs!
The pouting lip, the soft luxuriant breast,
If coldly fated never to be pressed?
Ah, vainly *those* like dew-clad cherries glow;
And *this* as vainly vies with Alpine snow!
The breath that gives of Araby the gales,
The voice that sounds enchantment, what avails!
The Juno form, the purple bloom of May,
Gifts of the Graces, all are thrown away!

But, possibly, some German duke may move,
And make a *tendre* of his heavy love!
His wide dominions—miles, perhaps nine or ten;
His Myrmidonian phalanx—fifty men!
But, lo! his *heart*, the fount whence honour springs,
Swelled with the richest blood of ancient kings!
He comes! not for high birth, his own before!
Great duke! he comes to woo our golden ore,
And add (how truly happy Britain's fate!)
Another leech to suck the sanguine state;
To join (composing what a goodly row!)
The place-broker, old Schwellenberg and Co.

Now Morpheus (in compassion to mankind,
Made, by his magic, deaf, and dumb, and blind)
Amused with dreams man's ambulating soul,
To recompense him for the time he stole;
Bade the bean dance, his Delia melt away,
Who boxed his ears so cruel through the day;
Of ancient damsels eased the lovesick pains,
Brought back lost charms, and filled their laps with swains;
Gave placid cuckoldom a constant dame;
To brainless authors, bread and cheese and fame;
Made driveling monarchs schemes of wisdom pain,
And nature's rankest coward kill his man;
Gave to the chop-fallen courtier wealth and power,
Who felt no favour at the levee hour,
Though tip-toed, hawk-like, watchful all the while,
To seize the faintest glimpse of royal smile;
Bade happy aldermen assume new airs,
Be chained with all the splendour of lord mayors;
And bade them too (without a groat to pay)
Re-gobble all the turtle of the day:
Bade Gloster think his might could match a mouse,
And Chambers fancy he could build a house;
And Lady Mount, the antipodes of Grace,
Think that she does not *frighten* with her face.

Now *Silence* in the country stalk'd the dews,
As if she wore a flannel pair of shoes,

Lone listening, as the poets well remark,
To falling mill-streams, and the mastiff's bark;
To loves of wide-mouthed cats, most mournful tales;
To hoot of owls amid the dusky vales,
To hum of beetles, and the bull-frog's snore,
The spectre's shriek, and ocean's drowsy roar.
Lulled was each street of London to repose,
Save where it echoed to a *watchman's* nose;
Or where a *watchman*, with ear-piercing rattle,
Roused his brave brothers from each box to battle;
To fall upon the *Cynthius* of the night,
Sweet nymphs! whose sole profession is delight!
Thus the gaunt wolves the tender lambs pursue,
And hawks, in blood of doves, their beaks imbrue!
Thus on the flies of evening rush the bats,
And mastiffs sally on the amorous cats!

Still was the palace, save where now and then
The tell-tale feet of love-designing men,
Night-wandering lords, soft patting on the floor,
Of maids of honour sought the chamber door;
Obliging door! that, opening to the tap,
Admitted lords to take a social nap,
And chase most kindly from each timid maid
The ghosts that frightful haunt the midnight shade:
For very horrid 'tis, we all must own,
For poor defenceless nymphs to lie alone;
Since nights are often doleful, dark, and drear,
And raise in gentle breasts a world of fear.
Nay, were not lords ordained for ladies' charms;
To guard from perils dire, and dread alarm?
Yes! and like locked-up gems those charms to keep,
Amidst the spectred solitude of sleep.
How wicked then to fly in *Nature's* face,
And deal damnation on a kind embrace!
Pardon, ye grave divines, this doctrine strange,
Who think my morals may have got the mange.
Still was the palace, save where some poor fly,
With thirst just ready to drop down and die,
Buzzed faint petitions to his Maker's ear,
To show him one small drop of dead small beer;
Save where the cat, for mice, so hungry, watching,
Swore the lean animals were scarce worth catching;
Save where the dog so gaunt, in grumbling tone,
By dreams deluded, mouthed a mutton bone;
Save where, with throats to sounds of horror strained,
Crickets of coughs and rheumatisms complained,
Lamenting sore, amid a royal hold,
"How hard that crickets should be killed by cold!"

Now *Fame* to *Discord's* dreary mansion flew,
To tell the beldame more than all she knew,
Who, at the Devil's table, for her work,
For ever welcome finds a knife and fork:
Discord, a sleepless hag, who never dies,
With snipe-like nose, and ferret-glowing eyes,
Lean, sallow cheeks, long chin with beard supplied,
Poor crackling joints, and withered parchment hide,
As if old drums, worn out with martial din,
Had clubbed their yellow heads to form her skin;
Discord, who, pleased a universe to sway,
Is never half so blessed as in a fray:
Discord, to deeds, indeed, most daring given,
Who bade vile Satan raise a dust in heaven;
Stirred up the sweetest angels to rebel,
And sunk the fairest forms to darkest hell;
Bade, by her din, the humblest spirits rise,
Bold to dethrone the Monarch of the skies;
For which they very *properly* were sent,
Unhappy legions! into banishment;
Doomed for such most abominable sinning,
To broil on charcoal with eternal grinning.

Discord, who whispered to the jealous Cain,
"Go crack thy brother's box that holds his brain;"
Which Cain performed in godliness unstable,
That foe to piety and brother Abel;
Discord, who haunt's poor George's maudlin dame,
And makes her duke of wisdom cry out "Shame!"

Who, *after* dinner, for her honour screams,
And grasps a British crown in drunken dreams;
Then roars as though (what richly she deserves)
The duke had clapped a broomstick to her nerves;
Discord, who also often doth profane
The goodly streets and courts of Drury-lane;
Where bawd meets bawd, blaspheming, swearing, drunk,
Pimp knocks down pimp, and punk abuses punk:
Discord, delighting in the wordy war,
The pillar of the senate and the bar;
Discord, who makes a king delight in ode,
Slight Square of Hanover* for Tottenham road;
Where with the taste sublime of Goth and Vandal,
He orders the worst works of heavy Handel;
Encores himself † till all the audience gape,
And suffers not a quaver to escape:
Discord, all eye, all mouth, all ear, all nose,
For ever warring with a world's repose!

When *Fame* arrived, the shaving tale to tell,
Pleased was the red-eyed fury in her cell,
Where scorpions crawled, where screeched that noisy fowl,
Known in Great Britain by the name of *owl;*
Bats shrieked, and grillatalpas joined the sound,
Cats squalled, pigs whined, and adders hissed around.

Close to the restless wave her mansion lay,
Receding from the beam of cheerful day:
Hence on black wing the *hag* was wont to roam,
And join the witches 'mid the stormy gloom;
Howl with delight amid the thunder's roar;
Hang o'er the wrecks that crowd the billowy shore;
See, 'midst each flash, the heads of seamen rise,
And drink with greedy ears their drowning cries.

Around her dwelling various portraits hung,
Of those whose noisy names in history rung.
Here, with spread arms, whom grace and fury fill,
Thundering damnation, stared stentorian Hill:
There cursed, Sir Joseph Banks, in quest of fame,
At finding fleas and lobsters not the same.
Here a prime favourite, of a sainted band,
Hell in his heart, and torches in his hand;
Lord George, by mobs huzzaed, and, what is odd,
Burning poor Papists for the love of God;
Pleased as old Nero on each falling dome,
Sublimely fiddling to the flames of Rome!
There, in respect to kings, not over nice,
That revolution-sinner—Doctor Price;
Whose labours, in a most uncourtly style,
Win not, like *gentle* Burke's, the royal smile;
Gain not from *good divines* both praise and thanks,
Called, by the wicked, "Gospel mountebanks,
Mere quack pretenders from their lofty station,
Puffing off idle *nostrums* of salvation:
Who, where the milk and honey flows, resort,
Like rooks in corn fields, blackening all the court."
Here, leading all her bears so savage forth,
Wild raged the *Amazonian* of the North,
With *ruin* leagued, to attack the Turkish hive,
And leave not half a Mussulman alive:
There stormed a *vixen*, far and near renowned,
For *sweetness, meekness, piety profound;*
Her sons abusing (in abuses old,)
With all the fury of a German scold!
These, with some scores, were seen, of equal fame,
Thanks to a lonely taper's livid flame!
The form of Madam Schwellenberg she took,
Her broken English, garb, and sin-like look;
Then sought the palace, and the royal ear,
And whispered thus, "Mine God, Ser, nebber fear—
Oh, please your majesty, you ver ver right:
Shave all de rascal, if but out of spite.
Lord! Lord! how vill a mighty monarch look,
Not able, O mine God! for shave a cook!
Dat like a king, I say, what can't do dat?
Mine God! pray haf more spirit dan a cat.

* Gallini's Rooms are in this square, in which is performed the celebrated professional concert.

† This was a most ludicrous circumstance that happened not long since, when his majesty and the orchestra were left to themselves and *God save the king*.

Ser, in mine court, de prince be great as king—
He scorn to ax one word about a ting.
Mine God! de cook muss nebber dare make groan,
Nor dare to tell a prince der soul der own:
'Tis de dam Englis only, dat can say,
'Boh! fig for king! by God I'll haf my way.'

"I haf see court enough—a prince and dook
But nebber vish on such a dish to look:
I say ver often to myself—Goode God!
I nebber vish a crown mine head for load!
I do not vish myself more greater efils:
A king of Englis be a king of defils.
To punishment de lousy rascal bring,
And show dem all vat 'tis for be a king,
America half cover us vid shame;
Jack Wilks, too, be a dam, dam uglish name.
And sal de paltry cook be conqueror too!—
No, God forbid! as dat vill nebber do.
De hair must fall before your royal eye,
'Tis something, fags! to triumph 'pon poor fly."—
Pleased with her voice, the king of nations smiled,
For power with monarchs is a fav'rite child:
"What! what! not shave 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em, shave 'em?
Not all the world, not all the world shall save 'em
I'll sheer 'em, sheer 'em, as I sheer my sheep."—
Thus spoke the mighty monarch in his sleep:
Which proves that kings in sleep a speech may make,
Equal to what they utter broad awake.

Charmed with the mischief full on fancy's view,
Quick to the major's room the *Fury* flew:
Put off the form of Schwellenberg, and took
Of Madam Haggerdorn the milder look,
A woman, in whose soul no guile is seen,
The mistress of the robes to our *good* queen—
A queen who really has not got her peer;
A queen, to this our kingdom wondrous *dear;*
Which shows, however folks are apt to sport,
That all the virtues may be found at court.
Now in the *major's* ear the beldame said,
"Yan Dixon—Yan, you must not, man, be 'fraid.
I like mush your peteeshion to de king,
Though George will swear, 'tis dam, dam saucy ting;
And swear, dat as his soul is to be save,
Dat ebbry von of you sal all be shave:
Yan Dixon, rader your dear life lay down,
Dan be de laugh (mine Gote!) of all de town;
De ver, ver littel boy an girl you meet,
Vill point and laugh and hoot you trow de street.
De same (mine Gote!) vill chimney-sweep behave,
And cry, 'Dere go de blockhead dat was shave:'
'Dere go von poor shave fellow!' cry de trull,
'Because he had de louse upon his scull'
I know he say, dat you shall lose your lock,
Before to-morrow mornin twalfe o'clock.
I tink dere may be battel—nebber mind,
I hope dat Godamighty will be kind.
What if de king make noise about de house,
For noting but dis dam confounded louse;
He be but von, you know; and den for you,
Mine Gote! Yan Dixon, you is fifty-two:
Think, Yan, how George was frighten by de mob,
When Lord George Gordon made dat burnin job.
Mine Gote! Yan, mind me, rader lose dy place,
Dan suffer such dam nasty dam disgrace,
I tell you true, indeed, ver true, dear Yan,
His majesty be ver goot sort of man;
But ver ver like indeed as oder men,
Dat is, a leetel stubborn now an den.
Tink, Yan, of dat ver ugly ting, a wig,
For pot-boy and de pot-girl run der rig!
Boh! filthy ting, enough de deffil scare;
And made perhap of dismal dead man's hair!
I sal not wonder if, dy soul for shock,
A ghost come seize upon der stolen lock.
No, fags! nor vonders if dey come and pull
De vig vid mush, mush fury from dy scull.
'Pon some poor strumpet head perhap dat grow'd,
Dat die of dam dissorder, nasty toad!"—
Thus saying, lo! the Fury made retreat,
And left the lord of saucepans in a sweat.
Just like King Richard in his tent, John reared,
And verily a man of woes appeared.
Now handling his small pig-tail, "Now you're here,"
Exclaimed the *Major*, "but not long, I fear:
Perhaps some good may follow this same dream,
And resolution mar this shaving scheme.

Cursed be the Louse that so much mischief bred,
And yields to barber's boys the harmless head:
Cursed be the razor-maker, cursed the prig
Who thought upon that greasy thing—a wig.
Sure, 'twas some mangy beast, some scabby rogue,
Who brought a thing so filthy into vogue!
Had Nature meant the scare-crow to be worn,
Infants with wigs had certainly been born.
But, lo! with little hair, and that uncurled,
But not with *wigs*, they come into the world!
What shame, that sheep, that horses, cows, and bulls,
Should club their tails, to furnish Christian sculls!
But what a sacrilegious shame, the *dead*
Can't keep, poor souls, their locks upon their head!
What shame, the spectres, in the midnight air,
Should wander, screaming, for their plundered hair!
Cursed be the shaving plan, I say again,
Although the bantling of a royal brain!"

Thus cursed the *Major* to *Night's* listening ear,
Enough to turn a Christian pale to hear!
Thus, heedless of hereafter, for a pin
Will men and women run their souls in sin!
Now paused the *Major*, with a thoughtful air,
And now soliloquied with solemn stare:
"Drunk with dominion, gorged with vicious thoughts,
With folly teeming, dozed by Flattery's draughts,
Taught to admire their very maudlin dreams,
And think their brains' dull mudpools, *Wisdom's* streams,
Too many a monarch lives; but, lo! not ours,
A king, who *Wisdom's* very self devours;
Snaps at arts, sciences, where'er they rise,
With all the fire of boys at butterflies.
Such cannot surely own a little heart;
Therefore our locks and we *may* never part."
Now, from a stool, a tinder-box he took,
And fiercely with the stone the steel he struck;
And, after many unsuccessful shocks,
The sparks inflamed the tinder in the box;
Which, by a match which John did sagely handle,
Gave sudden lustre to a farthing candle.
Thus, if small things with great we may compare,
We see hard pedagogues, with furious air,
Strike with the fist, and often with a stick,
Light through a scholar's scull, ten inches thick.

Now, full illuminated, Dixon stole,
Where lay a master-cook within his hole:
From whence, to all th' inferior cooks they went,
Inclined to opposition's big intent,
But, not so fierce, alas! for opposition,
As in the threatening, bullying petition;
For men (it is reported) dash and vapour,
Less on the field of battle, than on paper.
Thus, in the history of each *dire* campaign,
More carnage loads the newspaper than plain.
And now the cooks and scullions left each nest;
And now, behold, they one and all were dressed.

Lo! sullen to the kitchen moved the throng,
Gloom on each eye, and silence on each tongue;
How much like crape-clad mourners round a bier;
But, ah! impressed with sorrow more sincere;
For oft, at *tombs*, with joy the bosom burns—
There, 'tis the *sable black alone* that mourns.
Now making, with a few dry chips, a fire,
They sullen sat, their grief commixed with ire;
Sad ruminating all around the flame,
Like Harry and his band, of deathless name,
Near Agincourt, expectant of the day,
Big with the horrors of a bloody fray;
A fray that threatened his poor little band,
To sweep it, just like soldiers, to that land,
Terra incognita ycleped, which stretches
Afar—of which, imperfect are our sketches;
Since all who have surveyed this distant bourn,
So welcomed, were not suffered to return.
Thus did the cooks expect the fatal morn,
When, sheep-like, every head was to be shorn.

Now to the whitening east they cast their sight,
And wished, but vainly, an eternal night:
Not with less pleasure stares upon the day,
The wretch condemned hard nature's debt to pay;

Condemned ere noon to act a deed abhorred:
To stretch, for justice'sake, the fatal cord;
Not with less pleasure shrunk (unknown to shame,)
A meat, drink, snuff, and diamond-loving *dame*,
When told, "That if poor Hastings went to pot,
Away went pearls, and jewels, and what not,
Torn from the stomacher so fine, yet foul,
Which *Avarice* thirsted for, and *Rapine* stole:"
Not with less pleasure, in the vale of life,
Poor Egl-n-t-n beheld a youthful wife,
(Forced, on a bed of ice, sweet flower, to bloom;
Ah! forced to shine, a sun-beam on a tomb)
That blooming youthful wife, inclined to stray
With Hamilton, all in a billing way;
Just like two turtles, or a pair of lambs,
Or ewes so playful with the frisky rams:

Not with less glee an old and hopeless maid
Surveys the sun ascending from the shade;
A sun, that gives a younger sister's charms,
So hated, to a bridegroom's happy arms:
Not with less joy, that raging chaste old maid
Sees the frail fair ones in the Cyprian trade
Escape the whip and jail, and hemp beside,
By means of *gentle* Mr Justice Hyde.
Sweet wrecks of beauty! though with aspic eye,
And glance disdainful, *Prudery* pass them by,
With mincing step, and squinting cautious dread,
As though their looks alone contagion shed.
I *view* each pallid *wretch* with grief sincere,
And call on *Pity* for her tenderest tear;
See, on their cheeks, the blush of *Virtue* burn;
Hear from their souls the sigh of *Ruin* mourn;
View, veiled in *Horror's* gloom, their swimming eyes,
Beaming with hopeless wishes to the skies,
Like the pale *Moon's* dim solitary form,
Wrapped in the darkness of the midnight storm.
Too oft, by *Treachery's* winning smile betrayed,
Too fondly trusting, falls the simple maid!
Too many a Th—l—e walks the world of woe,
To foul of *Innocence* the sacred snow!
To love, yet nurse the thought of villain art,
How hard a lesson for the *partial* heart!
Too hard a lesson for the female soul,
Where *Love* no partner owns, and scorns control.

Not with less pleasure doth a poet look
On cruel criticism, which damns his book,
Or recommends it to that peaceful shore,
Where books and bards are never heard of more,
Than looked each man, with lengthened boding beard,
On that sad morn, which doomed them to be sheared:
Not with less pleasure, likewise, let me say,
A hungry author sees his dying play;
Child of his dotage, who surveys its fall,
Just as mankind shall view the tumbling ball,
When sun, moon, stars, and all the distant spheres,
Burst in one general wreck about their ears.
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's* eye
See Somerset's bold wing desert its sky;
A fall, at which the nation's purse exclaims,
That thundering crushed the back of roaring *Thames:*
Not with less pleasure did Sir William's ear.
A *second* crash of this famed fabric hear;
When poor Sir Joshua, with his painting-band,
Swore the dread day of judgment was at hand.
Not with less glee, tenacious of his dross,
Rossl† started—Reader! not the Man of Ross—

* This gentleman still retains the place of comptroller of the board of works, to the kingdom's surprise; but demerit in building, as well as in painting, is a sufficient recommendation to a *certain species of patrons*, particularly if the professors are despised by the people at large. It is the money of this nation that is sought for, not the merit. The circumstance of being a foreigner too, (for this Sir William Chambers is a Swede) carries with it another strong claim to favouritism.

† The present Bishop of Exeter, who, when his *majesty* visited that ancient city lately, *most handsomely* excused himself the honour of entertaining his *royal master*, by billeting him upon Dean Buller. The following lines, extracted from a manuscript performance of one John Ploughshare, called *The Royal Progress*, we think, will elucidate this part of our epic, and not be unacceptable to our readers.

In comm'd the king at laste to town,
With doust and sweat az nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzaing, trumpeting, and ringing,
Red colour vleeing, roaring, drinking,
Zo mad zeem'd all de voke.

When majesty, to rest his royal head,
Asked of the church's mitred son a bed;
Poor man! who proving, like his sovereign, poor,
Begg'd him to knock at good Dean Buller's door;

Wiping his zweaty jaws and poll,
All over doust we spied 'Squire Rolle,
Close by the king's coach trattin;
Now shoving in the coach his head,
Meaning (we thoft) it might be zed,
"'Squire Rolle and George be chattin."

Now went the aldermen and mayor,
Zome with cut wigs, and zome with hair,
The royal voke to ken;
When measter mayor, upon my word,
Poked to the king a gert long sword,
Which he poked back agen.

Now thoose that round his worship stood,
Declared it clumsily was dood;
Yet Squirt, the people zay,
Brandished a gert hoss glyster-pipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down droo Vore-street did they com,
Zum hallowin, and screeching zum:
Now trudged they to the *dean's*;
Becaze the *bishop* zent mun word,
"A could not meat and drink avord,
A had not got the means."

A zed, that, "az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot or pan,
Nor spoon, nor knife, nor vork;
That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And seldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom drade a cork."

Indeed, a is a moderate man,
And zo be all the clargy clan,
That with un come to chatter;
Who, when they're az'd to a glass of wine,
To one the wother they tip the sign,
And beg my lord's fine water.

Then az vor rooms—why, there agen,
"A could not lodge a cock, nor hen,
They were zo small," he zed;
And, as vor beds, they wudn't do,
In number about one or two,
Vor self and Joan the maid.

In voolish things, a woundn't be cort;
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort:—
No; 'twazn't heese desire.
Prefarment, too, waz to an eend;
The king would never more vor'n zend,
To lift un one peg higher.

"And yet vokes zay's a man o' sense,
Honest and good—but hoardth his pence;
Can't peart with drink nor meat:
And then why vore?"—the peeple rail:—
To greaze a vat ould pig in the tail—
Ould Weymouth o' Long Leat."

Well, to the *dean's*, bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin, too, no doubt;
And, while the *gentry* drinked *within*,
The *mob*, with brandy, ale, and gin,
Got roaring drunk *without*.

Buller, who took his wandering master in,
And stuffed with corn and oil his scrip and skin;
For which (on gratitude so wont to dote)
The monarch gave a *tumbler*—worth a groat!
O glorious act! an act how seldom seen!
O what a day of gladness for the dean!
A gift, so rare, so noble, so sublime,
Will stupify the sons of distant time.
This, let the Buller family record;
This brittle treasure let the Bullers hoard;
Yet show, exulting, upon gala days,
To bid some favoured *guest* admire and praise.

Now did the *major* hum a tune so sad!
Chromatic—in the robes of sorrow clad:
But, lo! the ballad could not fear control,
Nor exorcise the barbers from his soul:
And now his lifted eyes the ceiling sought;
And now he whistled—not for want of thought.
A mournful air the whistling *major* chose:
Till on his rolling eye the razors rose.
From grave to sprightly now he changed—a jig—
Still o'er his haunted fancy waved the wig;
Still saw his eye alarmed, the scratch* abhorred,
Like wild Macbeth's, the visionary sword.—
Thus, from what kings, alas! may fancy fun,
His loving subjects may be glad to run:
Thus, when Saint Swithin from his fountain pours,
(Saint Swithin, tutelary Saint of showers)
Beaux skip, belles scamper, fly the cocks and hens,
With drooping plumage, to the sheltering pens,
While lo! the waddling ducks *Te Deum* utter,
Flap their glad wings, and gabble through the gutter.

Sing *Muse!* or, lo! our *Canto* not complete,
What air he hummed, and whistled all so sweet.
Homer, of every thing minutely speaks,
From Heaven's ambrosia, to a camp's beefsteaks:
Then let us, *Muse*, adopt a march sublime,
And try to rival Homer with our rhyme;
Who, had a *nit*, in Juno's tresses bred,
Dropped on divine Minerva's wiser head;
Or cook-like *flea*, exploring some new track,
Hopped from the clouds to Agamemnon's back;

* A small wig, or rather an apology for a wig, so called, and generally worn by our most amiable and august monarch.

The *bard* had sung the fall in verse divine,
And *critics* heard the sound along the line.
Jove called his Juno only *saucy bitch;*
The *poet* thought it would his song enrich:
Jove, too, just threatened, with some birchen rods,
To whip her publicly before the gods;
The *bard* (though but a flogging-bout at most)
Deemed it, indeed, too sacred to be lost;
Jove called his daughter only bitch and fool,
(Poor Pallas, treated like a girl at school,)
Threatened to ham-string her six favourite nags,
And tear her bran-new Phaëton to rags;
The *bard*, who never wrote an idle word,
Bade his bold verse, the *god's* bold speech record:
And had the *Thunderer* but broke wind, the song,
Had, imitative, borne the blast along.—
Then be it known to all the world around,
To folks above, and people under ground,
To fish and fowl, and every creeping thing—
Lillibullero and *God save the king*,
Were actually the very airs he chose!
But wherefore—God Almighty only knows.

THE LOUSIAD,

A

HEROI-COMIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING and Majesty get out of bed together.—A most solemn and pathetic address to the Muse, with respect to omens.—A serious complaint against the omens for their non-appearance on so important an occasion.—The wives and daughters of the cooks seek the palace, to encourage their husbands.—A beautiful comparison of cocks and hens.—The dismay of the cooks.—The natural history of eyes.—Mister Ramus enters the kitchen.—Mister Ramus is praised for dexterity in shaving majesty.—Mister Ramus' consequence with majesty superior to that of great ministers.—Mister Ramus' namby-pamby named Billy, given by majesty.—The dread occasioned by Mister Ramus' appearance amongst the cooks.—Mister Secker, clerk of the kitchen, enters in a passion.—Mister Secker threatens tremendously.—A wife of one of the cooks nobly answers Mister Secker, and vows opposition.—Mister Secker replies with astonishment, vociferation, and threat.—The heroine's rejoinder to Mister Ramus, with much sarcasm.—Mister Secker groweth very wrath.—Studieth revenge.—Prudence appeareth to him, and administereth great and wholesome advice.—Prudence becalmeth the clerk of the kitchen.—A second heroine appeareth, speechifieth, and threateneth.—Slily alludeth to the immense wealth of male majesty, and the heaps of diamonds belonging to female majesty.—Praiseth her husband's cleanliness, and denieth a louse-existence in his head, and squinteth at Mister Secker as the probable owner of the animal.—Mister Secker rageth a second time.—One of the finest comparisons in the world, between Mister Secker in a passion and a leg of mutton and turnips in the pot.—The poet pauseth, moralizeth, and trembleth at that devil, lately introduced to the world, called Equality, the enemy of majesty.—Some of the sweetest lines in the world on the occasion.—Prudence re-entereth to becalm Mister Secker, by clapping her hand on his mouth.—An inexpressible apt bottle-of-small-beer comparison.—The cook-major rises in wrath, and

is very satirical on Mister Secker.—The clerk of the kitchen replies with intrepidity.—A great deal of good company rushes into the kitchen.—Mister Secker commands silence, and announces the will of his sovereign.—The sovereign eloquently announceth also his own will.—A sweet and sublime comparison, equal to any thing in Homer.

WITH beauteous Lambert's blush and Russel's smiles,
Aurora peeped upon the first of Isles;
And lo, to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
Uprose the sun, and uprose George the Third,
Who left his queen so charming, and her room,
To talk of hounds and horses with the groom.
Say, *Muse*, what! not *one* cloud with lowering looks,
To gloom compassion on the heads of cooks?
What! not *one* solitary omen sent;
Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event?
On Cato's danger, clouds of every shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape;
Aurora wept, poor girl, with sorrow big;
And Phœbus rose without his golden wig!
But now the skies their usual manners lost,
The sun and moon, and all the starry host!
No raven at the window flapped his wings,
And croaked portentous to the cooks of kings;
No horses neighed, no bullocks roared so stout!
No sheep, like sheep be-deviled, ran about;
No lightnings flashed, no thunder deigned to growl;
No walls re-echoed to the mournful owl;
No jackass brayed affright; no ghost 'gan wail;
No comet threatened empires with his tail;
No witches, wildly screaming, rode the broom;
No pewter platters danced about the room.
Thus unregarded drooped each menaced head,
As though the omens all were really dead;
As unregarded (what a horrid slur!)
As though the monarch meant to shave a cur!

Now to the kitchen of the palace came
Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,
The wives and daughters of those cooks forlorn
Whose luckless heads were threatened to be shorn:
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their husbands, poured the boastful band!
Thus, when the ancient Britons rushed to battle,
Their wives intrepid joined the general rattle;
Encouraging their husbands in the fray,
For fear some pale-nosed rogues might run away:
O glorious act!—repelling coward fear:—
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of ladies stared the cooks,
And seemed to show hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
Much history in those tell-tale orbs we read!
What though no bigger than a button hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul!
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here!

Now to the crowded kitchen Ramus springs,
Ramus, called *Billy* by the best of kings!
Who much of razors and of soap-suds knows,
Well skilled to take great Cæsar by the nose:
Much by his sovereign loved, a trusty page,
Who often puts great statesmen in a rage;
Poor *lords!* compelled against their will to *wait*,
Though ass-like laden with affairs of state,
Till page and monarch finish deep disputes
On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots!

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!
Thus formal *Patrick* is transformed to *Paddy;*
And *father* by the children christened *daddy:*
And Oliver, who could even *kings* control,
By many a thousand is baptized *Old Noll.*

Speak, *Reader*, didst thou ever see a ghost?
If so—thou stoodest, staring like a post:
Thus did the cooks on Billy Ramus stare,
Whose frightful presence porcupined each hair.

Now entered Secker*—and now thus he spoke:—
"This Louse affair's a very pretty joke!—
Ar'n't you ashamed of it, you dirty dogs?—
Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?
But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,
Bald as so many coots before 'tis night.
No murmurs, gentlemen—'tis all in vain:
When monarchs order, who shall dare complain?"
Now from the female band, a heroine raved,
"God curse me, if my husband *shall* be shaved!
You shan't, you shan't the fellow's head disgrace;
I say, the man shall sooner lose his place.
Wigs, like the very devil, I loathe, I hate—
And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate."
"How, *impudence!*" the wrathful Secker cried,
With horror staring, and a mouth yard-wide—
"Where, where's my stick, my cane, my whip, my switch?
Who taught rebellion t'ye, you saucy bitch?"—
"*Myself*," with hands akembow, cried the dame:
"I tell ye, Mister Secker, 'tis a shame;
I tell ye that the cooks will all be fools,
To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.
Bitch too, forsooth! the language of a hog!
If I'm a bitch, then *somebody's* a dog."

Now all th' internal man of Secker boiled;
From thought to thought of turbulence he toiled:
Now, resolution-fraught, he wished to stick her,
Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.
But *Prudence* in that very moment came,
And sweetly whispered to the man of flame—
"Fie, Secker! kick a' *woman!* Secker, fie!
On matter more sublime, thy prowess try—
No glory springs from kicking wives of cooks:
Strive to surpass great kings in binding books;
Transcend great kings in forcing stubborn kine
To breakfast on horse-chestnuts, sup, and dine;
In educating pigs be thou as deep;
And learn, like kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.
Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:
Go, breed for lady-cows the bravest bull;
Tower o'er the sceptred *great* in fat of lambs,
And rise a rival in the breed of rams.—
These be thine acts, from hence fair glory flows,
Whose beam, a bonfire round a monarch glows.
Surpass in charity towards the poor;
Nor bully starving *merit* from the door.
Behold, for patronage lean *genius* pant!
What though the wealthy Great a *taste* may want,
Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining *merit*,
Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.
The *fool* may lift the *mourner* from the tomb,
And bid the buried seeds of *genius* bloom.
Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
To look on humble *worth*, might bid her shine:
Thus tallow candles in a chandelier
Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,
Call into note a thousand trembling rays,
And share the merit of the mingled blaze.
The *great* should sun-like bid their treasures flow,
Whose beams wide spreading no distinction know;
But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe,
And light at once a system and a pipe."

Thus *Prudence* spoke, when Secker to the *dame*
Confessed his fault, and stopped the bursting flame.
Now stormed a *second* heroine from the band,
Called Joan, and full at Secker made a stand—
"I say, Tom shant be shaved—he shant—he shant—
Leek, porridge, stir-about, we'll sooner want;
We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;
Cry mackrel, or sing ballads through the street;
Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,
Sooner than Tom, poor soul, his locks shall lose!
Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?
Thomas, I say, shant lose his locks, poor dear!

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

Shaved too! 'cause people happen to be *poor*—
I never heard of such a trick before.
Folks think they may take freedoms with a cook—
Go, ask your *master* if he'd shave a *duke*.
No—if he dared to do it, I'll be cursed:
No, Secker, he would eat the razor first.
Good lord; to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—
Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks
Because *a* ha'n't ten millions in the stocks;
Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow
A diamond petticoat, to make a show?
Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—
Any thing's good enough for humble folk:
Shoved here and there, forsooth; called dog and bitch—
God bless us, well, because we are not rich!
People will soon be beat about with sticks,
Forsooth, because they ha'n't a coach and six.
A shant be shaved, and I'm his lawful wife;
The man was never lousy in his life.
Ax what his *mother* says—his nearest kin—
'Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,
But when *a* had the measles and small pox.'
What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks?
'She never in her life-time saw (she says)
A tidier, cleaner lad, in all her days—
And all her neighbours said, with huge surprise,
A finer boy was never seen with *eyes!*'
So, Mister Secker, let's have no more *touse;*
Hunt further for the owner of the Louse.
Sir, 'tis a burning *shame*, I'm bold to say,
To take poor people's character away.
Who knows the varmine isn't your own, odsfish!
You're fond of peeping into every dish."

Again of Secker boiled th' internal man;
Thought urging thought, again to rage began:
Huge thoughts of different sizes swelled his soul;
Now mounting high, now sinking low, they roll;
Bustling here, there, up, down, and round about;
So wild the mob, so terrible the rout;
How like a *leg of mutton* in the pot,
With turnips thick surrounded all so hot!
Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,
Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around!
Now *up* the turnips mount with skins of snow,
While restless labouring *Mutton* dives below—
Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
While *turnips* downwards plunge amid the deep!
Strange such resemblances in things should *lie!*
But what escapes the *poet's* piercing eye?
Just like the *sun*—for what escapes his *ray*,
Who darts on deepest shade the golden day!

Muse, let us pause a moment—here we see
A woman, certainly of low degree,
Reviling *folk* of elevated station;
Thus waging war with mild *subordination*.
Should sweet *subordination* chance to die,
Adieu to kings and courtier men so high;
Then will that *imp Equality* prevail,
Who knows no difference between head and tail;
Then majesty, the lofty nose who lifts,
With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;
To darn her stockings, from her height descend,
Which now are given to Mackenthun* to mend—
Turn her fair fingers into vulgar *paws*,
And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
Then dimned are coronets that awe inspire,
And sceptres stuffed, like faggots in the fire.
Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,
When female majesty shall wash her smocks:
Such humbled grandeur let me never see:
Soapsuds and sovereignty but ill agree:
Malkin and majesty but ill accord:
Rubbers and royalty, are kin abhorred!
Strange union! 'tis the vulture and the bat;
A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;
A great archbishop, and an undertaker;
The muse of epic, and a riddle-maker;
A roaring king in tragedy sublime;
And he who plays poor Pug in pantomime;
The lord who in the senate wonder draws,
Firm in the fair support of freedom's cause;
And that same lord, behind the scenes, a snail,
Who, crawling, of an actress† holds the tail;
Marchesi on the stage with steel and plume,
And that Marchesi in a lady's room;

* A lady, attendant on the princesses.
† Miss Farren.

Sir Joseph,* Jove-like, with his hammered arm,
Who thundering breaks of sleep the opiate charm;
And *that* Sir Joseph, with a simple look,
Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came *Prudence*, quaker-looking *form*,
Sweet-humoured goddess, to suppress the storm,
Who clapped her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
Full on the gaping hole of Secker's mouth;
Compressing thus a thousand iron words,
Sharp every soul of them as points of swords:
But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin,
Who owned the goddess, and but gave a grin.
Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,
If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career;
Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
And with dexterity his hand applies!
In vain the liquor bustles 'mid the dome;
John quells all fury, and subdues the foam!
Now rose the *major*—"Mister Secker—Sir,
You make in this affair a pretty stir!
'Twere doubtless a fine present in a *box*,
To offer to our sovereign lord, the locks;
Some *vast* reward would follow, to be sure;
A pretty little, sweet, snug, *sinecure*.
Yes—Master Secker well can play his cards;
Sublime achievements claim sublime rewards.
I humbly do presume, Sir, that his *grace*
Hath promised ye a warm exciseman's place:
Some folks are Jacks-in-office, fond of power!"
Thus spoke the *cook*, like vinegar so sour.
"No matter, master major, what I get;
All that I know, is this, *your* heads shall sweat:
I'll see the business done, depend upon't—
I'll order matters, damn me, if I don't:
Yes, Master Dixon, you shall know who's who—
Which is the better gemman, I or you."
Thus answers Secker to the man of woes,
And points his satire with a cocked-up nose.
Scarce had he uttered, when a noise was heard;
And now behold a motly band appeared!

* Sir Joseph Banks. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of groom, page, barber, and the *best* of kings!
And lo, the *best* of queens must see the fun;
And lo, the princesses so beauteous run;
And Madam Schwellenberg came hobbling too;
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!
But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
The world would lose a *leg*, to please a spite.

And now for *peace* did Secker bawl aloud:
And lo, *peace* came at once among the crowd.
In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
"Silence!" the crier calls, and all is mum—
"Cooks, scullions, all, of high and low degree,
Attend, and learn your monarch's will from *me*.
Our sovereign lord the king, whose word is fate,
Wills in his wisdom to see shaved each pate:
Then, gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
And let each barber fall upon his sconce."—
Thus thundered Secker with a Mars-like face,
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
Thus roared Achilles 'mid the martial fray
When every frighted Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the king of isles
Firm for the shave—but yet with kingly smiles—
"You must be shaved—you shall, you must indeed:
No, no, I shan't let slip a single head—
A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick—
The thought on't turns my stomach—makes me sick:
Louse—louse—a nasty thing—a louse I hate:—
No, no, I'll have no more upon my plate.
One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—
I'll have no more—no more, I'll have no more."

Thus spoke the king, like every king who gives
To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
Bright *Sol* sublimes, and gives them golden wings,
The cloud on which *some* say, the *cherub* sings.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE.

A FABLE.

Cocking his tail, a saucy prig,
A Magpie hopped upon a Pig,
To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest;
And with such ease began the hair attack,
As thinking the fee simple of the back
Was by himself, and not the Pig, possessed.

The Boar looked up as thunder black to Mag,
Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
Informed Mynheer some bristles must be torn;
Then busy went to work, not nicely culling:
Got a good handsome beakful by good pulling,
And flew, without a "Thank ye," to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling:
Followed the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it midst a bramble:
In manfully he sallied, full of might,
Determined to obtain his right,
And 'midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, poured his brags:
But ere he from the brambles came, alack!
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

THE SICK LADY AND THE ALMANACK.

A poor old woman with a diarrhœa,
Brought on by slip-slop tea and rot gut beer,
Went to Sangrado with a woeful face;
And, hawking twice or thrice, to clear her throat,
She told him, in a plaintive note,
Her case!

* * * * *

Disease had brought her to a doleful state,
Her legs seemed tottering with a lifeless weight;
Her bosom panted for the lack of breath,
Her voice seemed echoing from the vale of death;
Her sunken orbs of light but dimly shone;
A gasping spectre! hardly skin and bone!—

The doctor being in a wonderous hurry,
To still a lady in hysteric flurry,
Could hardly stop to hear pale misery's moan;
So, jumping in his coach, he bawled—"Go on!"

Howe'or, to keep the dame from *kingdom come*,
From the sharp gripe of grinning Death, so cruel,
He told her that she need but hurry home,
And boil some Bole Armoniac in her gruel:
Then call upon him in a day or two,
And let him know
If things went better, or in *statu quo*.———

The dame, obedient to the doctor's order,
Came when the time prefixed was ended;
Health seemed to triumph o'er the dire disorder,
But still she seemed a little broken-winded.

Sangrado felt her pulse, and tongue inspected,
Then asked her if she'd done as he directed.—
"Zook, Sir, for tho'f I sent my godson Jack,
From house to house, amongst my neighbours
To beg a Moore's Almanack,
He could not geet un, after all his labours:—
And so—I took and boiled the Babes i'the Wood;
And, praise the Lord! it's done a *mort* of good."

THE TITHE RENCOUNTER,

As it was Performed in the County of Suffolk, Anno Domini, 1789.

Great Lawyers certainly are sometimes out,
And so are Reverend Divines—no doubt;
But when they make *egregious* blunders,
Who can blame Peter, if he wonders?

Or stares them, like Lavater, in the face,
To see if God has given them any grace?

Not many miles from Cambridge, lives a priest,
A counterpart of Brinsley's Father Paul;
Whose pig-like stomach, ever on the feast,
Content not with a plenty, grunts for all.

So great an epicure for dainty dishes,
Found not a quantum in his *loaves* and *fishes*,
To appease his avaricious, gorging maw:
He therefore bluntly told his congregation,
That tithes must undergo an alteration;
Or he should take th' opinion of the law.

They, like good brethren, joined with one accord,
And told this gormandizing man of God,
That he might take the law, if he were willing;
But as for giving more than they had done,
Evaith, they did not like the fun,
And would not raise another shilling.——

While thus Contention raised her toad-like head,
A Lawyer, deeply in the statutes read;
To keep defendants clear from every error,
Convened his clients up together:
And, being all assembled, thus he spoke,
(First giving wig a twist, and chin a stroke)—

"Messieurs! I've searched our ancient *Modus* over;
Besides the settled sum for hops and clover,
There is a kind of predial tithe to pay;
Namely,—a *half-hen* on St Thomas' day.
But as it's difficult to halve a Hen,
A whole one may be borne by each two men:
Which will, in eye of law, be just as good,
And save us many a chicken brood.

"*St Thomas*, gentlemen, will be next Monday;
I therefore trust you'll get your hens by Sunday,
And meet by ten, or sooner, in the morning:
But, just before you go, give me a calling;
Then I, and Little John, will take the lead;
The rest in pairs shall after us proceed."—

And, lo! exactly at th' appointed hour,
This throng set forward from the Lawyer's door;
Preceded by a troop of boys,
Who made a most ungodly noise.

The Parson, when he heard them coming,
Fell discord in his ears thus drumming;
(Discord that never fails to make,
With fears, the fiercest general quake)
Wondered what Devil's doings was the matter:
With whoops and cacklings there was such a clatter.

He thought some Presbyterian rabble,
In test-repealing spite, were come to flout him;
Or some fierce Methodistic drabble:
So out he flew, like fury, from his porch,
With brandished club, (instead of torch)
And most religiously he laid about him.

But they, not mindful of his oak, nor threats,
Threw down their Hens in decent order;
Excusing, now and then, a few retreats,
The group kept pretty well from fell disorder.

Now, in the midst of this peace-offering scene,
The Lawyer's clerk came skimming o'er the green;
And, whispering something to his lord and master,
He in an instant turned red! yellow! pale!
Muse, o'er his blushes spread thy milk-white veil;
Who would not blush at such a dire disaster!

In faltering accents, he was heard to say—
"Let me! O let me! steal unseen away:
Scoffs and revilings else will be my doom!"
And then he turned his tail, and hurried home.

The youth then rallied up the scattered throng,
And, putting on a saint-like look;
Making a face—ye gods, how long!
He told them that his master had mistook
A word in ancient *Modus*, for a *half hen*,
Which meant a *faggot*——that's to say, a *Hearthen*.*

* Hearthen means a small bundle of firewood; it is now almost obsolete, and seldom found but in old law books.

Nought in rejoinder had the crowd to say;
So, catching Hens again, they went away—
Next morning waiting on the old law rook,
They paid him for his services so clever;
Most graciously presenting a horn-book;
And Lawyer Horn-Book shall his name be ever.

A CANTERBURY TALE.

Heu me, per urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
Fabula quanta fui! Hor. Epod. 11.

A man of music, one who dealt in tunes,
In hautboys, and bassoons,
Fiddles and fiddle strings,
And such harmonic things——
That had a nasal twang;
Which made him subject fit
For wicked wit,
Whene'er he spoke, and oftentimes he sang;
But then his mu-sic,
Sure enough!
Was such incondite stuff,
'Twould make a Christian or a Jew sick!

But not to waste, about his vocal glory,
Our precious time,
And eke our rhyme;
Muse, trim thy quill, and briefly tell thy story.
Meanwhile, so softly strike the string,
And join thy voice so passing sweet,
That Pindar, when he hears thee sing,
Shall own the song and subject meet.

This man of music, or this music-man,
—The Tale is now began!—
Loves frequently to take a summer trip,
To Margate, or elsewhere,
Sometimes by poney, and sometimes by ship
And then and there
To tell his tales and crack his jokes,
And sing encore,
Among a sort of silly folks,
Who never heard him sing or say before.

In one of these excursions of renown—
I think historians say at Canterbury,
Or at some other town——
As I'm not now before a judge or jury,
Methinks I need not swear
Where 'twas exactly—but somewhere
He met a fellow-traveller—"Sir," says he,
Right full of glee,
"We'll crack a bottle, if you please,
And sing a song:
The time may yet be long,
Before we meet again, so much at ease;
Come, Here's the King!—

God—save—great——Sing, Sir, sing!—

"Here's my card,
You know St Paul's Church Yard,—
(We'll say St Paul's Church Yard,
To make a rhyme to *card*)—
I should be glad to see you there,
Or any where:
And, Sir, observe ye,
If you want any thing in my small way—
Perhaps you may,
Or any of your friends—I'd gladly serve ye.
Sir, what d'ye say?
Perhaps you'll recommend me, purely,
For old acquaintance, ha!"
(All this, you may suppose,
Was uttered through the nose)
"Most surely!" said the stranger, "surely!"

Now ponder well, ye cockneys all,
The tale that I shall tell;
The same sad fate lest you befall,
Which this poor man befel.

And, madam Muse, attune thy lay,
To something of more serious sort,
That well may suit, as one may say,
A subject of such grave import.

The story then goes on to add,
As how they mounted each a different pad—
The stranger was a wicked wight,
Most sadly given to ungracious wit;
And when he reached his inn at night,
Feeling an amorous fit,
With nasal twang—
Just in the tone his friend essayed to sing
"God save the king!"—
A tender ditty to the maid he sang,
About her maidenhead,
The while she warmed his bed.—

The muse that dictates this authentic lay,
Obliges me to say,
His music had such 'witching charms,
That soon she sunk into his arms——

* * * * *

And then, of course she cried,
And said, O dear! she was undone,
As sure as any gun!
And hung about his neck, and sobbed, and sighed;
And said as how the world would scoff,
And cast her off!
Said he, "My pretty little dear,
See here

My card!
You know St Paul's Church Yard."——
Nor more nor less!
And gave his friend's address:
"If aught assail thee, my protecting arms
Are ever open to receive thy charms!"

Now this was said in such poetic guise,
With so much love in both his eyes,
The lady ceased to snort,
And said no more:——
To make the story short—
The morning came; he rose, and ate his fill,
Discharged his bill,
Mounted his steed, and galloped from the door.

To bring the matter to a close,
Suppose we now—good poets may suppose
Just what they please,
For their own ease——
Nine months gone by, and Madam in the straw—
And lo, a child is born!
Now so severe is parish law,
The bed-rid mother must be sworn;
'Twas then she first produced the fatal card,
Described the father's tuneful voice;
And sent the token to St Paul's Church Yard,
That found him in a trice.
There is a sign—
Can aught beneath such dreadful symbols thrive?—
That represents a martyr broiled alive,*
Thither the ambassadors repaired,
And had a pint of wine,
Waiting with their credentials to be heard.

The man of nasal warblings was at home,
But would not come;
Said he,
"The gentlemen may come to me,"——
'Twas all the same;
They came:——

* * * * *

"I get a child, Sir! I!
Now that, Sir, I deny:
The case is clear
I have not got a child this twenty year!"

In vain the man might plead,
Indeed it was not him, indeed!
For as he spoke it through the nose,
It left them nothing to suppose.
And then the card!——

* Goose and Gridiron.

In vain he trumpeted and swore,
And called the woman Whore.

Nor oaths nor actions would avail;
They made him pay the fine; 'twas monstrous hard!
Now, tuneful muse, recline thy weary wing,
And cease to sing.——
Reader, here ends my Canterbury Tale!

A PARISIAN TALE.

When I have got a tale to tell,
Which might as well
Be told in about minutes two,
As half a year,
My skittish muse is much disposed to prance
About it and about it, like a cat
Or kitten round a mouse or rat,
With vast ado;
But now, good folks, suppose yourselves in France—
In Paris, and I'll wait upon you there,
For there the feat of which I mean to tell,
Befel,
Where folks, they say, are free
As we.——

Within the Fauxbourg Saint Antoine,
Near where, extending many a rood,
Old despotism's fallen temple* stood,
The patriot virtues bleeding at her shrine,
Her shrine with *lettres de cachet* alight,
A horrid sight!
But now since Freedom fair,
Waves her bright pinions in Parisian air——
Enough
Of this poetic stuff.——

Beneath an old suspicious looking roof,
That seemed, for fear of swaggering blades,
In boots, with red and blue cockades,†
To skulk aloof,
A nest of folks
Were seen with downward, discontented looks!——
A vigilant Hibernian lad hard by,
Who lodged six story high,
Pronounced them "A rare stock o' rats!"
That is, *Aristocrats!*
For from his elevated site,
He kenned them all by night,

* The bastille.
† The buckish dress of the Democrats.

Busy, as fifty taylors on a board;
And sent the national assembly word—
As how a set of *rebels* sly,
That backed the king, and ought to die,
Hung altogether in a string,
Who should in single packthread swing,
Be dragged from ambuscade and night,
And *a la lanterne* come to *light:*
Their deeds were *dark*, he *clearly* knew,
Because they were *obscure* to *view*.—
Thus much he ventured to reveal,
And to it set his hand and seal.——
Just then L'Assemblée were in loud debate,
Arguing a notty case,
Of vast importance to the state,
Concerning certain lace,
And buttons to the coat,
Of civic note,
Whether best worn behind, or best before—
When *Pat's* epistle hushed the loud uproar;
So frets upon the fire a kettle
Of brass, or other metal,
When nothing is put in to boil;
The vacant water keeps a ceaseless coil,
But souse a cold potatoe in the tide,
The foaming waves subside!——
The Presidential bell was rung,
And mute attention on the packet hung,
When 'twas resolved a trusty band should meet,
And rush impetuous on the guilty street,
To ruin level the proscribed *hotel*,
And hurl its rebel guests to hell!
This was the mighty MIRABEAU's decree;
The rest exclaimed, "*Ainsi soit-il:*"
No sooner said than done;
Fierce DE LA FAYETTE led them on:—
Arrived at the devoted spot,
With democratic fury hot,
They burst the door,
And rushed up stairs with horrible uproar;
Nor stayed a moment to inquire
What were the harmless objects of their ire,
But overset,
Living or dead, whate'er they met.—
And, having made the foe defenceless yield,
They sought to crown their toil
With spoil,
That, rich in glittering *colour* strewed the field:
When nought save pictures, all in tattered bits,
Or full of slits,
They saw,
The worthless trophies of the war!—
And for the captives, what were they, O dear!
But meagre sons of paint!
This copying some Madonna, that some saint,
Originals for DESENFANS to puff,
Assisted by an English auctioneer,
Right *Raffaelle*, *Angelo*, and *Titian* stuff!
Agoing! Sirs; agoing! gone!—
I've done!

THE RAPE.

A TALE.

Imitated from Cervantes.

LONG since Cervantes told the story,
I set in English guise before ye;
Of rhyme alone I claim the credit,
Premising hundreds never read it.——
Our hero of the Spanish page,
No less a man than Sancho sage,
Lo, seated Custos Rotulorum
A Justice of the Peace and Quorum;
At ease in ancient elbow-seat
With gout and flannels at his feet,
In hall, that tapestry adorns,
Beneath a branching pair of horns;—
Your antlers are an emblem quaint,
Denoting *sage*, and flannels *saint;*
On legislative Moses' brow,
A radiant pair for ever grow;
The saintly flannels indication,
Is penitence, and resignation;
All the corruptions of the world,
Beneath our feet, in triumph hurled.
But wicked wits there are devise
The self-same matter contrawise—
That gout gives man a solemn grin
Sign of *solemnity* within:
And that by horns are clearly given,
A type of cuckoldom and heaven:—
Enough—it marks the magistrate,
Of ghostly and of grave estate.——
Such, and so graced, his worship sat,
With pipe and friend in social chat—
As how the arts of population
Enhance the credit of a nation;
As how, the labourer's annual toil
Improves the crop, and mends the soil;
As how—when *rat-tat* at the gate,
His worship summoned all his state,
Displayed his leg upon a chair,
And cocked his pipe with fiercer air—
When, lo! before the stool of truth,
A ruddy lass, and rural youth!
She wailing, in most piteous case,
Of stubborn stays—that would not lace;
Of waist, that measured more, I trow,
Than reputation's laws allow;
Of ravishment by force and arms,
Ascribing all that potent charms;
That when he took her to the wake,
And treated her with ale and cake,

He mixed a *something* in her ale—
She felt it afterwards prevail;
Or all his force, and all his art,
Had never touched her *better part!*
"But make me honest by a wedding,
And let me know a lawful bedding;
Or curse you!"—she vindictive stood—
"I'll have it out of your heart's blood!
Till Justice has you by the nape,
I'll swear, by book, A rape! a rape!"——
The swain, in *Lack-a-daisy* sort,
Held down his head as sorry for't;
And seemed to say—Forgive him then,
He would not do the like again.——
Though Justice should be blind, we cry,
'Twere well sometimes, she'd half an eye;
'Twas here the case: Exclaimed our Justice,
"Least said on such a matter best is;
A child there is, 'tis plain to see—
The man's it may, or may not be.
May aught for ravishment atone,
I'll make him pay you value down."——
So said and done, a deed was drawn,
That left him bankrupt and forlorn,
Without a hut to hide his head in,
Without the means of board or bedding.—
The fatal paper sealed and signed,
That all the spoiler's spoil consigned,
The ravished lady skipped away,
As spotless virgin, blithe and gay:
When sooth to say, in Christian guise,
The contrite sinner turned his eyes!
For what he lost he made no strife,
It freed him from the curse of life—
Than marry such—if left to choose,
Jack Ketch should rather tie the noose.
To what she swore about the fair,
He swore the bitch seduced him there—
For what she felt, he could not say,
But sure she kissed him all the way!
"Ha!" cried the magistrate, "proceed;
She kissed you first?"—"She did indeed!"
"Indeed!—this quite subverts the case;
And now the matter clears apace—
Yourself go stop her at the door,
And make her that same deed restore."—
As well might child the winds withhold,
Or rob the bank of all its gold:
Collected in her *right* she stood,
And threatened him with bruise and blood;
Than lose her *right*, she'd lose her life,
And dared him to athletic strife!
The man stood trembling with dismay,
Till *Justice* overheard the fray,
Both back into his presence pressed,
And thus the Amazon addressed—
"You should have been thus brave before,
Or less a vixen at my door:
Half this had shielded every charm,
From savage force, or chemic charm:
Your valour has your worth outwitted—
Restore the bond—the man's acquitted!"

THE QUAKER AND THE BARN.

When old Methuselah gave up the ghost,
And sought his fathers in the silent tomb,
He left Aminadab to rule the roast,
And winged his soul away to *kingdom come.*

Scarcely had Death his glimmering eyelids closed,
The latent ebb of life composed,
When master Broadbrim, like a hopeful heir,
Pored o'er his father's will, and dropped the onioned tear.

Onion's a very useful thing,
Wrapped in a muslin handkerchief so white!
To draw the tear from etiquette's soft spring,
At funerals—a pretty sight—
And much in vogue with mutes and undertakers;
Whose frothy sorrows foam, like ocean's breakers.

Thus young Aminadab, in Irish knell,
O'er father's corse and will 'gan yearn;
When, lo! a gift of half a Barn
To Hezekiah,
Stop short at once the dismal yell,
And made his glistening eyeballs glow with ire.

Whoe'er has felt blithe Cupid's golden dart,
Tipt with that Mohawk Jealousy's cursed poison,
Wont wonder our young Squire should start
To fix his willow-weeping eyes on
A gift to neighbour Hezekiah,
Who had just robbed his arms of prime Miss Dinah.

Howe'er, he plaited o'er his frantic face,
Though most tremendously against the grain,
And vented passion with a grace,
When father safely in the ground was lain.

Writing a billet to his rival,
(Which, to be sure, was wonderous civil)

He told him, in a style so warm,
"Friend Hez, I find part of a Barn,
Has been bequeathed thee by my honoured sire—
I therefore trust thy stars will be so kind,
As to give thee a western wind,
When of the eastern part I make a fire!"

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TRUE TALE.

There lives an Alderman of great renown,
Whose first ambition is a sumptuous dinner;
And, while fair Justice marks him as her own,
He seldom makes a foe of saint or sinner:
But though in joints as nimble as the fox,
His cheeks are like the buttocks of an ox!

In short, he is esteem'd a jovial soul—
An epicure in honesty and feasting;
And still, when seated o'er the social bowl,
Is deemed the life of merriment and jesting:
While every party is accounted dull,
Without the company of Justice Bull.

His brother, like the cankerworm of fate,
Had lingered long, on couch of sorrow pining;
Indeed, he was so very poor in state,
As ne'er to know the luxury of dining:
But weak, and weaker, every hour he grew;
A dwarf, in person, and in soul—a Jew.

The Justice sent inquiries for his health,
Once ere he went to dine by invitation;
Not with a view of fawning for his wealth,
But lest th' omission should be deemed transgression.
And soon the messenger, with piteous breath,
Revealed the tidings of his brother's death!

Heart-struck, with disappointment and dismay,
His mighty spirit deep entranced in wonder,
Held silence long; but when the storm found way,
His rage was like the full-toned voice of thunder:
He cursed Persephone, and all the train
Of death-hounds that attend her gloomy reign.

"When I had swallowed pills against my will,
For three days past, of nature most cathartic,
That of good eating I might have my fill,
Nor dread the danger of an after paunch-ache;
Then Destiny's damned frost, to put a stop
To every budding promise of my hope!

"By heaven I'll not attend him to the goal!
A wretch!" he cried, "so destitute of reason!
Gods! I could execrate his shrivelled soul!
To shrink from nature's course at such a season!
He might have staid till Saturday at least;
For Friday is the Corporation feast!"

THE SAILOR BOY AT PRAYERS.

A great law Chief, whom God nor demon scares,
Compelled to kneel and pray, who swore his prayers,
The devil behind him pleased and grinning,
Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
Declaring nought was ever bolder,
Admiring such a novel mode of sinning:

Like this, a subject would be reckoned rare,
Which proves what blood game infidels can dare;
Which to my memory brings a fact,
Which nothing but an English tar would act.

In ships of war, on Sundays, prayers are given;
For though so wicked, sailors think of heaven,
Particularly in a storm;
Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
Their souls are in a miserable funk,
Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
If in his goodness only once, once more,
He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester heaven with prayers;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
"Where there's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That prayers were handing out, had stolen away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawled to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The boatswain's cat, sagacious smelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to some tune—
This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout.

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cried,
"And save your damned young sinful soul."
He then the moral-mending cat applied,
And turned him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy marched on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him:
"Flog," cried the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away——
I'll go—but mind—God damn me if I'll *pray*."

THE KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

In seventeen hundred seventy-eight,
The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite
The peaceful natives of the western main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,
Was thought Heaven's cause amazingly to further;
For which most pious reason, hard to work,
They went, with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of mercy with their murther!

I say, this King, in seventy-eight surveyed,
In tapestry so rich, pourtrayed
A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch tried
To fix his foot the palfry to bestride;
In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk, the beast of yarn remained,
And every effort of the King disdained,
Who, 'midst his labours, to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
The horse attempted not to run away;
At which the poor-chafed Monarch now 'gan grin,
And swore by every saint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer famed La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet-show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe;
When bold he pierced the lines, immortal fray!
And broke their pasteboard bones, and stabbed their hearts of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous street-walker of Drury
Attacks a sister of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he used,
And now he kicked, and sore the palfry bruised;
Yet, lo, the horse seemed patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and stick;
And what excessively provoked this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorned even once to wince.

Now rushed the Monarch for a bow and arrow
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow;
And, lo, with shafts well steeled, with all his force,
Just like a pincushion, he stuck the horse!

Now with the fury of the chafed wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore,
Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast;
Now o'er the vanquished horse that dared rebel,
Most Indian-like the monarch gave a yell,
Pleased on the quadruped his eyes to feast;
Blessed as Achilles when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfry in the fire!
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dangerous to resist the will of kings.

LORD B. AND THE EUNUCH.

A Lord, most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
Asked a squeal eunuch to his house one day—
A poor old *semivir*, whose throat
Had lost its love-resounding note,
Which art had given, and time had stolen away.

"Signor Squalini," with a solemn air,
The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
Taking Squalini kindly by the hand;
"Signor Squalini, much I fear
I've got a most unlucky ear,
And that 'tis known to all the music band.

"Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
And, true, it is, I don't knew flats from sharps:
Indeed, Signor Squalini, 'tis no hum;
So ill doth music with my organs suit,
I scarcely knew a fiddle from a flute,
The hautboys from the double-drum.

"Now though with lords, a number of this nation,
I go to operas, more through fashion
Than for the love of music, I could wish
The world might think I had some little taste,
That those two ears were tolerably chaste,
But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

"Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,
Gold shan't be wanting to content ye."—
"*Bravissimo!* my Lor," replied Squalini,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity;
"De nobleman muss never look de ninny."—
"True," cried the noble Lord, with German gravity.
"My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
Dey do not vant de vorld to tink dem poor,
Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse;
Dis all same ting wid ignorance, my Lor."—

"Right," cried his Lordship in a grumbling tone,
Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone:
"But first I want some technicals, Signor:"—
Bowing, the Eunuch answered,—"Iss, my Lor;
I teash your Lordship queekly, queekly, all,
Dere vat de call the *sostenuto* note,
Dat be ven singer oppen vide de troat,
And den for long time make de squawl—
Mush long, long note, dat do continue while
A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

"My Lor, der likewise be the *cromatique*,
As if de singer was in greef, or sick,
And had de colic—dat be ver, ver fine:
De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano;*
De low voice, *basso;* de soff note, *piano*—
Bravoura, queek, bold—here Morchesi shine.

"Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know—
Allegro, quick; *Adagio*, be de slow;
Pomposo, dat be manner make de roar:
Maestoso, dat be grand and noble ting,
Mush like de voice of emperor, or de king!
Or you, my Lor,
When in de house you make de grand oration
For save, my Lor, de noble Englis nation."

Thus having given his lesson, and a bow,
With high complacency his Lordship smiled:
Unravelled was his Lordship's puckered brow,
His scowling eye, like Luna's beams so mild.

Such is the effect, when flatteries sweet cajole
That praise admiring wight ycleped the soul;

And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
That great's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

"Signor Squalini," cried the Lord,
"The opera is begun upon my word—
Allons, Signor, and hear me—mind,
As soon as ever you shall find
A singer's voice above or under pitch,
Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."

"Iss, iss, my Lord, (the eunuch straight replied)
I sheet close by your Lordship side;
And den, accordin to your Lordship wish,
I give your Lordship elbow little twish."

Now to the opera, music's sounds to hear,
The old castrato and the noble peer
Proceeded:—Near the orchestra they sat,
Before the portals of the singers' throats!
The critic couple mousing for bad notes
With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note—
The Eunuch twitched his Lordship's coat;
Full-mouthed at once his Lordship roared out "Psha!"
The orchestra, amazed, turn round
To find from whence arose the critic sound,
When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw.

The Eunuch kept most slily twitching,
His frowning Lordship all the while,
(Not in the cream of courtly style)
Be-dogging this poor singer, that be-bitching,
Uniting too, a host of damning pshas;
And reaped a plenteous harvest of applause:
Grew from that hour a lord of tuneful skill,
And, though the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

THE TENDER HUSBAND.

Lo, to the cruel hand of fate,
My poor dear Grizzle, meek-souled mate,
Resigns her tuneful breath—
Though dropped her jaw, her lip though pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep—
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite—
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And cared a single fig for no man,
I thought he feared to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
That many a sweet capriccio sung,
And beat in sounds the spheres;
No longer must those fingers play
'Britons strike home,' that many a day
Hath soothed my ravished ears.

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclined
To think how I may speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Nor think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here let me philosophic pause—
How wonderful are nature's laws,
When ladies' breath retires;
Its fate the flaming passions share,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires.

When'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud instructive lungs;
O Death, in her, though only one,
Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,
How great was my surprise!
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accused the hard decrees of death,
Nor blamed the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?
Ah! why my bosom smite?
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore!—
But let me give such ravings o'er—
Whatever is, is right.

O doctor! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb;
Not one more bolus shall be given—
You shall not ope her mouth by heaven,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of boluses, poor heart!
And pills, she took, to load a cart,
Before she closed her eyes:
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good doctor, go away,
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure:
I thank you for your pains and skill;
When next you come, pray bring your bill;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blessed—
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent prayer,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream;
I cannot bear a grief extreme—
Enough one little sigh—
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare,
Her mouth, ah! slowly close;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held—
Whose softest tone, at times, compelled,
To peace my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make—
I'd be not stingy, sure—
Procure of steel the strongest screws;
For who would paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head;
Since fame reports a coffin tossed,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewell, my love, for ever lost!
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo—
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
Pox take me if I do!

THE SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

A TALE.

A Soldier at Loretto's wondrous chapel,
To parry from his soul the wrath divine,
That followed mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine;
Who every day is gorgeously decked out,
In silks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in heaven—
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hoped to be forgiven:
Dinned her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery!
Declared what miracles the dame could do,
Even with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who, nearly, and more nearly moved to win her,
The mouth of history doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,
And sins so manifold confessing;
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitched a pretty diamond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he set with nimble shanks,
Nor once turned back to give her thanks:
A hue and cry the thief pursued,
Who, to his cost soon understood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that same long-armed giant, christened Law.

With horror did his judges quake—
As for the tender conscienced jury,
They doomed him quickly to the stake,
Such was their devilish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They asked if aught he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The soldier answered them with much *sang froid*,
Which showed, of sin, a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill:

As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hoped they would by no means doubt him,
That madam gave it him from pure good will.

The answer turned both judge and jury pale:
The punishment was for a time deferred,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The pope, to all his counsellors, made known
This strange affair—to cardinals and friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.
The question now was banded to and fro,
If Mary had the power to *give*, or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working lady wanted power—
This was a stumbling block that stopped the way—
This made pope, cardinals, and friars lower.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo!
And keep secure the diamonds that were left;
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft:
But then they passed immediately an act,
That every one discovered in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flayed here, and fried eternally hereafter.

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
To need poetical assistance;
Which bids you not let men approach too near,
But keep the saucy fellows at a distance;
Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize,
Jewels from ladies, even upon their knees!

SIR J. BANKS AND THE THIEF-TAKERS.

Sir Joseph, favourite of great queens and kings,
Whose wisdom, weed and insect hunter sings,
And ladies fair applaud, with smiles so dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
Where nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
A simpling!

It happened on the self-same morn so bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
A simpling too for plants called Thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thieftaker so sly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick espied the Knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
On which he to his comrades cried, "See, ho!"
Then jumped (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bowled,
With dread prodigiously appalled——
The thieftakers no ceremony used;
But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
They bid him speak;
But first with names their captive Knight abused.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaimed—
"A thief!" replied the runners with a curse:
"And now, Sir, let us search you, and be damned!"
And then they searched his pockets, fobs, and purse;

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,
A pocket-handkerchief they cast their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various shape,
Dock, daisy, nettletop, and dandelion,
To entertain, with great propriety,
The members of his sage Society:
Yet would not alter they their strong belief,
That this their prisoner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaimed the Knight—
"No—there," rejoined the runners, "you are right—
A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade—

Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:
We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face;
So come along with us, Old Blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain—
In vain, Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain
That he was highly titled, that he swore—
The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,
Which to a F. R. S. and Knight amounted,
His guardians laughed, and clapped, and cried "*Encore!*"

Sir Joseph told them that a neighbouring Squire
Should answer for it that he was no thief:
On which they plumply damned him for a liar,
And said such stories should not save his beef;
And if they understood their trade,
His *mittimus* would soon be made;
And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
For sending such a rogue to *kingdom come.*

Now to the Squire moved prisoner Knight and *Co.*
The runners taking him in tow,
Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they tied his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've no authority to say.

And now the country people gathered round,
And stared upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking—
Fancying they saw a rogue in every feature;
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Towards people thro' misfortune sinking.

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
Fatigued, they reached the mansion of the Squire,
To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the Squire, familiar bowed the Knight,
Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight—
What's strongly marked, is quickly known again—
And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
The thieftakers severely reprimanded
For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.—
Who, rather than the higher powers displease,
Imagined that they could not well do less—

Then on their knuckles raised they hands and eyes,
And craved Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
That when they jumped upon him by surprise,
They took so great a *gemmen* for a thief,
Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks.*

SOLOMON AND THE MOUSETRAP.

A MAN in rather an exalted station,
Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,
Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
Even from the lofty sceptre to the shovel—
Just like strayed bullocks sauntering through the lanes,
Made frequent curiosity-campaigns;
Sometimes caught grasshoppers—now more profound,
Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground:
Where if the head towards him happed to point,
His mind was wonderfully struck—
Indeed he fell a joy in every joint,
Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day
In quest of novelty pursued his way;
Like great Columbus, that famed navigator,
Who found the world we've lost across the water;
But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail—
That day it chanced to be his will,
To make discoveries at Salthill;
Where bounce he hopped into a widow's house,
Whose hands were both employed so clever,
Doing their very best endeavour
To catch that vile freebooter, Monsieur Mouse;

Whose death she oft did most devoutly
pray for;
Because he eat the meat he could not pay
for.

Resembling Christians in that saving trick,
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious scheme called *tick*,
That purchases, like money, beef and
beer;
Possessed of *tick*, for cash man need not
range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the wondrous trap
That did the duty of a cat;
And always fond of useful information,
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation,
"What's that?—What, what? hæ, hæ!
what's that?"

To whom, replied the mistress of the house,
"A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a
mouse."

"Mouse!—catch a mouse!" said Solomon
with glee—
"Let's see—let's see—'tis comical, let's
see—
Mouse!—mouse!"—then pleased his eyes
began to roll—
"Where, where doth he go in?" he marvelling cried—
"There," pointing to the hole the dame replied—
"What here?" cried Solomon; "this hole,
this hole?"

Then in he pushed his finger 'midst the wire,
That with such pains that finger did inspire,
He wished it out again with all his soul:
However, by a little squall and shaking,
He freed his finger from its piteous
taking—
That is to say, he got it from the hole.

"What makes the mouse, pray, go into the
trap?
Something," he cried, "that must their
palates please."—
"Yes," answered the fair woman, "Sir, a
scrap
Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese."

"Oh! oh!" said Solomon, "oh! oh! oh!
oh!
Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now—
The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the
meat,
Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat."
Then laughed he loudly, stretched his
mouth a mile,
Which made the muscles of the widow
smile.

"Let's see, let's see," cried Solomon—
"let's see—
Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me."
Then took he up some bacon, and did clap
A little slice so clever in the trap.
Thus did he by his own advice,
Induce himself to bait a trap for mice!

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelmed
with glory,
And told his family the wondrous story
About the widow's cheese and bacon
scrap;
Nought suffered he to occupy his head,
Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,
Where blessed he dreamed all night
about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heaven's great
goodness chant—
How kind it is in gracious Heaven to grant
To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
A power of relishing most trifling things,
Pleasures ordained for brats in leading
strings,
By way of happy harmless relaxation!

Next day the man of wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
To know if master mouse had smelt to
bacon;
When, lo! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A real mouse was absolutely taken!

Not more did Rodney's joy this man's surpass,
When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse!
Not more the hair-brained Macedonian boy,
Leaped, like a Bedlamite, for joy,
Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail!
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
(Men that with rich comparison supply us)
When blessed he caught the Persian by
the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor prisoner o'er and o'er;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire!

How like to Tamerlane the great,
Possessed of most unlucky Bajazet,
Who kept the vanquished hero in a cage;

Mocked him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
And daily thus indulged imperial rage!

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puss,
He triumphed too, and asked the cat,
When he would act heroically thus—
And if he dared to venture on a rat?

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mewed,
Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh! oh!"
As if with knowledge of cat speech endued,
He thought that puss had answered "No."
On which he laughed, and much enjoyed the joke—
Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
Triumphant to Salthill, with big intent,
To catch the bacon stealing mouse:
Six mice successively proclaimed his art,
With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
And showed to all his much astonished house.

But pleasures will not last for aye;
Witness the sequel of my lay—
The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people—
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
As high, or higher than St Martin's steeple:

This vanity then kidnapped her discretion,
Designed by God Almighty for her guard;
And of its purpose got the full completion,
And all the widow's future glories marred:

For, lo! by this same vanity impelled,
And to a middle-sized balloon,
With *gas* of consequence sublimely swelled,
She bursted with the important secret soon.

Loud laughed the tickled people of Salthill—
Loud laughed the merry Windsor folks around—
This was to Solomon an ugly pill!—
Her fatal error soon the widow found—
For Solomon relinquished mouse campaign,
Nor deigned to bait the widow's trap again.

PETITION TO TIME.

In favour of the Duchess of Devonshire.

Too long, O Time, in *Bienseance's* school,
Have I been bred to call thee an old fool;
Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
That I have always *thought* thee so:
Full old art thou to have more sense—
Than, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.

Thou really actest now, like little misses,
Who, when a pretty doll they make,
Their curious fingers itch to take
The pretty image all to pieces:
Thus, after thou hast formed a charming fair,
Thou canst not quit her for thy soul,
Till, meddling, thou hast spoiled her bloom and air,
And dimmed her eye with radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear such doings, I desire—
Hurt not the form that all admire—
Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle:
Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
And do not, in a lovely dimple's room,
Place a hard mortifying wrinkle!

Know, shouldst thou bid the beauteous Duchess fade,
Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade;
And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle—
Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

ECONOMY.

Economy's a very useful broom:
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
To catch each straggling pin to make a plumb:
Too oft Economy's an iron vice,
That squeezes even the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Economy's a comely thing—
Good in a subject—better in a king;
Yet pushed too far, it dulls each finer feeling—
Most easily inclined to make folks mean;
Inclines them too to villany tole an,
To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Even when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
And swallows up the affections all so mild—
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

THE JEWESS AND HER SON.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gallery, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a knit:
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild—
Shrieked, tore her hair, embraced and kissed her child—
Afflicted every heart with grief around:
Soon as the shower of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound:
And being with a saving knowledge blessed,
She thus the playhouse manager addressed:

"Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
Dat meet mishfartin here so bad——
Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
Ass Moses haf not see de show."

But as for Avarice, 'tis the very devil;
The fount, alas! of every evil;
The cancer of the heart, the worst of ills:
Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives;
No flower of virtue near it lives:
Like aconite, where'er it spreads, it kills.

In every soil behold the poison spring!
Can taint the beggar, and infect the king.

The mighty Marlborough pilfered cloth and bread;
So says that gentle satirist Squire Pope;
And Peterborough's earl upon this head,
Affords us little room to hope,
That what the Twitnam bard avowed,
Might not be readily allowed.

THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH AND THE MOB.

Through London streets upon a day,
The Earl of Peterborough took his way,
All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine—
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolved to show a great regard;
And so uniting, joined their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage poked his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;
Then bid them be convinced and look;
Hard of belief, as even the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then swore by God he was the duke:
Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And formed a thunder of applause.

Loud bawled the Earl that they were all deceived—
Loud bawled the mob he should not be believed—
"Zounds," cried the Earl, "be converts then this minute;"
So throwing sixpence to them, "there, there, there,
Take that," cried Peterborough with a sneer—
"Now if ye think I'm *he*, the devil's in it."

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

People may have too much of a good thing—
Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!——

A man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute to be the comfort of his life:
And pretty well they bore the yoke together;
With little jarring lived the pair one year;
Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
At times 'twas dark, and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;
And Slop appeared with fair obstetric paw,
To introduce his pupil to our air;
Whilst in a neighbouring room the husband sat,
Musing on this thing now, and now on that;
Now sighing at the sorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heaven that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that such prayers were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mused in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rushed with comfortable news:—
"Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy—
Madam is brought to bed of a fine boy,
As fine as ever stood in shoes."

"I'm glad on't, Betty," cried the master—
"I pray there may be no disaster;
All's with your mistress well, I hope?"
Quoth she, "All's well as heart can well desire
With Madam and the fine young Squire;
So likewise says old Doctor Slop."

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trotteth fourteen miles an hour.—
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Just like a grampus, or a whale;
In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover—
"Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over—
And madam's brisker than a nightingale:

"A fine young lady to the world is come,
Squalling away just as I left the room—
Sir, this is better than a good estate."—
"Humph," quoth the happy man, and scratched his pate.

Now looking up—now looking down;—
Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown,
"Good God," says he, "why was not I a cock,
Who never feels of burdening brats the shock;
Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams picking,
Whilst to the hen belongs the care
To carry them to eat, or take the air,
Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Just as the sweet soliloquy was ended,
He found affairs not greatly mended:
For in bounced Bet, her rump with rapture jigging—
"Another daughter, Sir—a charming child"—
"Another!" cried the man, with wonder wild;
"Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress if she's *pigging*."

THE PARSON-DEALER.

What pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
That 'mongst the apostolic band,
So ill-divided are the loaves and fishes!
Archbishops, bishops, deans, and deacons,
With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes!
Whilst half th' inferior cassocks think it well
Of beef and pudding even to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
And rise in this good world a little faster,
Left broom and manger at the Old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *parsoning* to support a table,
Lo, of divines he kept a livery stable—
A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of different colours were his gospel hacks—
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks;
That is, some tolerable—many sad:
And verily, to give the devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility,
To give the necessary prayer—
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a soul physician,
He suited them with blackguards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,
Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
To comfort sinners on their travels:
But to low people in infectious fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

It happened on a day when fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions troops engaging,
When clergymen were busy all as bees;
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all!—
What should be done?
Necessitas non habet legs—
So to the priest he goes and begs
That he would visit the old crone.

"Sir," quoth the parson, "I agreed
To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
But not to every poor old lousy soul."
"True," cried the patron; "to be sure 'tis true;
But, parson, do oblige me—pr'ythee do—
Let's put her decently into the hole:

"All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—
I'd do it, if I could, myself, by God!
Then what a dickens can I do or say?—
Go, mumble, man, about a prayer and half:
Tell the old bitch her soul is safe;
Then take your fee and come away!"

BIENSEANCE.

There is a little moral thing in France,
Called by the natives *bienseance;*
Much are the English mob inclined to scout it,
But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienseance* 'tis tedious to incline,
In many cases;
To flatter, *pat example*, keep smooth faces
When kicked, or suffering grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienseance* may seem an oddity—
I deem it a most portable commodity:
A sort of magic wand;
Which, if 'tis used with ingenuity,
Although a utensil of much tenuity,
In place of something solid, it will stand.
For verily I've marvelled times enow
To see an Englishman, the ninny,
Give people for their services a guinea,
Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienseance*
Much practised too in that same France;
Yet called by Quakers, children of inanity;
But as they pay their court to people's vanity,
Like rolling-pins they smooth where'er they go
The souls and faces of mankind like dough!
With some, indeed, may *bienseance* prevail
To folly—see the under-written tale.

THE PETIT MAITRE, AND THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

At Paris some time since, a murdering man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,
Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemned to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel;
His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, perhaps, or more;
Whenever Monsieur Ketch applied a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
Stepped up to him, and checked him for his cry—
"Boh!" quoth the German; an't I pon de wheel?
D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel?"

"Sir," quoth the beau, "don't, don't be in a passion;
I've nought to say about your situation;
But making such a hideous noise in France,
Fellow, is contrary to *bienseance*."

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS; OR DR. CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

Oxford's Vice Chancellor, a man
Who feared the Lord, and loved the courtier clan,
By virtue of his trade a Thesis* ordered,
Which cursed the terrible assassination
Intended for the Monarch of our nation
By Margaret Nicholson, in mind disordered;
That likewise praised the royal peep
On Oxford and the arts so deep.

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
He quite forgot latinity and graces:
Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
Was broken in half a dozen places.

Yet though a simple Doctor, how amazing!
He set the University a blazing—
Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—
A farthing candle in a cask of spirits!

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
Now strutted victor forth with scornful eye;
Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth marched, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
Who, purring for preferment, slily *mouses*,
Attended by each dog-whipper, called Proctor,
And eke the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth marched the nobles in their Sunday's geer;
Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the peer,
With silver staffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps—
A set of very pompous-looking chaps!

Whilst Hayes,* who sticks like stag-hounds to a haunch,
Moved on in all the majesty of paunch:
To greet of all our ears the trembling drums
The piper played "The conquering hero comes."

Loud groaned the organ through his hundred pipes,
As if the poor machine had got the gripes;
As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
He oft had roared on more sublime occasions.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers, his station—
Crew opened subject in a fair oration—
Then clapped was Crew—to him applause was news—
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises shower,
So strong his Poetry's mechanic power,
High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever,
His muses magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliah, and her knife her cleaver!

Now back the sable bodies moved again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapped the loyal train,
Expecting, by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print displayed,
And wreaths of glory crown the cavalcade!

* The organist.

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

How useless was th' above! each person grieves,
And, with the grieving doctor, cries out shame,
That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame—
Not even obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,
Which poor saint David giveth to support
The holy oil-of-fool men of a court.

OLD SIMON.

A TALE.

Folks cannot be for ever snivelling—no!
With fountain noses that for ever flow—
The world would quickly be undone;
Widows, and lovelorn girls, poor souls, would die;
And for his rich old father, sob and sigh,
And hang himself, *perchance*, a *hopeful* son;

And for their cats that happed to slip their breath,
Old maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death:
Sorrow may therefore have her decent day,
And smiling Pleasure come again in play.

No! folks can't brood for ever upon grief:
Pleasure must steal into her place at last;
Thus then the heart from horror finds relief:
Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.

Thus was an angered lord my constant theme,
My constant thought by day, my constant dream:
Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs:
At length Charles Fox* appeared—behold the change!
No longer after Sorrow did I range,
But on the smile of Pleasure cast mine eyes.

Pleasure's a lass, that will at length prevail:
Witness the little pleasant following tale.

Narcissa, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good old Simon's arms;
Her kind and lawful spouse, that is to say,
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet young flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young flesh is finely formed to keep the cold.
Thus of the pretty Shunamite we read,
Who warmed the good king David and his bed,
Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
And kept the king of Israel warm as wool—
Indeed she warmer could the monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a sheep.

Most virtuous was Narcissa! lo,
All purity from top to toe;
As Hebe sweet, and as Diana chaste.
None but old Simon was allowed a kiss,
Though hungry as a hound to snap the bliss;
Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist;
Had any dared to give her a green gown,
The Fair had petrified him with a frown;
For Chastity, Lord bless us! is so nice—
Pure as the snow, and colder than the ice.

* With the Libel Bill; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to consult the judges. Few are the men candid enough to part voluntarily with power, however tyrannical—it must be torn from them. The judges have been rendered independent of the crown, by the people; now let them show their gratitude.

Thus then, as I have said before,
Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
In good old Simon's unmolesting arms:
Some years, with this *antique* of Christian clay,
Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way—
Ah, gods! how lucky for such tender charms!

Yes, very fortunate it seemed to be;
For, had Narcissa wedded some *young* chaps,
Their impudencies, all forsooth so free,
Had robbed her eyes by night of half their naps.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best,)
Ladies *might* choose to lose a little rest,
Keep their eyes open for a lover's sake,
And thus a sacrifice to Cupid make.

It pleased at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old simple Simon die;
Sleep with his fathers, as the Scripture has it:
Narcissa wept that they were doomed to part,
Blubbered, and almost broke her little heart—
So great her grief that nothing could surpass it:
Not Niobe mourned more for fourteen brats—
Nor Mistress Tofts* to leave her twenty cats.

Not to his grave was poor old Simon *buried;*
No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.
'Tis said old Simon verily did stink.
A pretty sermon on th' occasion given
Proved his good works, and that he was in heaven:
Scraps too of Latin did the parson link.

Unto the funeral sermon, all so sweet,
The congregation and the dead to greet;
For every wife that is *genteelly bred,*
Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
A poor half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well—it is a kind of balm,
That honoureth a corpse just like a psalm;

* The famous singer. She died a few years since at Venice, and left to every cat a legacy.

And 'tis believed by folks of pious qualm,
Heaven wont receive a soul without a psalm.—

But now for poor Narcissa, wailing dove!
Nothing—no, nothing equalled her dear love:
Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and mouth;
Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
Just like a dismal day that rains and blows
From every quarter—east, west, north, and south;
And like some fountains were Narcissa's eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolved to keep his image near her breast,
She got him beautifully carved in wood;
Made it her bed-fellow, to sooth her rest,
And thought it much like him of flesh and blood,
Because it lay so wonderfully quiet,
And like old Simon never bred a riot.
'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul, it was her plan
Nightly to hug her dear old wooden man:

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
That buxom widows, full of rich desires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and love's bright fires,
Might such a wooden supplement dislike:
But who can answer for the sex, indeed?
Of things most wonderful we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a youth admired the dame—
Burning to satisfy a lawless flame
With much more passion filled, the rogue, than grace.
What did he? Bribed, one night, Narcissa's maid,
And got his limbs, so devilish saucy, laid,
Th' impostors, in poor wooden Simon's place:
Susan, though born amongst a vulgar tribe,
Knew nature, and the nature of a bribe.

The dame came up, delicious, and undressed,
When Susan's candle suddenly went out—
Misfortunes, sometimes, will attend the best—
No matter—Sweet Narcissa made no rout.
She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old bit of bark.

In slipped the fair, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
Thinking to hug her dear old oaken love—
But lo, her bed-fellow with kisses greets!
She trembles like an aspen, pretty dove—
In short, her terror kept her so much under,
She could not get away—and where's the wonder?
Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this—
Her horrors sunk, and died, at every kiss;
And 'stead of wishing for the man of wood,
She seemed to relish that of flesh and blood.

Next day, but not indeed extremely soon—
Some five or six o'clock—the afternoon,
Susan came tapping at the chamber-door:—
(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;
It had been foolish to have tapped till then)
"Well, madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray?"
"Fish, flesh, and fowl," the lady quick did say—
"The best of every thing—I don't care *when*."

"But, madam, I want wood to make a fire—
'Tis rather late—our hands we have no time on."
"Oh," cried Narcissa, full of the new squire,
"Then, Susan, you may go and burn old Simon."

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A TALE.

Dedicated to Lord Hawkesbury.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*;
And therefore I must take their part;
But 'tis their servants that are drunk or mad,
With every demon trick and little art
Champions for master's fame, they fire away;
And, 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
Like lubbers, knock him on the head;
Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead*.
Sometimes a king discovers he has eyes—
Then for himself he sees—now that is wise.

Once on a time a Lion, not a fool,
Though in the under class of Wisdom's school,
Amidst his subjects had a monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his sovereign's foibles off,
Tell stories of him—mimic him—what not?

This for the scheming Wolf was quite a feast,
Who told the monarch of the monkey's sinning,
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble beast.

"What, what, what doth he say?" the Lion cried—
"Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied,"
Rejoined the Wolf with brazen face—
"He says that you to merit are no friend,
And only to a patronage *pretend;*
And slight th' *inferiors* of the brutal race.

"He swears you don't encourage useful beasts:
That for *yourself* alone you're making feasts;
And that it is beyond a question,
No beast has such a wonderful digestion;
That, all so saving, you would skin a stone,
And only think of number *one;*
And that it is a sin indeed and shame
My Lady Lioness should do the same;
That sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,
Are really all the company you keep;
That beasts of talents, whom you should support,
Are all forbid to show their nose at court."

"What?" quoth the Monarch—"what, what? doth he so?"—
"Yes, Sire; now hang him, and the rogue requite."
"Wolf," quoth the Lion, "no, no, no, no, no,—
I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right.*"

Now this was noble—like a king, in *sooth,*
Who scorned to choke a subject for the truth.

THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A FABLE.

All Judges should be mild and just:
This is the case with English ones, I *trust:*
Such K——, B——, shine—those rare law sages:
Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brained fool—
Most charming dove-like imps of Mercy's school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages—
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their virtues of a giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a land,
To see such *goodly* men upon the bench,
Whom none can with a single murder brand;
Whose hearts, so pure, did ne'er emit a stench
Like carrion, so offensive to our noses,
But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!

They never, with the faces of the Furies,
Dared dictate, brow-beat, and control the juries;
Nor wilful misinterpreted the law:
Full well they know that juries are *above 'em!*
And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em!*
When *judge* and *jury* thus together draw
With so much pleasure, like a pair of nags,
Behold! no tongue opprobrious wags!
No tongue cries, "Jeffries, bloody Jeffries, Scrogs!
Hang, hang those traitors, like a brace of dogs!

"Not in their beds be they allowed to die—
Nor let their putrid carcasses have graves:
Slap Pity's face, if e'er she bids her eye
Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
And honoured with their high famed fathers sleep:
Fair Justice shall with sighs their hearse attend,
And Pity's song of melancholy weep.

Like leaves, whilst *others* fall unmourned away,
And load of Death the solitary glooms,
Lo! Glory from her sun shall pluck a ray,
And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet nations have been cursed with wicked judges,
Who, fond of power, possessed hard jury-grudges;
Who calmly sent poor culprits to their graves,
Just as an eastern despot sends his slaves.

For *such* I pen a neat Æsopian tale;
Hoping the pretty moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* beasts most bitterly complained,
(And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
That from the wolves much hardship they sustained,
And often most inhumanly were bitten.

This wantonness dame Justice did cry "fie" on—
And mentioned it, but vainly, to the lion.

"Those damned furred rascals!" growled the angry beasts,
"Each wolf upon our meat continual feasts;
Yet *snap's* the word, and quick off goes a head:
We must take out their teeth—it can't be borne,—
Yes, from their jaws their grinders must be torn:—
Behold, the very fields with blood are red."

But first the Bear must be consulted.—Bruin,
Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
With his black hide, to all the beasts appeared,
And with much gravity their story heard.

"Sirs," quoth the Bear, "you talk of taking teeth
With such an easy and familiar breath,
As though it might be pleasant to their jaws.
But I must ask the Wolves if they'll consent
That from their mouths their grinders shall be rent;
For this is necessary, Sirs, because
The wolves are *owners* of the teeth, and therefore,
Before Ruspini's* called, will ask a *wherefore*.

Bruin, in consequence, the Wolves addressed:
"Lord Wolves, it is the wish of many a beast,
That you consent your teeth may all be pulled;
Damn me if I would lose my snags, my lords;
I'd tell the knaves so, in so many words—
God damme, of one's grinders to be gulled!"

"What! lose our teeth?" exclaimed the Wolves—"no, no—
We'll keep them, if it only be for *show*.—
Say, my Lord Bruin, and let them *chew* it—
Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,
Sharper, and more of them, and stronger;
And, if we lose them, *force* shall only do it."

This answer of the Wolves, Lord Bear reported:
Which answer did not please the beasts at all;
Who slighted, now no longer *prayed* and *courted*,
But on the villains fast began to fall,
Choked two or three *prime rogues*, and, on condition,
Received from all th' affrighted rest *submission*.

MRS ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF, AND JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF, that long had pressed
The snows of Laura's swelling breast,
O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
And pretty modest leering eyes,
Had often, often been observed to hover—

This Handkerchief, to Kitty given,
Was forced at length to leave its heaven,
And enter a Jew clothes-man's ample bag—
O what a sad reverse, poor soul!
To sweat in such a horrid hole,
With every sort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you?*" the plaintiff 'Kerchief cried,
Perceiving a rough neighbour at her side;
"You smell as though your master was a *pig*—
What are you? tell me, stinking creature."—"Ma'am,"
The hairy neighbour grave replied, "I am
The most tremendous great Judge Buller's Wig."

"Indeed, Sir! O how changed our fate!
How different were we both of late!
Now to be lodged in this vile place—

* The Chevalier, a famous dentist.

What will become of us at last? O dear,
Something more terrible than this, I fear;
Something that carries huge disgrace."

"Madam," rejoined the Wig, "don't cry,
No cause have you indeed to sigh;
So trust for once a Wig's prophetic words—
My fate is to be just the same, I find;
Still for a scarecrow's head designed,
To frighten all the thieves—the birds.

"But, luckier, *you* so changed will rise,
A favourite of ten thousand eyes;
Not burnt (as you supposed perhaps) to tinder;
Changed to the whitest paper—happy leaves,
For *him*, the Bard who like a God conceives,
The great, th' immortal Peter Pindar."

"La, Sir, then what a piece of news!
God bless, I say, God bless the Jews—
I wish my dear, dear Mistress did but know it:
Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
For Madam always did maintain
That Mister Pindar was a *charming* Poet."

THE CHURCHWARDEN; OR THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

A TALE.

The following Story, founded on a fact that happened some years since, at the Swan at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illustrate the meaning of eating a Child, *mentioned in the first of the "Odes of Condolence."*

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern called the Swan,
Churchwardens, overseers, a jolly clan,
Ordered a dinner for themselves and friends;
A very handsome dinner, of the best:
Lo! to a turn, the different joints were dressed—
Their lips, wild licking, every man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the sound of claret corks,
That stopped so close and lovingly the bottle:
Thou *Savoir-vivre* club, and *jen' sais quoi*,
Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
The landlord was as busy as a bee—
Yes, Larder skipped like harlequin so light;
In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wishes—
Now this, to man voracious as a kite,

Is pleasant—as the trencher-heroes hate
All obstacles that keep them from the plate,
As much as jockies on a running horse
Curse cows or jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay, here's a solid reason too; for mind,
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind*:
Whatever therefore weakeneth *wind* and *jaws*,
Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having well crammed, and swilled, and laughed, and sung,
And toasted girls, and clapped, and roared, and rung,
And broken bones of tables, chairs, and glasses,
Like happy bears, in honour of their lasses,
Not *wives!*—not *one* was toasted all the time—
Thus were they decent—it had been a crime,
As wives are delicate and sacred names,
Not to be mixed indeed with whores and flames:

I say, when all were crammed unto the chin,
And every one with wine had filled his skin,
In came the landlord with a cherub smile:
Around to every one he lowly bowed,
Was vastly *happy*—*honoured*—vastly *proud*—
And then he bowed again in *such* a style!

"Hoped Gemmen liked the dinner and the wine:"
To whom the *Gemmen* answered, "Very fine!
A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure."—
To which the landlord, laden deep with bliss,
Did with his bows so humble almost kiss
The floor.

Now in an *altered* tone—a tone of gravity,
Unto the landlord full of smiles and suavity,

Did Mister Guttle the Churchwarden call—
"Come hither, Larder," said soft Mister Guttle,
With solemn voice and fox-like face so subtle—
"Larder, a little word or two, that's all."

Forth ran th' obedient landlord with good will,
Thinking most naturally upon the bill.
"Landlord," quoth Guttle, in a soft sly sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which, like claps of thunder, did confound,
"Do you know any thing of Betty Broom?"

"Sir?" answered Larder, stammering—
"Sir? what, Sir,
Yes, Sir, yes—yes—she lived with Mistress Larder;
But may I never move, nor never stir,
If but for *impudence* we did discard her!
No, *Mister* Guttle—Betty was too brassy—
We never keep a *servant* that is saucy."

"But, landlord—Betty says she is with child."
"What's that to *me?*" quoth Larder, looking wild—
"I never kissed the hussy in my life,
Nor hugged her round the waist, nor pinched her cheek;
Never once put my hand upon her neck—
Lord, Sir, you know that I have got a wife.

"Lord! nothing *comely* to the girl belongs—
I would not touch her with a pair of tongs:
A little puling chit, as white as paste;
I'm sure that never suited with my taste.

"But then, *suppose*—I only say, *suppose*
I *had* been wicked with the girl—alack,
My wife hath got the cursed'st keenest nose,
Why, zounds, she would have catched me in a crack;

"Then quickly in the fire had been the fat—
Curse her! she always watched me like a cat.

"Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my taste,
It was impossible to be unchaste:
Therefore it never can be true, you see—
And Mistress Larder's *full enough* for *me*."

"Well," answered Guttle, "Man, I'll tell ye what—
Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting:
Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
There's good *round* proof enough that you've been *tasting*.

"And, Larder, you've a wife, 'tis very true,
Perhaps a little somewhat of a shrew;
But Betty *was not* a bad piece of stuff."—
"Well, *Mister* Guttle, may I drop down dead,
If ever once I crept to Betty's bed!
And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."

"But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
If Betty swears that she's with child by *you*.
Now Betty came and said she'd *swear* at once—
But *you* know best—yet mind, if Betty'll *swear*,
And then again! should Mistress Larder *hear*,
The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce.

"Why, man, were this affair of Betty told her,
Not all the devils in hell would hold her.

"Then there's your modest stiff-rumped neighbours all—
There'd be a pretty kick up—what a squall!—
You could not put your nose into a shop—
There's lofty Mrs Wick, the chandler's wife,
And Mrs Bull, the butcher's imp of strife,
With Mrs Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
With fifty others of such old *compeers*—
Zounds, what a hornet's nest about thy ears?"

From cheerful smiles, and looks, like Sol, so bright,
Poor Larder fell to looks as black as night;
And now his head he scratched, importing guilt—
For people who are innocent *indeed*,
Never look down, so black, and scratch the head;
But, tipped with confidence, their noses tilt,
Replying with an unembarrassed front;
Bold to the charge, and fixed to stand the brunt.—

Truth is a towering dame—divine her air;
In native bloom she walks the world with *state;*
But Falsehood is a meretricious fair,
Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with Resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the world will find her out.

Again—there's honesty in *eyes*,
That shrinking show when tongues tell lies—
With Larder this was verily the case:
Informers were the eyes of Larder's face.

"Well, Sir," said Larder, whispering, hemming, ha-ing,
Each word so heavy, like a cart-horse drawing—
"This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say—
Sir, please to accept a note of twenty pound;
Contrive *another* father may be found;
And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a pother?
Guttle next morning went and talked to Betty,
When Betty swore the bantling to *another*.*

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

A TALE.

As well as I can recollect,
It is a story of famed William Penn,
By bailiff's oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our lords and gentlemen—

William had got a private hole to spy
The folks who came with writs, or 'How d'ye do?'
Possessing, too, a penetrating eye,
Friends from his foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,
Though not disguised to our friend Will,
Came, to Will's shoulder compliments to pay,
Concealed, the catchpole thought, with wondrous skill.

Boldly he knocked at William's door,
Dressed like a gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
But no!

Will's servant, Nathan, with a strait-haired head,
Unto the window gravely stalked, not *ran*—
"Master at home?" the bailiff sweetly said—
"Thou canst not speak to him," replied the man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?"
"Nay," snuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike thee;
Know, verily, that William Penn
Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

THE WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A FABLE.

A LUCKLESS wagon rolled into a slough—
Clod scratched his head, and growled, and knit his brow;
But what availed it?—Fast the wagon lay—
Now Clod imagined, like an idle lout,
A prayer or two might help the prisoner out;
Then unto Jupiter he howled away.

"How now! you lazy lubber!" cried the god—
"Clap to the wheel your shoulder, Master Clod;
And (mind me) let your horses be well flogged."—
Clod took th' advice, exerted all his strength:
The wagon moved, and moved; and, lo, at length,
Forced from the quagmire, on again it jogged.

Such is the simple tale, O man of God!
Go thou, and imitate the bumpkin Clod.
I do not call your Holiness a *lubber:*

* By this ingenious mode of parish cookery, the same child may be devoured a dozen times over.

But let me tell thee, in an easy way,
Contrive with skill this *game of Saints* to play;
Thou'lt beat thy ancestors, and win the rubber.

THE RAZOR SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard:
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave;*
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he triod—
All were imposters—"Ah," Hodge sighed!
"I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore;
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,
And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er:

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff:
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

"Razors! a damned, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun:
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster knives.
Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave.*"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave:
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul I never thought
That they would *shave.*"
"Not think they'd *shave!*" quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for then, you dog?" he cries:
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,
"to *sell.*"

BROTHER PETER TO BROTHER TOM.

AN EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

'SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallowed all the praise?
Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, Tom, is thy invention?

How couldst thou so thy patron's fame forget,
As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?
Whitehead and Cibber, all the laureat throng,
To Fame's fair temple, twice a year, presented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth;

Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
Forge arms, to prove a loftiness of birth;
Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
The branches to the very trunk of Adam.

Then why not thou, the herald, Tom, of rhyme,
Still bid thy royal master soar sublime?
Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
To make a coat of merit for a king!

Know, General Carpenter had been a theme
For furnishing a pretty lyric dream;
Once a monopolist of nod and smile;
Of broken sentences and questions rare,
Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But, lo! the general, for a crying sin,
Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
And stare and snipsnap of the best of kings:
The sin, the crying sin, of rambling
Where Osnaburgh's good bishop, gambling,
Lost some few golden feathers from his wings;

Which made th' unlucky general run and drown;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown!
For, lo! his majesty most roundly swore
He'd nod to General Carpenter no more.

Oh! glorious love of all-commanding money!
Dear to *some* monarchs, as to Bruin honey,
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck;
Or showers to hackney-coachmen, or a duck!

Thomas, thy lyrics might have praised the king
For making sinners mind the Sabbath-day,
Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray;
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The monarch gave up Mr Joah Bate,
With that sweet nightingale, his lovely mate;
Who, with the organ and one fiddle,
Made up a concert every Sunday night;
Thus yielding majesties supreme delight,
Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For *nature* formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the natural thought
Of getting every thing for nought:

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone;
From royal eagles to a squalling parrot;
From bulls of Basan to a marrow-bone;
From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot:
And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
That thinks it never hath enough;
Hoarding up treasure—never once enjoying—
Such is the composition of *some* souls!
Like jackdaws, all their cunning art employing,
In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious monarch's proclamation,
The courtier *amateurs* of this fair nation
On Sundays con their Bibles—make no riot—
The stubborn Uxbridge, music-loving lord,
Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistress Walsingham is forced to pray,
And turn her eyes up, much against her will;
Sandwich sings psalms, too, in his pious way;
And Lady Young forbears the tuneful trill:
And very politic is Lady Young:
A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle Exeter his treat gave up,
So used upon the sweet repast to sup;
As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
As cats and ravenous aldermen for fish.

Lord Brudenell, too, a lord with lofty nose,
Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows,
Against sublimity that rather wars;
Which in an almanack all eyes may see:
"God gave to man an upright form, that he
Might view the stars."

I say, this watchful lord, who boasts the knack,
Behind his sacred majesty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair

Better than any lord (so says Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So swift his motions, and so sweet his air:

Who, if his majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the king should *kick up;*
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
Or smiles, "God bless you, Sire," whene'er he sneezes;
This lord, I say, upraised his convert chin,
And cursed the concert for a crying sin.

King Watkin, from the land of leeks and cheese,
With sighs, forbore his base to seize;
With huge concern he dropped his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welsh his thankless prayers.
The base, indeed, *Te Deum* sung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very natural case—
Poor, inoffensive base!
For when King Watkin scrubbeth him—alack!
The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth such horrid, inquisition groans,
Enough to pierce the hearts of stones!

Thus, though in *concert* politics the knight
Battled with Mistress Walsingham *outright;*
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hostilities, but singing psalms.

Salisbury was also ordered to *reform,*
Who, with my lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forced, like sailors in a storm,
Against their wills, to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! e'er long 'twill be a sin and shame,
For cats to warble out an amorous flame!—
Dogs shall be whipped for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay more, the royal piety to prove,
And aid the purest of all pure religions,
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be lashed for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir John Dick was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
At losing such a Sunday's treat—
Sir John, the happy owner of a *star*—
Which radiant honour on surtouts he stitches;
Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches;
Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
And make the knight a perfect milky way.

Yet Hampden, Cholmond'ly, those sinful shavers,
Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;
Thus flying in the face of our *great king,*
Profane God's *resting* day with wind and string;
Whilst on the terrace, 'midst his German band,
On Sunday evenings George is pleased to stand;
Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
"God save great George our king," or "Bobbing Joan;"

Whilst cherubs, leaning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight:
And Satan, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse—the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppressive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise;
Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, galled by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover,*
To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat:
Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,
And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.
But, ah! their knives no veal nor mutton carved!
To feasts they went, indeed—but went and *starved!*

Their masters, raptured with the tuneful treat,
Forgot musicians like themselves could *eat*.

Thus the poor woodcook leaves his frozen shores,
When tyrant winter midst his tempests roars:

Invited by our milder sky, he roves,
Views the pure streams with joy, and sheltering groves,
And in *one* hour, oh! sad reverse of fate!
Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate!

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What! make a dish to balk thy master's gums!
A pudding, and forget the plums!
Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!
Dry even already!—what a sad milch cow!
Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails!
Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,
'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter:
Speak—in light money were thy wages paid?
Or was thy pipe of sack half filled with water?
Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?
Or hath a qualm of conscience touched thy Muse?

Thou might'st have praised for *dignity* of pride,
Displayed not long ago among the cooks:
Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks:
Wigs, christened *scratches*, on their heads he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head
Just like the wig that graced his own,
Was verily a sight to dread!—
Enough to turn a king to stone!

On which, in language of his *very best*,
His Majesty his royal ire expressed:
"How, how! what! cooks wear *scratches* just like me!
Strange! strange! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see—

Fine fellows to wear scratches! yes, no doubt—
I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn out—
Hæ! pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks
To see *my* scratches upon *cooks!*"

And, lo! as he had threatened all so big,
As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig,
He with a *pig-tail* deigned his head to match!
Nor more profaned his temples with a *scratch!*

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate—
Thou think'st I'm joking; that the king's my hate.
The world may call me liar; but sincerely
I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly;*
Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure
My credit with the public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to say, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning *'squire*, and quitting trade:
This in my mind I've frequently revolved;
And in six months, or so,
For all I know,
The partnership may be dissolved.

Whate'er thou think'st—howe'er the world may carp,
Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* king;
Yes, yes or may I thrum no more my harp,
As David swore, who touched so well the string—
No, Tom;—the idol of thy sweet devotion
Excites not *hate*, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the sublime, I own,
Were I a bookseller, I would not hire him:
Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,
Because, forsooth, I can't admire him!

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,
He thinks to rival even the prince in fame?
A prince of science—in the arts so chaste!—
A giant to him in the world of taste;

Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,
And prove that dignity may clothe a king.

Who, when by fortune fixed on Britain's throne,
Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,
Will shed around that plant a fostering ray;
Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom
For drooping *genius*, sinking to the tomb,
And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar given;
By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
To go as cheap as possible to heaven!

Hate him, because, untired, the monarch pores
On Handel's manuscript old scores,
And schemes successful daily hatches,
For saving notes o'erwhelmed with scratches;
Recovering from the blotted leaves
Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves;*
Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
By way of *bright'ning* Handel's reputation?
Who, charmed with every crotchet Handel wrote,
Heaved into *Tot'nam Street* each heavy note;
And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber?

Hate him, because the works of Mr West,
His eye (in wonder lost) unsated views?
Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery dressed,
Robs a poor sign-post of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest,
But in the company of West?
Because of modern works he makes a jest,
Except the works of Mr West?

Who, by the public, fain would have caressed
The works alone of Mr West!
Who thinks, of painting, truth, and taste, the test,
None but the wondrous works of Mr West!

Who, as for Reynolds, cannot bear him;
And never suffers Wilson's landscapes near him.

Nor, Gainsborough, thy delightful girls and boys,
In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which wonder and which care of Mr West
May in a simile be well expressed:—

A SIMILE.

Thus have I seen a child with smiling face,
A little daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its favourite flower;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flower the finest in the nation,
Then pay a visit to it every hour:
Lugging the watering pot about,
Which John the gardener was obliged to fill;
The child, so pleased, would pour the water out,
To show its marvellous gardening skill;
Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting,
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all itself!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

In *simile* if I may shine agen,—
Thus have I seen a fond old hen,
With one poor miserable chick,
Bustling about a farmer's yard;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick:
Fluttering her feathers—making such a noise!
Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To shine the Broughton of game cocks,
And kill the fowls of all the earth!

Even with his painter let the king be *blessed;*
Egad! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mr West:

Only let *me*, excused from such a guest,
Not eat, and drink, and sleep, with Mr West:
And as he will not please my taste—no never—
Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*—
A better conscience in my bosom lies,
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,
With punch that much regales the thirsty soul:
Flies soon the party joined, and joined the chat,
Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
Some hundreds lost their legs, and tumbled in;
And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drowned!

Wanting to drink—one of the men
Dipped from the bowl the drunken host,
And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
He put in every mother's son agen.

Up jumped the Bacchanalian crew on this,
Taking it very much amiss—
Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite*:—
"Lord," cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,
"Though I don't like to swallow flies,
I did not know but *others might*."

Who says I hate the king proclaims a lie!
Even now a royal virtue strikes my eye!
To prove th' assertion let me just relate
The king's submission to the will of Fate.

Whene'er in hunts the monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics—a common thing!
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *king!*

Hearing no news of nimble Mr Stag,
He sits, like *patience*, grinning on his nag!
Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken
The little hovels that around him rise:
To these he trots—of hogs surveys the stys,
And nicely numbers every cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife, or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock?—
Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation!

There, terrier-like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
And seems in Paradise—like *that* so famed,
Looking like Adam, too, and Eve so fair:
Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
"Were," says the Bible, "not *ashamed*."

No man binds books so well as George the Third,
By thirst of leather glory spurred—
At bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh—
And wondrous is the king in sheep or calf!

But see! the prince upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books!—
Here by the sire the son is much surpassed;
Which Fame should publish on her loudest *blast!*

The king beats Monmouth Street in cast-off-riches—
That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches—
Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations,
Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo! the Prince, shame on him! never dreams
Of pretty Jewish economic schemes!
So very proud (I'm grieved, O Tom, to tell it),
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it!

Fair justice to the monarch must allow
Prodigious science in a calf or cow,
And wisdom in the article of swine!
What most *unusual* knowledge for a king!
Because pig-wisdom is a *thing*
In which no sovereigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?—
The Prince, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,

Ne'er fingered, at a fair, a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!
O dire disgrace! O, let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excelled a son!

Truth bids me own, that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the king;
And should he dream of setting off for Hanover,
As once he said he would, to spite Charles Fox;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,
Shut shop, and carry every pot and pan over:

I think—indeed, I'm sure I know,
That dozen would not let him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happened to a Romish priest—a tale
That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A TALE.

A PARSON, in the neighbourhood of Rome,
Some years ago—how many I don't say—
Handled so well his heavenly broom,
He brushed, like cobwebs, sins away.

Brightened the black horizon of his parish,
Gave to the Prince of Darkness such hard blows,
That Satan was afraid to show his nose
(Except in hell), before this priest so warrish!
To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mr Devil,
Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and Fame declares,
He galloped like a hunter o'er his prayers;
For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead—
Petitions on petitions he let fly,
Which nothing but *Barbarians* could deny—
In short, the *saints* were to compliance *worried*.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this priest devout,
So well his evolutions did perform,
His prayers, those holy small-shot, flew about
So thick!—it seemed like taking heaven by *storm!*

Without one atom of reflection,
No candidate at an election
Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,
To make a fellow change his coat,
And bless him with the casting vote,
Than this dear man to get in heaven a seat
For souls of children, women, and of men:—
No matter which the species—cock or hen!

Thus did he not, like that vile Jesuit, think,
Who makes us all with horror shrink,
A knave high meriting hell's hottest coals;
Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove
That women, charming women, formed for love,
Have got no souls!

Monster! to think that *woman* had no soul!
Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless *maid*,
Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll?
Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!

Yes, Cynthia, and for souls like thine,
Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
Then kindly sent thy form divine,
To show what wondrous bliss inhabits there!

In short, no dray-horse ever worked so hard,
From vaults, to drag up hogshead, tun, or pipe,
As this good priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The souls of sinners from the devil's gripe.

Pleased were the *highest* angels to express
Their wonder at his fine address;
And power against the *fiend* who makes such strife—
Nay, even St Peter said, to whom are given
The keys for letting people into heaven,
He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare
(Peter, the porter of heaven gate, so trusty),
That till this priest appeared, souls were so rare,
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!

Did *gentlemen* of fortune die,
And leave the church a good round sum;

Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,
The parson franked their souls to kingdom come!

A letter to the *porter*, or a word,
Insured admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor stopped those souls an instant on the road
To take a *roast* before they entered in;
For had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that God
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parson was so much admired
So sought, so courted, so desired,
Thousands with putrid souls like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old hags, with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of Mr Warren;
Who disappoints that highwayman called Time
(Noted for robbing ladies of their prime),
By giving *sixty-five's* pale, withered mien,
The blooming roses of *sixteen*.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake—
In summer, too—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neighbouring town, into whose people's souls
Sin, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begged him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—
For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
It souls corrodeth, just as *aqua-fortis*
Corrodeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
If he'd agree to change his quarters;
Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
To rank his bones with those of *saints* and *martyrs*.

This was a handsome bribe, all papists know!
But stop—his parish would not let him go—.
Then surly did the other parish look,
And swore to have the man by *hook* or *crook*.

So seized him, like a graceless throng—
The priest's parishioners, who loved him *well*,
Rather than to another church belong,
Swore they would sooner see him lodged in hell—
So violent was their objection!
So very strong, too, their affection!

The ladies, too, united in the strife;
Protesting that "they loved him as their life,
So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to prayer!
So happy in a sermon choice;
And then he had of nightingales the voice—
And holy water gave with *such* an air!

"Lord! lose so fine a man!—so great a treasure!
Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure!

"Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,
However carnal the transgression,
In such a charming love-condemning strain!—
He really seemed to say, 'Go sin again;
Hell shall not throw, my angels, on your souls
So sweet, a single shovelful of coals.'"

Now in the fire was all the fat:
Just as two bull-dogs pull a cat,
Both parishes with furious zeal contended—
So heartily the holy man was hugged,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugged,
That very fatally the battle ended!
In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
The man of God was pulled in fifty pieces!

This work performed, the bones were fought for stoutly;
And so the fray continued most devoutly—
Lo, with an arm, away one rascal fled;
This with a leg, and that the head—
Off with the foot another goes—
Another seizes him, and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relic so intent to crib,
Fought just like mastiffs for a rib:
Nay more (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges,)
A dozen battled for the *os coccygis*!*

* The tip of the rump.

Heaven, that sees all things, saw the dire, dispute,
In which each parish acted like a brute:
Then bade the dead man as a *saint* be sought:
Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
With power o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught:
Thus, by the grace of *Him* who governs thunder,
His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our monarch, by this dozen men,
Be hugged!—and then! and then! and then! and then!
Then what? why, then, this direful ill must spring;
I a good *subject* lose, and thou a *king!*

No, Tom; no more to strike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze;
A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam!
Thou (like old Ocean's heaving wave no more,
That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)
Pour'st from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
Wild blustering with thy *master's* name:
No more ideal virtues ride sublime
(Like feathers) on the surge of rhyme.

But lo the cause! it was the *royal will*
To bid the tempest of his praise be still:
No more to let his virtues make a rout,
Blown by thy blasts like paper-kites about—

Indeed, thy sovereign, in thy verse so fine,
Might justly have exclaimed at many a line,
"In peacock's feathers, lo! this knave arrays me."
And, like a king of France, of whom I've read,
Our gracious sovereign also might have said,
"What have I done that he should *praise* me?"

With pity have I seen thee, *son of song*,
Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
Amidst *St James'* gapers to unload
The motley mass of pompous ode;
And wished the sack, for verse the annual prize,
To poets of a less renown—
To poor Will Mason, who in secret sighs
To strut beneath the *laureat's* leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou might'st have been,
Of *thy* great king and *his* great queen;
But not so diabolically *hot*—
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *devil* (without thy being born a wizard,)
Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard;
So christened for its quality, by man,
Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian*—
This devil is such a red-hot bit of meat,
As nothing but the devil himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows!
Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle?*
Gently thou should'st have rocked him to repose—
Not like a drunken nurse o'erturned the cradle.

I do not marvel that the king was wrath
(Knowing himself no bigger than a lath,)
To find himself a tall, gigantic oak—
'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah! where was *Modesty*, the charming maid?
Where was the rural vagrant straying,
Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee?—
Lord! how we wits forget!—she was with me.

Dear Modesty (by very few caressed)
Oft condescends to be my guest:
From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews,
And dictates sweet instructions to the muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
Just like that blushful damsel called Miss Morn—
Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
And to my window steals with dewy light,

Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now venturing on the sables of my room,
She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:
Now pleased a stronger splendour to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
Where George's head *once* made no gingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
Such awful silence reigned around!
Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a Watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say,
"The lark to heaven her grateful matins sings:
Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,
And, happy in a fascinating note,
Rise and bewitch the best of kings."

Howe'er the world t' abuse me may be given,
I cannot do without *crowned heads*, by heaven!
Bards must have subjects that their genius suit—
And if I've not crowned heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at whist:
Which game, though played by people e'er so keen,
Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
Except their hands possess a king and queen.

I own, my muse delights in royal folk:
Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds!
Joe Millers, furnishing a fund of joke!
Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds!

At royal follies, Lord! a lucky hit
Saves our poor brain th' expense of wit:
At princes let but satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
Even the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And *vicé versâ*, kings and queens
Know pretty well what scandal means,
And love it too—yes, majesty's a grinner:
Scandal that really would disgrace a stable
Hath oft been beckoned to a royal table,
And pleased a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise:—
"Suppose a king not overwise
(A vice in kings not very oft suspected,)
Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,
If folly constitutes a monarch's bliss,
Shall such by saucy poets stand corrected?

"'Bold is the man,' old parson Calchas* cries,
'Who tells a monarch where his error lies.'—

"Grant that a king in converse cannot shine,
And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm;
What business, Peter Pindar, is't of thine?
Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm?"—

To this I answer, "I don't think a king
Will go to hell for every childish thing—
Yet mind, I think that one in his great station
Should show sublime example to a nation:

"And when an eagle he should spring
To drink the solar blaze on towering wing,
With daring and undazzled eyes;
Not be a sparrow, upon chimneys hopping,
His head in holes and corners popping
For flies."

Tom, I'm not grieved that thou hast changed thy note,
And oped on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat;
For verily it is a rare old mass!
Nor angry that to West thou dost descend;
The king's great painting oracle and friend,
Who teacheth Jervas how to spoil good glass.

But, son of Isis, since, amidst this ode,
Thou talk'st of painting, like an ardent lover,
Of panes of glass now daubing over,
Dimming delightfully the great abode;

Speak—know'st thou aught of Raphael's rare *cartoons?*
I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons!

* Vide Homer.

Why didst thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
Of those most heavenly pictures talk a bit—
For which the *nation* paid down every *souse?*
Rare pictures, brought long since from Hampton Court,
And by a *self-taught carpenter* cut short,
To suit the pannels of the queen's old house.

So says report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I verily believe it too;
It is so like *some people* I could name,
Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.
Beshrew me, but it brings to mind
A cutting story, much of the same kind!

It happed at Plymouth town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
Making in showers of rain a monstrous pother;
Bartering, like Rag-fair Jews, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage loaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats:

A town that brings to mind Swift's city shower—
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour—
A town where beau-traps under water grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in;
Where dwell the lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepared to crown their visitors with mud.
A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,
Like wrestlers for laced hats and buckskin breeches;
Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
With surest chance of victory preaches:
Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless,
Like cannon fired by vessels in distress.

A town where, exiled by the higher powers,
The *royal tar* with indignation lours;
Kept by his sire from London, and from sin,
To say his catechism to Mistress Wynn.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

In the last war, French prisoners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside;
Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt,
And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever sought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deemed necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
For wafting men, to graves, for t'other world;
Where anchored (doomed to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furled.

A carpenter, first cousin to the *mayor*,
Hight master Screw, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough interest, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation:
I mean for luckless Frenchmen that were dead;
And very well indeed Screw's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
As if they played into each other's hands;
As if the carpenter and Death went snacks—
Wishing to make as much as e'er they could
By this same contract coffin-wood,
For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This carpenter, like men of other trades,
Whom conscience very easily persuades
To take from neighbours useless superfluity,
Resolved upon an economic plan,
Which shows that in the character of man
Economy is not an incongruity.

I know some monarchs say the same—whose pulses
Beat high for ivory chairs, and beds, and bulses.

For lo, this man of economic sort
Made all his coffins much too short,
Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head;
And then to keep it safe, as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;
Making his dead man quite a Paris beau!—
Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But, Thomas, now to those cartoons of fame—
Do ask thy sovereign, in my name,
What's to be done with those rare pictures next?
Some months ago, by night, they travelled down
To the Queen's house in Windsor town,
At which the London folks were vastly vexed.

For if those fine cartoons, as history says,
Were (much to this great nation's praise)
Bought for the nation's sole inspection,
Unasked, to suffer any man to feel 'em,
Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to Strelitz if they're doomed to go;
Because the walls are naked there, I know—
Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
And should the pictures be inclined to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer:

Where, like poor captured negroes in a knot,
The holy wanderers may be made a lot—
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the saints be sold by *inch of candle!*

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude!
(I see thee ready to bawl out, "*Amen*:")
Joking apart, don't think me rude,
For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether, like trout and eels, in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide;
Or, stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;
Or if a pastoral image charm thee more;
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or raised sublime on *Ode's* aërial steep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep;

Whether we dine with dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an economic crumb
(Perchance no bigger than our thumb,
Turned by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire;
A good old proverb let us keep in view—
Viz. Thomas, "Give the devil his due."

Whether a monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line—
The *Muse's* incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend—
"Few are the people that my ode attend:
I'm like a country clock, poor lonely thing,
That on the stair-case, or behind the door,
Cries 'Cuckow, cuckow,' just at twelve and four,
And chimes that vulgar tune, 'God save the king.'"

Oh! if deserting Windsor's lofty towers,
To save a sixpence in his barrack bowers,
A monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to *Folly's* whims the bustling day;
From *such* low themes thy promised praise recall,
And sing more wonders of the old *mud wall*.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS AND THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A TALE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends:
The genus formed for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
Can't have for ever at its finger ends
What's doing every moment in the skies.

PROEMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

Since members lost to manners, growl;
Call poor Sir Joseph ass, and owl;

Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile;
Though pitying much his pigmy merit:
Let me display a Christian spirit,
And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not, like Erskine, in the law a giant,
I must take up the cudgels for my client.
Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,
Who at his blushing honours* look so blue,
That though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nutshell might with perfect ease enclose
Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning;
Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
With tooth and nail, like *Hercules*, so stout,
He labours for his wish, no matter what;—
I can't say that Sir Joseph lions kills,
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills;
But then most manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung:†
Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.

Blessed with a phiz, he bids the members tremble!
To deathlike silence turns the direst din;
And where so many savages assemble,
Like hounds, they want a proper whipper-in.

Dare members sleep,‡ a set of Snoring Goths,
Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths?
Down goes the hammer, clothed with thunder!

Up spring the snorers, half without their wigs,
Old greybeards grave, and smock-faced prigs,
With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo! perseverance is the soul of action;
And courage proper to oppose a faction;
Therefore he sits with wonderful propriety,
The Monro of a mad society:
And that he is both brave and persevering,
Witness the following story, well worth hearing.

A president, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renowned,
On violets, dung-hills, nettle-tops, and daisies!
But first (so pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
He thus addressed the butterfly's Creator:

THE VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU, whose wisdom planned the skies,
And formed the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble prayer!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be covered o'er,
And darkened all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news—
Then might thy servant pick and choose
From such a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
Put all Museums to the blush,
And hold them all dog-cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste—
The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
Nay, met with strong objection;
But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
I should have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord! if not my memory fails,
Thou once didst rain on people quails—
Again the world surprise;
And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
Showers of rare butterflies!

Since monsters are my great delight,
With monsters charm thy servant's sight,
Turn feathers into hair:

* *Blushing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satirical sense: God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise!*

† See Peter's Prophecy.

‡ Frequently, indeed, are the members sent to the land of shadows, by the society's somniferous papers; assisted, in a great measure, in their voyage, by the doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.

Make legs where legs were never seen,
And eyes, no bigger than a pin,
As broad as saucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O! let thy power supply with paws,
Adorned with human nails;
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely wouldst contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields;
Such wonders were indeed!

Blagden should puff them at our meeting;
Members would press around me greeting;
The Journals swell with thanks;
And more to magnify their fame,
Those headless flies should have a name—
My name—Sir Joseph Banks!

Thus having finished, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Just like a pointer, quartering well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length, to bless his hunting ambulation,
Up rose a native of the fluttering nation.
Broad stared Sir Joseph as if struck by thunder
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarged by wonder);
When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
An Emperor of Morocco reared his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More blessed, cried "*Eureka*, I've nabbed the thief;"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
Steals from his seat so sly, cry, "Stole away;"
Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue swayed,
Roar on a frail one, "Kill the wicked jade:"
Than roared Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
"Morocco's Emperor, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture speaking look,
The little gamesome *Piccadilly duke*
Eyes a nice *tit*, fresh launched upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people named a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown:

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on greenhorns in their power,
Who (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife)
Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,
Damning the love so true that lasts for life;
Nor withered Windsor on the simple maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betrayed;
Forced to dispose of nature's sweetest charms;
Doomed for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck:
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,
And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms;
Than did the hero of my song,
Survey the Emperor as he moved along.

Not with more glee a hen-pecked husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes,
Accustomed on him oft and fierce to roll;
Just like a galley-slave, poor fellow, treated,
Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated,
Stuffed in the old Black Hole:

And yet a neater simile to use,
Not with more true delight a lover views
The blushing orient leading on the day,
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away:

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
Tossed, like the sea, with thundering thoughts about;
Cursing with hearty prayers the lingering night:
Now trying hard to sleep away the time;
Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
To catch the smallest glimpse of light.
Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
And bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day:

And *bonâ fidê*, not of rapture fuller,
Thurlow, the seal and royal conscience keeper,
Sees his prime favourite Mr Justice Buller,

High throned in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
Than did the president so keen espy
The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing, amid the land,
His Moorish Majesty in circles flew!
With sturdy striding legs, and out-stretched hand,
The virtuoso did his prey pursue.

He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
And sees in thought the monarch fixed with pins;
Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
Nailed, like a hawk or martyr, to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slippery plain,
Like *patriot* Eden—fell to rise again;
The emperor smiling, sported on before:
Like Phœbus coursing Daphne was the chase,
But not so was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor;

To hold him prisoner in a glass for show,
Like Tamerline (redoubtable his rage),
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquished foe,
Just like an owl or magpie in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
Flat as the flattest of the flounder race!
Down with Sir Joseph dropped his three cocked hat,
Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fish baptized a whale;
Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A countryman, who, from a lane,
Had marked Sir Joseph running, tumbling, sweating,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,
And with those arms, the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the president, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,
Pursued the flying monarch to the place
Where stood this countryman, with marvelling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
Wild plunged the president with all his force,
His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
Where Hob stood lost in wide-mouthed speculation!

"Speak," roared the president, "this instant—say,
Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way
The Emperor of Morocco pass?"—
Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,
But shook his head, and sympathizing sighed,
"Alas!
Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye,
And pity much your *upper story!*"

Lo! down the lane alert the emperor flew,
And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view:
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In rushed Sir Joseph at the garden-door,
Knocked down the gardener—what could man do more?
And left him as he chose to rise or sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our hero rushed,
Through tulips and anemonies he pushed,
Breaking a hundred necks at every spring:
On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
With desperate hoof he trod, and mowed down ranks,
Such vast ambition urged to seize the king!

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er,
And, lo! the cries, so shrill, of many a score,
A sad and fatal stroke proclaimed:
The scarecrow, all so red, was overturned,
His vanished hat, and wig, and head, he mourned,
And much, indeed, the man of straw was maimed!

Just guardian of the sacred spot,
With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threatened all the birds with shot,
To kill of sparrows every mother's son:
Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
The warlike guardians of St James' gate!

Yet not content with feats like these,
He tumbled o'er a hive of bees:
Out rushed the host, and wondered from their souls,
What devil dared dash their house about their polls.

Like Louis,* whose fierce heart was such,
As made him, like a football, kick the Dutch!

But soon the small, heroic, injured nation
Descried the author of their obligation;
And, to repay it, round him rushed the swarm;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears!
With all their venom did they push their spears,
But lo! they worked him not one grain of harm!
Yet did no god nor godling intervene,
By way of screen!

The happy head their pointed spears defied,
Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
And brass well tempered, to support the shock!—
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourned,
And from their fierce attack, fatigued, returned,
Believing they had stormed a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great man!
Thus round big Ajax raged the Trojan host,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubbed a post.

The gardener now for just revenge upsprung,
O'erwhelmed with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn pursued the knight!
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions raced,
This chased the knight, the knight the emperor chased,
Who scaled the walls, alas! and vanished out of sight;
To find the empress, p'rhaps, and tell her *grace*
The merry history of the chase.

* Louis XIV.

At length, the gardener, swelled with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,
And blessed with favourite oaths, abundance showers;—
"Villain," he cried, "beyond example!
Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,
More than your soul is worth, to kill my flowers!
See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
Look, rascal, at each beauty's broken neck!"—

Mindless of humbled flowers, so freely killed,
Although superior to his soul declared,
And vegetable blood profusely spilled,
Superior, too, to all reward:
Mindless of all the gardener's plaintive strains,
The emperor's form monopolized his brains.

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
"Gone! by the God that made me!—Damn his bones!
O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses;—
Poh! what are paltry flowers and broken glasses,
A tumbled scarecrow, bees, the idle whim?—
Zounds! what a set of miscreants to *him!*—

"Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone!"—
"Who's gone?" the gardener straight replied—
"The emperor, Sir," with tears, Sir Joseph cried—
"The emperor of Morocco—thought my own!
To unknown fields behold the monarch fly!—
Zounds! not to catch him, what an ass was I!"

His eyes the gardener, full of horror, stretched;
And then a groan, a monstrous groan he fetched,
Contemplating around his ruined wares;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go;
And now he brayed aloud with bitterest woe,
"Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares!

"A pox confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs!
Oh! he hath done the work of fifty pigs!
The devil take his keeper, a damned goose,
For letting his wild beast get loose!"

But now the gardener, terrified, began
To think himself too near a man
In so Peg-Nicholson a situation;
And, happy from a madman to escape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
Like Jeremiah 'midst his lamentation.

Such is the tale—if readers sigh for more,
Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

A LYRIC EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWNED with glory by our *glorious* king,
Decked in his livery too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the wonders at Saint James' done;
At house of Buckingham, in Richmond bowers,
At Kew, and lastly Windsor's lofty towers,
Rich scenes at once of *majesty* and *fun;*

Forgot not *thou* the *camp* on Bagshot Heath,
Where met the grimly regiments of death;
Where not the devil their rage sublime could damp—
Though heaven, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Poured on their powdered heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty Heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell Kien Long—
Delicious subjects for the epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heaven-descended,
On which the kings of Britain oft depended,
When bold rebellion through the nation ran;
Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
That lo! the *mightiest monarch* was *but man!*

Such soldiers! such rare generals! no *poltroons,*
Swelled by the *gas* of courage to balloons;
Where, though those men like bacon all were smoked,
Not *one,* by God's good providence, was *choked.*

Of Richmond's mighty chieftain, Richmond speak—
"*Now* wet, a riding dishclout," shalt thou say—
"Now broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,
So valorous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray!"

Talk to Kien Long about his grace's *soul;*
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole!

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barbarous docks disgraced;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On Fortune how with fierce contempt I scowl!
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours,*
And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the toad amid the fairest flowers,
And with the lily drinks the dews of morn.

But royal Richmond honours exaltation—
The pole-star of our military nation.
How pleasant then to see a Richmond rise!
Friend of a king, and *favourite* of the skies!

Charles,* to support a bastard and a whore,
Imposed a tax on coals, that starved the poor:
Those *sans-culottes*-men made the saddest din!
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil!*
This deed of Charles is now a *white-washed* devil—
Lo, Richmond casts a lustre round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,
He sniggles *modest* Merit from her hole!

* King of England, whose mistress was a French woman, the great, great, and illustrious ancestor of his present grace.

Where is the soldier that is not his friend?
See Admiration to his virtues bend;
And lo, the scar-clad veteran adores!
While Glory humbly kneeling to the skies,
With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that his grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch martial fame:
And say too, how most fortunate the duke,
What noble fishes hang upon his hook;
Whilst *humbler* mortals, labouring day and night,
Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Power in the hands of Virtue is heaven's *dew*,
That fostering feeds the flower of happiest hue—
In Vice's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills:
'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, formed to make
A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
That Nature's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your God,
That Richmond holds the military rod;
No *Janus he*, with *selfish views* to *fob*,
And touch the nation's pocket with a job.*

Yes, let the emperor all about him hear,
Talk of the bold transactions of the peer;
And say, what probably he can't believe,
That lo, the dauntless body of his grace,
In duels bored, has scarcely one sound place—
A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve!

Say, *how* that nothing could his courage check;
Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
Thus Valour smiles at danger, death, and pain,
And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear!

Say, how he galloped wild, up hill, down dale;
Frightened each village, turned each hovel pale;
Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bowed with awe;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire.*

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
Their mouths well crammed with dust and admiration—
So ardent every eye's devouring look,
To seize the galloping, the flying duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ever day!
Nothing to pay!
All the duke's friends, great quality and small;
Our great King George, and lovely queen,
Were entertained scot-free, I ween—
Our generous nation doomed to pay it all.

And yet, when Parliament beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This game of soldiers, such a *childish* play—
But let *me* answer Parliament, and say,
It was not *childish*, *for it pleased the king*—

It made Tom Paine, the bull-dog, hold his tongue;
Armed with such lion-paws, and teeth so long.

Say, that the sun-like duke shone forth so bright,
That Punch ne'er triumphed in a fiercer fight.
Say, how he fired the *Hounslow* mills of powder;
Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
Frightened the tiles from all the roofs around,
Defying the *bold* thunder to roar louder!

Say, that immortal Cæsar† trod the place
Now fiercely galloped over by his grace.

* Witness the convenient house and gardens near Plymouth-Dock so economically built with the public money. The annals of honour furnish us not with a sublimer instance of self-denial.

* This is a literal fact.

† Julius Cæsar was most certainly at Bagshot.

Say, that the gods beheld him from on high—
That, to the lord of battles,* with a sigh,
Thus spoke the monarch of the clouds—
"Son Mars,
Had Troy possessed a hero like the duke,
With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,
Our city had been safe amidst her wars.

"Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the duke,
And beg a lesson from the hero's book."

Lord! as the duke, where *powder* only flamed,
Was so inspired, so valorous, and so hot;
How had this duke the sons of battle shamed,
'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charged with *shot!*

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
Although so lofty on their *cloud-capt* towers,
Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
Smutty as blacksmiths looked the heavenly powers;
And that the man of straw† (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their godships in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
That, at the distance of a mile,
His grace, a skull that powder wants, can note;
(Which when it happens, let that skull beware)
See too a club with *one* disordered hair,
And mark *one* spot of grease upon a *coat*.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly, unchaste,
'Till Richmond usherod in the morn of taste!

Say too, that for the honour of the nation,
We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame;‡
That *private* only damns a noble name.

* Mars.

† It is reported, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give their majesties an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a new idea.

‡ The reader is desired to ask Lord Lauderdale concerning this matter.

Thus the poor nymph, too easy to contend,
Who blushing sins in secret with a friend,
Shall be a viler hussey than the woman
Who bangs her lips like cherries out for sale,
And shows her bosom's lilies to regale
Each grazing beast that offers—quite a common.

"Why should I say all this unto the king?"
Thou criest, O Macartney,—Good may spring:
It may unto thine embassy give weight,
By putting great Kien Long into a fright.

"Who knows," Kien Long may whine with rueful face,
"But all the rank and file are like his grace—
Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne:
For troops like Richmond, that on valour feast,
May, like wild meteors, pour into mine east,
And leave my palace neither stick nor stone;

"Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—
In Britain breakfast, and in China sup."

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
Success attend our court's delightful whim;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of China the imperial lord.

Methinks I view thee towering at Canton;
I hear each wide-mouthed salutation-gun;
I see thy streamers wanton in the gale;
I see the sallow natives crowd the shore,
I see them tremble at thy royal roar;
I see the very Mandarines turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Cou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our travelling Britons bow;
Bow, mountains sky-enwrapped of Chin-chung-chan;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thundering voices raise;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-si, O croak from pools of green;
Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene;
Sing O be joyful, every village pig;
Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pastures prance;
Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance;
And elephants, pray join th' unwieldly jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
The glittering coaches with their happy load,
All proudly rolling to Pekin's fair town;
And lo, arrived, I see the emperor stare,
Deep marvelling at a sight so very rare;
And now, ye gods, I see the emperor *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty emperor say,
"Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray?"
And now I hear aloud Macartney cry,
"Emperor, my court, informed that you were rich,
Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;

"With tin, and blankets, O great king, to barter,
And gimcracks rare for China-man and Tartar.

"But presents, presents are the things we mean:
Some pretty diamonds to *our gracious* queen,
Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger,
Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—
A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
That beams on birth-days for the best of kings.

"Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
These give not half the toil we find in trade."
On which th' astonished emperor cries,
"Odsfish!
Presents!—present the rogues the bastinade."

Stern Resolution's eyes, that flashed with fate,
At danger cowering, wears a withered look;
Palsied his sinewy arm, where vengeance sate,
Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—
His blood so hot, grown suddenly so chill;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread Macartney stare;
Behold him seized, his seat of honour bare;
The bamboo sounds—alas! no voice of Fame;
Stripped, schoolboy-like, and now I see his train,
I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his lordship's, blush with blood and shame.

Ah! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
And collar blue, around their pretty necks?
Ah! what the *epaulettes*, that roast the eye,
And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex?*
Heavens! if Kien Long resolves upon their stripping,
These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
I see the mighty emperor gravely place
Fools'-caps on all the poor degraded men—
And now I hear the solemn emperor say,
"'Tis thus we kings of China *folly* pay;
Now, children, ye may all go home agen."

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,
How in old England wilt thou show thy face;
I fear thy visage would be wondrous long.
Know, it may happen—ministers and kings,
Like common folk, are fallible—poor things!
Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be adored—
Lo, like a Cheshire cat our court will grin?
How glad to find as many gems on board,
As will not leave thee room to stick a pin!

EPISTLE TO A FALLING MINISTER.

——— Hunc tu Romane caveto;
Hic niger est———

BLIND to an artful *boy's* insiduous wiles,
Why rests the genius of the *Queen of Isles?*

Whilst *Liberty* in irons sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on *Virtue's* coward arm?—
Whilst *Tyranny* prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of *Justice* o'er our wrongs?
Oh! meanly founding on a father's fame,
To Britain's highest seat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy face one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an empire mourn.

Drawn from a garret by the *royal sire*,
Warmed like the viper by his friendly fire,
What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?—
Fixed, like the snake, thy fang upon the *son!*

Yes—thou most generous youth, thy hostile art
Hath lodged a poisonous shaft in Britain's heart!
Thy arm hath dragged the column to the ground,
The sacred wonder of the realms around!
To make snug, comfortable habitations
For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
Whose impious hands on hallowed structures toil—
Base throng, that through Palmyra's temple digs,
To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if ambition prompts thy soaring soul
To live the theme of future times with Rolle;
Thrice happy youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of Rolle, (to thee though dear)
The name abhorred by *Honour's* shrinking ear,
I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How couldst thou bid *that* Rolle, despised by all,
On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall:
Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
And claim the merit of the *fair ones's* friend?*

Art thou the *youth* on whom the virtues smile?
The boasted saviour of our sinking isle?
O'er such, *Oblivion*, be thy wing displayed!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the *Loves* detest?—
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating power
Ne'er knew the triumph of one softened hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows:
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive—
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide—
In vain the virtues of thy *prince* to hide—
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil!—I see his *orb* superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable mass.

O ——! a sister kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
Hibernia scorns each meanly treacherous art
Hatched by the base rebellion of thy heart,
That crawls on aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the state.
She, with an honest voice, her *prince* approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves;
Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy isle;
Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns addresses to applaud the murther!
Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends!
See Bute's mean parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
Whose Argus' eyes of avarice never sleep;
A close state leech, who, sticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the state expires will drop away.

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on Mrs F—h——t in the House of Commons exceeds all precedent.

Yet see another *fiend*, with scowling eye,
Who draws from *Nature's* soul her deepest sigh;
Ashamed her hand should usher into light
What fate should whelm with everlasting night!
Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous *maid*,*
Whom *Innocence* herself could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
Whilst all but *he* with grief surveyed her doom;
Whose heart disdained to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear!

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
At every sound how horror heaves the sigh!
How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
He sees her *phantom*, formed by treacherous love,
Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
How wild he starts amidst the spectred shade!
And dreading every hopeless hour the last,
He hears the call of *Death* in every blast!
Such are thy colleagues,† O thou *patriot* boy!
Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
Who, crouching at thy heels, like bloodhounds wait
To fasten on the vitals of the state!
Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had I not known thee, ——, the Muse had sworn,
That, blessed to see the state to atoms torn,
Hell with her host had drawn each damned plan,
And for the murder nursed thy dark divan.

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

† We must not forget, however, Messieurs their graces of R. and G., Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have not the honour of being mentioned in our Poetical Calendar.

Speak—hath thy heart with mad ambition fired,
Like Cromwell's, hot for power, to thrones aspired?
Then may that *young*, *old* traitorous bosom feel
The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
May heaven with hoary age a rebel curse—
From sweet society behold him torn,
Condemned, like Cain, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus roused to anger for my country's wrong,
The Muse for vengeance panting poured her *song*—
But, ah! in vain I wished the blessing mine,
To plant a scorpion's sting in every line.

Now Prudence gently pulled the poet's ear,
And thus the daughter of the *blue eyed-maid*,*
In flattery's soothing sounds, divinely said,
"O Peter! eldest born of Phœbus, hear—
Whose verse could ravish kings, relax the claw
Of that gaunt hungry savage christened *law*—
Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, Peter,
To mix a little oftener with thy metre—
Lo! if thine eye Dame Fortune's smile pursues,
To oily adulation prompt the *Muse*.

"Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;
Strike to the glorious Pitt thy sounding lyre—
Thy head may then be crowned with Warton's bays,
And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire."

"Prudence," quoth I, "Indeed—indeed I can't—
Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!"

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
Dame Prudence answered, bridling up her chin—
"Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious pigeon!
Ah! Peter, well I ween thou art not rich—
Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch—
Know, too, that hunger is of no religion.

* Minerva.

"Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
Like Pope; and let the stanza glow
With praise of Messieurs Pitt* and Co.
The present worthy rulers of the nation."

With pursed-up puritanic mouth so prim,
Thus spoke Dame Prudence to the bard of whim;
Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,
For inspiration scratched his tuneful sconce,
To please Dame Oracle, for once—
A *dame*, some say, he never saw before.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs Pitt and Co.

MUSE, having dropped Sir Joseph and the king,
What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?
What high and mighty name that all adore?
What ministerial wight that bribes each *cit*,
Wolf-like to howl for homage to King Pitt,
And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;

That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,
To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
To put their greasy fists to court addresses,
Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall Dornford,† king of wine, and mum, and perry,
Be crowned with lyric bays, with Master Merry;‡
Two sages who, in different places born,
Chick Lane and Black-Boy Alley did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing King Pitt himself,
The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,
Who driveth, Jehu-like, the church and state:
And, next to royal Pitt, we'll sing the *dame*,
Of open, generous, charitable fame,
Lamenting sad a *monarch's* hapless fate;
Who though transfixed by sorrow's dart so cruel,
So prudent, numbers each bank note and jewel?

Nor shall we by old Bacchus Weymouth pass,
A jolly fellow o'er his glass—
Nor, Swellenberg, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
Whose Strelitz stomach holds a butt of beer;
Who soon shalt keep a saleshop for good places,
For which so oft the people squabble,
From gaping cobblers to their gaping graces,
And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C——n* takes the bit,
And trots so mildly under Master Pitt;
And Thurlow, too, whom none but Pitt could tame,
Who, blessed with Master Billy's finest saddle,
No longer makes our brains with neighing addle—
No longer now Job's war horse snorting flame;
But that slow brute whom few or none revere,
Famed for his fine base voice and length of ear;

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose—
Poor *Chancellor*† will make no riot—
Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,
And pleased, he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
Shall drag their Master William's coach along,

* He was bred up a whig,
But with Nabobs to thrive, Sir,
Who have votes in the house,
About two out of five, Sir,
He gave up to the people,
And vowed, to his scandal,
They should seek for their bread
With day-light or candle! C. M.

† Famous for sticking his counting-house full of texts of Scripture, and lately advertising for a porter who feared God and could carry 500 weight!

‡ An oratorical stationer of Guildhall memory.

* Learned derivation for money, a term well known upon Saffron hill. P.

† The name of the horse.

And raise the wonder of the million!
Just like two bull dogs in a country town,
That gallop in their harness up and down,
With Monsieur Monkey for postillion.

We'll sing the brothers of our loving queen,
Fine, hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;
Who, if once tried, would shine, I make no doubt—
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian guards,
Kept the poor *Prince of Brunswick* out,
Although so brave a prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the king of England's good.*

We'll sing, too, Master Rolle, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,
To bear the *minister*—to be his ass—
Like Conjuror Balaam's reasoning brute,
That carried Balaam, Balak to salute,
And curse the Israelites, alas!

And, lo! as did the Lord—
Who oped the mouth of Balaam's beast;
So hath our Lord, 'Squire Pitt, upon my word,
Oped Master Rolle's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! Devonshire is by Aram† beat—
A circumstance that wrings the poet's soul—
For Balaam's Jackass made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by Pitt's poor Rolle.

Or shall I sing old Cornwall's death,
Or fierce Sir Bulface, who resigned his breath
With brother Cornwall in the self-same year—
A downright bear!
Who bade a *monarch*, like a boy at school,
Not spend his money like a fool?

We too might sing the king of swine,
Sir Joseph!‡ peerless in the fattening line.

We too may Brudenell sing, who, sometime since,
Admired and loved, adored and praised his *prince*;
Followed him, spaniel-like, about;
Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place
Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout:

But when it came to pass his highness tried him,
This false apostle, Peter-like, denied him!

We'll sing Lord Galloway, a man of note,
Who turned his tailor, much enraged, away,
Because he stitched a star upon his coat
So small, it scarcely threw a ray—
Whereas he wished a planet huge to flame,
To put the moon's full orb to shame—
He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,
As to eclipse the star of Sir John Dick!
Sir John, who got his star, so bright and stout
For making super-excellent *sour kraut*.*

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the *Speaker's* wig,
In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
Which to a headpiece, scarcely worth a fig,
Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,
When through the chaos of the house he bawls
For *order* that often flies St Stephen's walls;
Driven by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor Gr—lle's head,
Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!—
Again—its lining happeneth to be lead—
Such are the whimsicalities of nature:
And thus this speaking headpiece is, no doubt,
As dark *within* as *certes* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this youth proclaimed a pretty sprig,
A very promising, a thriving twig,

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The Prince of Brunswick's genius was forced to yield to the superior one of the Queen's brother!

† Balaam's country seat.

‡ Sir J. Maubey the distiller, who acquires annually more than 0000 added to the longest tailed 9 which a school-boy can make, and that by what is an abomination to the Jews.

This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the *Empress of Russia*, for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen their courage for a massacre of the poor Turks.

That by his parents dear was said would be,
In time, a very comely tree,
And what those parents dear would also suit,
Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

Suppose we chant old Willis and his whip,
At which the human hide revolts;
Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,
And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;
Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand—
And such the mighty conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
Upon the *bedchamber's** most idle *imps*—
Those lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together, just like social shrimps;

Regardless who the state coach drives,
So *they* may lead good, merry, lazy lives;
Pleased even from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away!

Pitt shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor *incurables*† the school;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen
As meanly think of Hastings and the ——!
On diamonds Pitt and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the nabobs and exhaust the East!

O *lady!* whose great wisdom thinketh fit
To spread thy petticoat o'er William Pitt!
This William Pitt and thou, without a joke,
Will turn out most extraordinary folk!
Pitt and the *petticoat* shall rule together,
Each with the other vastly taken;
Make, when they choose, or fair or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms just like bacon!

Thus having finished, *Prudence*, with a stare,
Exclaimed, "Rank irony—thou wicked poet!"—
Quoth I, "My little Presbyterian fair,
I know it."—

* So idle indeed that they most severely dread Tommy Paine and all his reforming disciples.

† Impudence without example, to compare Bedlam to so august an assembly.

"Ah!" quoth the dame again, with lifted eyes,
"When will this stupid world be wise!"

"Ah! had the *prince* his proper interest felt,
And like Bucephalus, the famous, knelt
To take Pitt Alexander on his back,
He might have ambled prettily along,
And very rarely felt his rider's thong—
Just now and then a gentle smack,
T' inform his royal colt what being rode him,
And with such dignity bestrode him.

Yes! had his *highness* but vouchsafed to *stoop*,
With *heaven-born* Pitt he might have eat his soup,
Joyed in the full possession of his wishes,
And with his servant shared the loaves and fishes!"

ELEGY TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the Year 1768, *at Santa Cruz, in Company with the Son of the late Admiral Boscawen, at the House of Mr Mackerrick, a Merchant of that Place.*

Ye hopping natives of a hard, hard bed,
Whose bones, *perchance*, may ache as well as ours,
O let us rest in peace the weary head,
This night—the first we ventured to your bowers.

Thick as a flock of starlings on our skins,
Ye turn at once to brown, the lily's white;
Ye stab us also, like so many pins—
Sleep swears he can't come near us whilst ye bite.

In vain we preach—in vain the candle's ray
Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch—
In vain we brush the busy hosts away;
Fearless, on *other parts* their thousands pitch.

And now I hear a hungry varlet cry,
"Eat hearty, Fleas—they're some outlandish men—
Fat stuff—no Spaniards all so lean and dry—
Such charming venison ne'er may come agen."

How shall we meet the morn?—With shameful eyes!
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Just like two turkey eggs, we speckled rise,
Scorned by the Loves, and mocked by all the Graces.

What will the stately nymph, Joanna,* say?
How will the beauteous Catherina* stare!
"Away, ye nasty Britons—foh! away,"
In sounds of horror will exclaim the fair.

What though we tell them 'twas Mackerrick's† bed?
What though we swear 'twere all Mackerrick's fleas?
Disgusted will the virgins turn the head;
No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning verses greet their hand;
No more they listen to our panting prose;
No more beneath their window shall we stand,
And serenade their beauties to repose.

The *conversationi*‡ meet their end;
The love inspired *fandango* warms no more;
The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;
The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless hosts, an Arab train,
Ye daring light-troops of that roving race,
Know ye the strangers whom with blood ye stain?
Know ye the voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a doctor, of redoubted skill,
A Briton born, that dauntless deals in death;
Who to the Western Inn proceeds to kill,
And, probably, of *thousands* stop the breath:

A bard, whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
Shall bid with wonder all Parnassus start;
A bard, whose converse monarchs shall admire,
And, happy, learn his lofty odes by heart.*

The other, lo, a pupil rare of Mars,
A youth who kindles with a father's flame;
Boscawen called, who fought a kingdom's wars,
And gave to *Immortality* a *name*.

Lo, such are *we*, freebooters, whom ye bite!
Such is our British quality, O fleas!—
Then spare our tender skins this one, one night—
To-morrow *eat* Mackerrick, if ye please.

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.
† He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.
‡ At his excellency's the governor.

* Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

THE CAPTIVE.

A PERSIAN ELEGY.

Scene—*The Sultan's Palace.*

To thee, who rul'st o'er Persia's wide domain,
The wretch of Zulpha pours the suppliant sigh;
Shall love the bleeding bosom bare in vain,
And pity vainly raise th' imploring eye?

Lo, virtue weeps! her sacred drops revere;
Nor thus her cheek with burning blushes stain:
The monarch's heart, that melts at virtue's tear,
More than a thousand triumphs gild his reign.

Enough of woe have war's wild horrors spread:
Even now the vallies shriek, the hamlets burn.
See havoc waft the blaze from shade to shade!
See the wan shepherd o'er the ruin mourn!

Say, cannot this the soft emotion wake;
Force from thy eye the sympathizing stream;
But shall thy cruelty the wretch o'ertake,
'Scaped from the ruffian's sword and wasting flame?

Those weeping orbs eternal darkness shade,
If one fond glance thy savage hope inspires:
Love's keenest vengeance smite the guilty maid,
False to her fame, and faithless to his fires.

Live, live ye vales of Lar in memory's eye,
Whose song so often stole my ravished ear;
Let Selim's name embalm my constant sigh,
His image brighten every falling tear.

Can Lar's fair vallies from remembrance fade,
Mir's echo'ng rill, and Dinur's conscious grove;
Where truth and Selim won a willing maid,
Where flowed the shepherd's first fond sigh of love?

Ye fair sultanas, that around me throng,
Ah! cease to sooth a captive's hapless hours:
Harsh to my ear is pleasure's careless song,
And dim the radiance sceptred grandeur showers.

Ah! what avails the purple's costly pride,
The ruby's blush, the diamond's lightning beam,
Attendant slaves, or music's wanton tide,
Or floods of fragrance, that around me stream?

Can pomp from love-sick absence steal the sigh,
Smooth with gay smiles the sullen front of care,
Chase the pale cloud from melancholy's eye,
And calm the deep-toned murmurs of despair?

Away those towers, that thus their heads advance,
While servile Flattery crawls a welcome guest,
Where Prostitution darts the wanton glance,
And Envy's demons gnaw the throbbing breast!

Fairer to me is Susan's dangerous shade,
Where growling fate, the restless savage roams;
Where horror breathes around a death-like dread,
And crowding spectres haunt the twilight glooms.

Fairer to me the dungeon's dreary round,
Low-sounding to the captive's hollow sigh;
Where the pale pondering wretch, in thought profound,
Nails to the murky floor his haggard eye.

Ye Persian nymphs, with artless manners blessed,
And blessed with blooms by beauty's pencil spread;
Retire, sweet strangers, to the throbbing breast,
And court of solitude her deepest shade.

Wing, where gay freedom bounds from grove to grove,
Where love in safety points the tender gaze;
Where feeds young innocence her cooing dove,
And meek contentment pours the song of praise.

Parents of lovely maids, be deaf the ear,
While pride the flattering pompous tale imparts,
Far from those bowers each blushing damsel bear,
Nor give to misery's gripe their gentle hearts.

The tiger growling through th' affrighted wood,
Springs to defend th' endangered young from harm;
The fierce, the wild-eyed vulture, bathed in blood,
Feels for her youngling's cry, the fond alarm.

Thus sung the nymph, the soft sultanas sighed:
Desire with virtue in the monarch strove;
"Be blessed, be Selim thine," at length he cried,
Then gave the maid to liberty and love.

THE PROGRESS OF ADMIRATION; OR, THE WINDSOR GARDENERS.

When first their majesties to Windsor went,
Lo, almost every mouth was rent—

With what?—with gaping on the royal pair:
Indeed, from east, and west, and north, and south,
Arrived large cargoes both of eye and mouth,
To feast on majesty their gape and stare.

Not Punch, the mighty Punch, the prince of joke,
E'er brought together such a herd of folk.

Amongst the thousands full of admiration,
Appeared fair Windsor's gardening nation,
Blazing with Loyalty's bright torches—
They humbly came their majesties to greet,
Begging their majesties to come and treat,
On every sort of fruit, their grand all-forches.
The couple smiled assent, and asked no questions—
Resolved to gratify their great digestions.

Forth went his majesty, so condescending—
Forth went our gracious queen, the fruits commending—
Munching away at a majestic rate.
The gardeners saw themselves bespread with glory;
Told unto all the alehouses the story;
Which houses did again the tale relate.
Yes, they were all so pleased, that their poor things
Should find such favour in the mouths of kings—
So happy at the sudden turn of fate,
As though they all had found a great estate.

With awe so stricken were the gardeners mute—
So sharp they eyed them as they ate their fruit—
Marvelling to find that such as wear a crown
Had actions very much like theirs in eating;
And that they moved, when pipes and nectarines greeting,
Their jaws, like other people, *up* and *down*;
And that, like other folks, they ate a deal—
Making (that is to say) a ploughman's meal.

And now the gardeners, all so glorious, wanted
To send to majesty rare things—'twas granted.

Q

Both horse and foot so laboured to embark it!
So much indeed unto their graces came,
In consequence of this most loyal flame,
The palace looked like Convent-garden market.

And lo, their majesties went forth eachday,
Their compliments to dainty fruits to pay:
The gardeners met them with best looks and bows;
And then the royal reputation raised—
The vegetable wisdom highly praised—
Of George the glorious, and his glorious spouse.

They told of Windsor town the gaping throng
What taste did unto majesty belong;
As how they picked the *best*—strange to relate too—
As how their eyes were of such lofty stature;
Filled with so much sublimity their nature,
They looked not on an onion or potatoe—
Which showed a noble patronizing spirit,
And proved that even in fruits they favoured merit.

Reader, prepare to drop thy jaw with wonder;
Prepare thee now to hear a sound like thunder—
The gardeners, lo, with majesty grew tired!
No more their gracious visiters desired!
In short, when monarchs did themselves display,
The gardeners, *bonâ fide*, ran away;
Finding a *sort* of *vacuum* 'mongst their fruit,
That did not much their scheme of thriving suit.
For majesty gives nought to subjects, mind—
Honour and money would be much too kind;
The royal smile, and guineas' glorious rays,
Like Semele,* would kill them with the blaze.

They now began exalted birth to *smoke*,
And fancy monarchs much like common folk—
Therefore, no more, when majesties were coming,
Whistling and laughing, smiling, singing, humming,

* The story of Semele, not being known to every one, is this:—the young lady, ambitious of enjoying Jupiter in all his glory, perished amidst the sublime effulgence of the god.

They gaped, and blessing their too happy eyes,
Leaped at their presence, just like fish at flies.

Thus did those fellows run from queen and king;
Which shows the *changeful* folly of mankind—
By growing tired and sick of a good thing,
To actual happiness blind!

For what in this our earthly world can spring,
That's equal to a glorious king?
What in this world of wonders can be seen,
That's equal to a charming queen?

To fancy otherwise, alas! what sin it is!
From such profane opinion how I shrink!
There must be *something great*, for *they* too think
They're gods, or cousins of divinities!

No more the dogs the gardeners pondered how
To say fine words, and make a pretty bow:
No more they felt a choking in the throat:
No more looked up and down, and winked askew,
Poor souls, and, silly, wist not what to do,
When with such awe the royal visage smote.

No, no! the scene was most completely altered—
No longer like some stupid jackass haltered,
Beside a miller's door, or gate, or post,
In seeming meditation lost,
To majesty were drawn their heads so thick—
No—they were off—all admiration-sick.

Such is sad repetition, O ye gods!
And this may really happen to my Odes!

Men of huge titles and exalted places,
Should at a distance commonly be seen—
Eyes should not be familiar with their faces;
Then wonder goes a courting to each mien.

Lo, novelty's a barber's strap or hone,
That keenness to the razor-passions gives:
Use wearcth out this barber's strap or stone;
Thus, 'tis by novelty, enjoyment lives.

In *love*, a sweet example let us seek—
I have it—Cynthia's soft luxuriant neck—
Fixed on the charm, how pleased the eye can dwell!
How sighs the hand within the gauze to creep,
Mouse-like, and on the snowy hills to sleep,
Raised by the most delicious swell;
Like gulls, those birds that rise, and now subside,
Borne on the bosom of the silver tide.

But let the breast be common—all's undone;
Wishes, and sighs, and longings, all are gone:
Away the hurrying palpitations fly;
Desire lies dead upon the gazeless eye.
Sunk into insipidity is rapture!
Thus finisheth of love the simple chapter.

This is a pretty lesson, though not new;
A lesson fit for Gentile or for Jew—
For love, the cooing, sweet, persuasive pigeon,
Gains all the globe, indeed, to his religion:
Throughout the world his humble votaries pray,
And worship him exactly the same way.—
Other religions kill—are torn by strife—
Love *kisses*, and, what's sweeter still, gives *life!*

ADDRESS TO THE VIRTUES.

Ah, Virtues! you are pretty-looking creatures;
But then so meek and feeble in your natures;—
Thou charming Chastity, now, *par exemple*,
Who guard'st the luscious lip, and snowy breast,
And all that maketh wishing shepherds blessed,
Forbidding thieves on sacred ground to trample.

Appear but Love, the savage, all is lost;
Faint, trembling, blushing, thou giv'st up the ghost:
Lo, there's an end to all thy mincing care;
The field so guarded, in the tyrant's power;
Each fence torn down, despoiled each mossy bower,
All, all is rudely plundered and laid bare.

Virtues! you *blundered* on our world, I fear—
Designed for some more *gentle* sphere;

Where the wild passions storm ye not, nor teaze ye;
Where every animal's a mild Marchesi.

I know your parentage and education—
Born in the skies—a lofty habitation—
But for a *perfect* system were intended,
Where people never needed to be *mended*.

How could you think the passions to withstand,
Those roaring blades, so out of all command,
Whose slightest touch would pull you all to pieces?
They are Goliaths—you but *little* Misses!
Then pray go home again, each *pretty* dear—
You but *disgrace* yourselves by coming *here*.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A MIGHTY potentate, of *some* discerning,
Inquisitive indeed! and fond of learning,
From Windsor oft danced down to Eton College,
To make himself a pincushion of knowledge;
That is, by gleaning pretty little scraps
Of Cæsar, Alexander, and such chaps.

There would he oft harangue the master,
On Homer, Virgil, Pindar, my relation,
Fast as a jack-fly, very often faster—
Now jack-flies have a sweet acceleration.
Oft asked he questions about ancient kings—
Natural! because so like himself—great things!

He asked if Cæsar ever did insist,
That if his minister would keep his place,
That minister should always have the grace
To mind deficiencies of civil list;

Whether great Cæsar ever sent his sons,
To study all the classics and great guns,
And bring of art and science home a store,
To Gottingen (his money wisely hoarding),
As Gottingen is vastly cheap for boarding
Young gentlemen whose parents are but poor—

He asked if Cæsar's soul was fond of knowing
What all the neighbourhood was daily doing;
What went into the pot, or on the spit—
How much in house-keeping they yearly spent,
And if, like honest folks, they paid their rent,
Or gave of victuals to the poor a bit—

If Cæsar ever to a brew-house went,
With lords and ladies of his court so grand,
And hours on hops, and hoops, and hogsheads spent,
So wise, with some great Whitbread of the land;
And tarried till he did the brewer tire,
And made the brewer's horse and dog *admire;*
And curious draymen into hogsheads creeping,
Sly rogues, and through the bung-holes peeping—

Whether great Cæsar was so sly an elf,
As from the very servants to inquire;
And know much better than the 'squire *himself*,
The business of each neighbouring 'squire—

As why the coachman Jerry went away;
Which of the drivers Joan the cook defiled;
Which of the footmen with Susanna lay,
And got the charming chamber-maid with child—

He asked if Cæsar's servants all
Were, cat-like, all good mousers, earned their wages;
Sought news from street and tavern, bulk and stall,
Like Nicolai, the prince of pages;
And whether Cæsar, with ferocious looks,
Found a poor travelling louse, and shaved his cooks—

If Cæsar's minister gave half a crown
To shoe-blacks, and the sweepers of the town,
To howl, and swear, and clap him at the play;
And when unto the senate-house he rode,
To spread their ell-wide lantern-jaws abroad,
And roar most bull-like when he came away.

He asked if Julius Cæsar's wife
Had ever maids of honour in her life,
Like any modern economic queen;
And if, of saving wisdom full,
The saving empress ever made a rule,
So keen, indeed so very keen,—

That all those honourable maids,
Who wished to sleep in comfortable beds,
Should purchase their own sheets and pillowcases,
To treat their gentle backs, and blooming faces—

Whether great Cæsar loved humility,
That is, in subjects only, *viz.* nobility;
And eke the commons, deemed a vulgar mass,
Formed by the wisdom of Almighty God,
To carry on their backs a heavenly load,
Just like a camel, elephant, or ass—

If Cæsar cut up palaces for pens,
And unto butchering strongly did incline;
Sold geese, and turkeys, ducks, and cocks, and hens,
And fattened cows, and calves, and sheep, and swine;
If rams surpassed him (of ram-glory full),
Or ever beat him in a bull.

He asked if Cæsar did not find
Some cunning fellow for a hind,
Prepared with *strange* accounts to meet him:
And in his pigs, and sheep, and bullocks cheat him;
And whether Cæsar did not slily watch him—
And what were Cæsar's traps to catch him—

If, like Peg Nicholson, on mischief busy,
A mantua-maker drew a rusty knife,
To cleave the emperor in twain, the hussey,
Frightening the emperor out of his life—

He asked if Italy was half so blessed
As England, in that prince of painters, West;
And if there ever lived in Rome's great town
A man who *stole*, like Reynolds, a renown;
A man indeed, whose daubing brush,
Puts Painting, the sweet damsel, to the blush—
Then asked if Cæsar ever had the heart
To give a shilling to the glorious art.

He asked if Cæsar, 'midst his dread campaigns,
Felt bold, whene'er well doused by rushing rains;
Not caring even a single fig,
Although they spoiled a bran-new wig;
Joining the doughty regiments of death,
On some wild Wimbledon, or huge Blackheath.

He asked if ever Cæsar stared *abroad*
(Instead of staring, as he ought, at *home*),
For architects with trash the land to load,
And raise of gaudy gingerbread a dome:*
Such as is raised by that rare Swede Sir Will,
The grinning mouth of Ridicule to fill—

Whether the curious Cæsar sent to Greece,
For statues costing heaven knows what a-piece:
Then putting under ground a world's rare boast,†
To entertain a toad or ghost.

Such were the questions, with a thousand more,
He asked, to swell of knowledges the store;
That fell like starlings on the ear, in flocks—
Sure keys for opening Mother Wisdom's locks:

Rare keys that ope the twilight vaults of time;
A thief who, with a sacrilegious pride,
Delighteth something every day to hide,
Sacks full of prose and sweetly-sounding rhyme.

Such questions, with a manner quite *unique*,
The monkey boys to mimic soon began—
And lo, of mimicry the saucy trick,
Like wild-fire through the college ran:
Lord! hinder them!—there could be no such thing—
Thus every little rascal was a king!

This Fame, who seldom lessons sounds, did bear,
With all its horrors, to the royal ear—

* The Royal Academy.

† A cast, and the only one, of the famous Farnese Hercules, having been procured by a considerable expense, as well as trouble, for the benefit of the students of the Royal Academy, and the admiration of the world in general, is now thrust away into a dark hole; the building being rather calculated for the support of butterflies, than *heavy antiques*. The following short dialogue was written on the occasion:

A Dialogue between two Statues, in an upper room of the Royal Academy.

First Statue.

"What keeps old Hercules *below*,
A fellow of such rare renown?"

Second Statue.

"Plague take thee! hold thy tongue—for know,
Should *he* come *up*, *we* all go *down*."

The consequence the school had cause to rue;
To schools the monarch bade a long adieu;
Of Eton journeys gave th' idea o'er,
And, angry, never mentioned Cæsar more!

A POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ON HIS JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES, WITH THE CELEBRATED DOCTOR JOHNSON.

—Τρώεσσιν ἰδούλετο κῦδος ὀρέξαι: HOMER.

O BOSWELL, Bozzy, Bruce,* whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame;
Thou jackall, leading lion Johnson forth,
To eat M'Pherson† 'midst his native North;
To frighten grave professors, with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides, from shore to shore—
All hail!—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage,
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page,
Is amply gratified—a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprize!
Loud, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wondered—that thy bones were never broken!

Triumphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale;
Close to the classic Rambler, shalt thou cling,
Close, as a supple courtier to a king!
Fate shall not shake thee off, with all its power,
Stuck, like a bat, to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thy eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies!
Yes! his broad wing had raised thee, (no bad hack)
A tom-tit, twittering on an eagle's back.

* *Vide* Note, p. 247.
† The translator (but in Dr Johnson's opinion, the author) of the poems attributed to Ossian.

Thou, curious scrapmonger, shalt live in song,
When death hath stilled the rattle of thy tongue;
Even future babes to lisp thy name shall learn,
And Bozzy join with Wood, and Tommy Hearn,
Who drove the spiders from much prose and rhyme,
And snatched old stories from the jaws of time.

Sweet is thy page,* I ween, that doth recite,
How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night,
Marched through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian showers,
Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Those gracious showers, that, fraught with fragrance, flow,
And gild, like gingerbread, the world below.
How sweetly grumbled, too, was Sam's remark,
"I smell you, master Bozzy, in the dark!"
Alas! historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bocotia reigns in every skull;
Mere beasts of burden, broken-winded, slow,
Heavy as dromedaries, on they go;
Whilst thou, a Will-o'-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting coruscations every where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close,
What head can nod, o'er thy enlivening prose?
To others' works, the works of *thy* inditing
Are downright diamonds, to the eyes of whiting.
Think not I flatter thee, my flippant friend;
For well I know, that flattery would offend:
Yet honest praise, I'm sure, thou would'st not shun,
Born with a stomach to digest a tun!
Who can refuse a smile, that reads thy page,
Where surely Sam, inflamed wih Tory rage,
Nassau bescoundrels, and with anger big,
Swears, Whigs are rogues, and every rogue a Whig?
Who will not, too, thy pen's *minutiæ* bless,
That gives posterity the Rambler's† dress?
Methinks I view his full, plain suit of brown,
The large grey bushy wig that graced his crown;

* Vide page 14. † P. 9.

Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles;
And shirt, that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold)!
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Rambler,* on a large bay mare,
Just like a Centaur, every danger dare;
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind;
The colt and Bozzy scampering close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy,† with what glee we read,
Who offered Sam, for breakfast, cold sheep's head;
Who, pressed and worried by this dame so civil,
Wished the sheep's head, and woman's at the devil.

I see you sailing both in Buchan's‡ pot—
Now storming an old woman§ and her cot,
Who, terrified at each tremendous shape,
Deemed you two demons, ready for a rape:
I see all marvelling at M'Leod's together,
On Sam's remarks‖ on whey, and tanning leather:
At Corrichatachin's,¶ the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's sow,
And begging, with raised eyes and lengthened chin,
Heaven not to damn thee for the deadly sin:
I see, too, the stern moralist regale,
And pen a Latin ode to Mrs Thrale.**
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam, in the Pretender's†† bed:
I hear (what's wonderful!) unsought by studying,
His classic dissertation upon pudding:‡‡
Of provost Jopp,§§ I mark the marvelling face,
Who gave the Rambler's freedom with a grace:
I see, too, travelling from the *Isle* of *Egg*,‖‖
The humble servant¶¶ of a horse's leg;
And Snip, the tailor, from the *Isle* of *Muck*,***
Who stitched in *Sky* with tolerable luck:
I see the horn, that drunkards must adore;
The horn, the mighty horn of Rorie More;†††

* P. 376. † P. 429. ‡ P. 104. § P. 143.
‖ P 299. ¶ P. 317. ** P. 177. †† P. 216.
‡‡ P. 440. §§ P. 39. ‖‖ P. 275.
¶¶ A blacksmith. *** P. 275.
††† P. 254.

And bloody shields, that guarded hearts in quarrels,
Now guard from rats the milk and butter barrels.
Methinks the Caledonian dame I see,
Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee,
Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling sage;
Melting, with sweetest smiles, the frost of age;
Like Sol, who darts, at times, a cheerful ray,
O'er the wan visage of a winter's day.
"Do it again, my dear," I hear Sam cry,
"See, who first tires, (my charmer!) you or I."
I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth,
An old dried whiting in thy Johnson's mouth;
And lo! I see, with all his might and main,
Thy Johnson spit the whiting out again.
Rare anecdotes! 'tis anecdotes like these,
That bring thee glory, and the million please!
On these, shall future times delighted stare,
Thou charming haberdasher of small ware!
Stewart and Robertson from thee shall learn
The simple charms of history to discern:
To thee, fair history's palm, shall Livy yield,
And Tacitus, to Bozzy, leave the field!
Joe Miller's self, whose page such fun provokes,
Shall quit his shroud, to grin at Bozzy's jokes!
How are we all with rapture touched, to see,
Where, when, and at what hour, you swallowed tea!
How, once, to grace this Asiatic treat,
Came haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat!

Pleased, on thy book thy sovereign's eyeballs roll,
Who loves a gossip's story from his soul!
Blessed with the memory of the Persian king,*
He every body knows, and every thing;
Who's dead, who's married, what poor girl beguiled,
Hath lost a paramour and found a child;
Which gardener hath most cabbages and peas,
And which old woman hath most hives of bees;
Which farmer boasts the most prolific sows,
Cocks, hens, geese, turkies, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows;

* Cyrus.

Which barber best the ladies' locks can curl;
Which house in Windsor sells the finest purl;
Which chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array,
His brush and shovel on the first of May;
Whose dancing dogs, in rigadoons excel;
And whose the puppet-show, that bears the bell:
Which clever smith, the prettiest man-trap* makes,
To save from thieves the royal ducks and drakes,
The Guinea hens, and peacocks with their eggs,
And catch his loving subjects by the legs.
O! since the prince of gossips reads thy book,
To what high honours may not Bozzy look?
The sunshine of his smile may soon be thine—
Perchance, in converse thou may'st hear him shine:
Perchance, to stamp thy merit through the nation,
He begs of Johnson's Life, thy dedication;
Asks questions† of thee, O thou lucky elf,
And kindly answers every one himself.
Blessed with the classic learning‡ of a college,
Our king is not a miser in his knowledge:
Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty:
No razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty:
Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows,
Free as election beer from tubs it flows!
Yet, ah! superior far!—it boasts the merit
Of never fuddling people with the spirit!
Say, Bozzy, when to bless our anxious sight,
When shall thy volume§ burst the gates of light?

* His majesty hath planted a number of those trusty guardians around his park at Windsor, for the benefit of the public.

† Just after Dr Johnson had been honoured with an interview with a certain great personage, in the Queen's library at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a friend, concerning his reception, and his opinion of the royal intellect.—"His majesty seems to be possessed of much good-nature, and much curiosity," replied the doctor; "as for his *vous*, it is far from contemptible.—His majesty indeed was *multifarious* in his *questions*; but, thank God, he answered them all *himself*."

‡ This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late p——s d——r *retained* three parts of the money ordered for the education of her children. The effect of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous, in her daughter M——a, that the letters received from her, during her residence in Denmark, were absolutely unintelligible.

§ The Life of Dr Johnson.

O! clothed in calf, ambitious brat be born—
Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn!
My fancy's keen anticipating eye,
A thousand charming anecdotes can spy:
I read, I read of George* the learned display
On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray:
Of George, whose brain, if right the mark I hit,
Forms one huge Cyclopædia of wit:
That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages,
And frightens all his workmen, and his pages!
O Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue:
The world is wondrous fond of something new:
And, let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,
It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
But who hath sneaked a rascal to his grave:
Make o'er his turf (in virtue's cause) a rout,
And, like a damned good Christian, pull him out.
Without a fear on families harangue,
Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
Publish the demireps, and punks—nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife will be a whore.
Thy brilliant brain, conjecture can supply,
To charm through every leaf the eager eye,
The blue stocking† society describe,
And give thy comment on each joke and gibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And rip them in thy streams of immortality!

Let Lord M'Donald threat thy breech to kick,‡
And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick;
Treat with contempt the menace of this lord,
'Tis History's province, Bozzy, to record.

* His majesty's commentary on that quarrel, in which the bishop and the doctor pelted one the other with dirt so gracefully, will be a treasure to the lovers of literature? Mr B. hath as good as promised it to the public, and, we hope, means to keep his word.

† A club, mostly composed of learned ladies, to which Mr B. was admitted.

‡ A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr B. who, in consequence, omitted, in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the public, *viz.* the scandalous passages relative to this nobleman.

Though Wilkes abuse thy brain, that airy mill,
And swear poor Johnson murdered by thy quill;
What's that to thee? Why, let the victim bleed—
Thy end is answered, if the nation read.
The fiddling knight,* and tuneful Mrs Thrale,
Who frequent hobbed or nobbed with Sam, in ale,
Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires!)
To write his jokes and stories by their fires;
Then why not thou, each joke and tale enrol,
Who like a watchful cat before a hole,
Full twenty years (inflamed with lettered pride)
Didst mousing sit, before Sam's mouth so wide,
To catch as many scraps as thou wert able—
A very Lazarus at the rich man's table?
What though against thee porters bounce the door,†
And bid thee hunt for secrets there no more;
With pen and ink so ready at thy coat,
Exciseman-like, each syllable to note,
That given to printers' devils (a precious load!)
On wings of print comes flying all abroad?
Watch then the venal valets—smack the maids,
And try with gold to make them rogues and jades:
Yet should their honesty thy bribes resent;
Fly to thy fertile genius and invent:
Like old Voltaire, who placed his greatest glory,
In cooking up an entertaining story;
Who laughed at truth, whene'er her simple tongue
Would snatch amusement from a tale or song.

O! whilst amid the anecdotic mine,
Thou labour'st hard to bid thy hero shine,
Run to Bolt Court,‡ exert thy Curl-like§ soul,
And fish for golden leaves from hole to hole:
Find when he ate, and drank, and coughed, and sneezed—
Let all his motions in thy book be squeezed;
On tales, however strange, impose thy claw;
Yes, let thy amber lick up every straw;
Sam's nods, and winks, and laughs, will form a treat;
For all that breathes of Johnson must be great!

Blessed be thy labours, most adventurous Bozzy,
Bold rival of Sir John, and Dame Piozzi;
Heavens! with what laurels shall thy head be crowned!
A grove, a forest, shall thy ears surround!
Yes! whilst the Rambler shall a comet blaze,
And gild a world of darkness with his rays,
Thee too, that world, with wonderment, shall hail,
A lively, bouncing cracker at his tail!

POSTSCRIPT.

As Mr Boswell's Journal has afforded such universal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great moralist's opinion of men and things, during his northern tour; it will be adding greatly to the anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr B. happy, to communicate part of a dialogue that took place between Dr Johnson, and the author of this congratulatory epistle, a few months before the doctor paid the great debt of nature. The doctor was very cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waistcoat, a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stockings; a handsome grey wig, a shirt, a muslin neckcloth, a black pair of buttons in his shirt sleeves, a pair of shoes, ornamented with the very identical little buckles that accompanied the philosopher to the Hebrides; his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fresh shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenious Mr Savigny.

P. P. Pray, doctor, what is your opinion of Mr Boswell's literary powers?

Johnson. Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Bozzy expires, he will create no *vacuum* in the region of literature—he seems strongly affected by the *cacoëthes scribendi;* wishes to be thought a *rara avis;* and in truth so he is—your knowledge in ornithology, Sir, will easily discover, to what species of bird I allude. [*Here the doctor shook his head and laughed.*]

* Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs Thrale, now Madam Piozzi) threatens us with the life of the late lexicographer.

† This is literally true—Nobody is at home.—Our great people want the taste to relish Mr Boswell's vehicles to immortality. Though in London, poor Bozzy is in a desert.

‡ In Fleet-street, where the doctor lived and died.

§ Curl, the bookseller, frequently bribed people to hunt the temples of Cloacina, for Pope's and Swift's letters.

P. P. What think you, sir, of his account of Corsica?—of his character of Paoli?

Johnson. Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. But Paoli has virtues. The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous inanity.

P. P. I have heard it whispered, doctor, that, should you die before him, Mr B. means to write your life.

Johnson. Sir, he cannot mean me so irreparable an injury.—Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write *my* life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure by taking *his*. [*Here he made three or four strides across the room, and returned to his chair with violent emotion.*]

P. P. I am afraid that he means to do you the favour.

Johnson. He dares not—he would make a scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in *his own* face, but not to murder *me*. Sir, I heed not his αυτος εφα—Boswell write my life! why the fellow possesses not abilities for writing the life of an *ephemeron*.

BOZZY AND PIOZZI; OR, THE BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A PAIR OF TOWN ECLOGUES.

——————Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere, parati!
VIRGIL.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the death of Doctor Johnson, a number of people, ambitious of being distinguished from the mute part of their species, set about relating and printing stories and bon mots of that celebrated moralist.—Amongst the most zealous, though not the most enlightened, appeared Mr Boswell and Madame Piozzi, the hero and heroine of our Eclogues.—They are supposed to have in contemplation the Life of Johnson; and, to prove their biographical abilities, appeal to Sir John Hawkins for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations from their printed anecdotes of the Doctor.—Sir John hears them with uncommon patience, and determines very properly on the pretensions of the contending parties.

R

PART I.

WHEN Johnson sought (as Shakspeare says)
that bourn
From whence, alas! no travellers return;
In *humbler* English, when the Doctor died,
Apollo whimpered, and the Muses cried;
Parnassus moped for days, in business slack,
And like a *hearse*, the hill was hung with *black;*
Minerva, sighing for her *favourite* son,
Pronounced, with lengthened face, the world *undone;*
Her *owl* too, hooted in so loud a style,
That people might have heard the *bird a mile;*
Jove wiped his eyes so red, and told his *wife*,
He ne'er made Johnson's *equal* in his life;
And that 'twould be *long time* first, if ever,
His art could form a fellow half so clever;
Venus, of all the little Doves the dam,
With all the Graces, sobbed for brother Sam:
Such were the heavenly howlings for his death
As if Dame Nature had resigned her breath.
Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween,
Amidst the natives of our earthly scene:
From beggars, to the great who hold the helm,
One *Johnso-mania* raged through all the realm!

Who (cried the world) can match his prose or rhyme?
O'er wits of modern days he towers sublime!
An oak, wide spreading o'er the shrubs below,
That round his roots, with puny foliage, blow;
A pyramid, amidst some barren waste,
That frowns o'er huts, the sport of every blast:
A mighty Atlas, whose aspiring head
O'er distant regions casts an awful shade.
By kings and vagabonds his tales are told,
And every sentence glows, a grain of gold!
Blessed! who his philosophic phiz can take,
Catch even his weaknesses—his noddle's shake,
The lengthened lip of scorn, the forehead's scowl,
The lowering eye's contempt, and bear-like growl!
In vain, the critics vent their toothless rage!
Mere sprats, that venture war with whales to wage!

Unmoved he stands, and feels their force, no more
Than some huge rock amidst the watery roar,
That calmly bears the tumults of the deep,
And howling tempests, that as well might sleep.

Strong, 'midst the Rambler's cronies, was the rage
To fill, with Sam's *bons mots* and tales, the page:
Mere flies, that buzzed around his setting ray,
And bore a splendour, on their wings away:
Thus round his orb, the pigmy planets run,
And catch their little lustre from the sun.

At length, rushed forth two candidates for fame,
A Scotsman one, and one a London dame:
That, by th' emphatic Johnson, christened Bozzy;
This, by the bishop's license, Dame Piozzi;
Whose widowed name, by topers loved, was Thrale,
Bright in the annals of election ale:
A name, by marriage, that gave up the ghost!
In poor Pedocchio,*—no! Piozzi, lost!
Each seized, with ardour wild, the grey goose quill:
Each sat, to work the *intellectual mill*,
That pecks of bran, so coarse, began to pour,
To one small solitary grain of flour.

Forth rushed to light their books—but who should say,
Which bore the palm of anecdote away?
This to decide, the rival wits agreed,
Before Sir John, their tales and jokes to read,
And let the knight's opinion in the strife,
Declare the properest pen to write Sam's life.
Sir John, renowned for musical† palavers—
The prince, the king, the emperor of quavers!
Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest needle;
Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle;
Of Music's college, formed to be a fellow,
Fit for Mus. D. or Maestro di Capella;

* The author was nearly committing a blunder—fortunate indeed was his recollection: as *Pedocchio* signifies, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of all animals, a *louse*.
† Vide his History of Music.

Whose volume, though it here and there offends,
Boasts *German merit*—makes by *bulk* amends.
Superior, frowning o'er octavo wits,
High placed, the venerable quarto sits:
And duodecimos, ignoble scum!
Poor prostitutes to every vulgar thumb!
Whilst, undefiled by literary rage,
He bears a *spotless leaf* from age to age.

Like school-boys, lo! before a two-armed chair,
That held the *knight*, wise judging, stood the *pair*;
Or like two ponies on the sporting ground,
Prepared to gallop when the drum should sound;
The *couple* ranged—for victory, both as keen
As for a tottering bishopric, a dean,
Or patriot Burke, for giving glorious bastings
To that intolerable fellow Hastings.
Thus with their songs contended Virgil's swains,
And made the vallies vocal with their strains,
Before some grey-beard swain, whose judgment ripe
Gave goats for prizes, to the prettiest pipe.

"Alternately, in anecdotes, go on;
But first begin *you*, madam," cried Sir John:
The thankful dame, low curt'sied to the chair,
And thus, for victory panting, read the Fair:

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Sam Johnson was of Michael Johnson born,
Whose shop of books did Litchfield town adorn:
Wrong headed, stubborn as a haltered ram;
In short, the model of our Hero Sam;
Inclined to madness, too—for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
For fear the thieves might steal the *vanished* store,
He duly went each night, and locked the door!

BOZZY.†

Whilst Johnson was in Edinburgh, my wife,
To please his palate, studied for her life;

* Vide Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 3.
† Bozzy's Tour, page 38.

With every rarity she filled her house,
And gave the doctor, for his dinner, grouse.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Dear Doctor Johnson was in size an ox;
And from his uncle Andrew learned to box
A man to wrestlers and to bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in Smithfield a whole year.

BOZZY.†

At supper, rose a dialogue on witches,
When Crosbie said, there could not be such bitches;
And that 'twas blasphemy to think such hags
Could stir up storms, and, on their broomstick nags,
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in God Almighty's *face*.
But Johnson answered him, "There might be witches—
Nought proved the non-existence of the bitches."

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

When Thrale, as nimble as a boy at school,
Jumped, though fatigued with hunting, o'er a stool;
The Doctor, proud the same grand feat to do,
His powers exerted, and jumped over too.
And though he might a broken back bewail,
He scorned to be eclipsed by Mr Thrale.

BOZZY.§

At Ulinish, our friend, to pass the time,
Regaled us with his knowledges sublime:
Showed, that all sorts of learning filled his nob;
And that in butchery he could bear a bob.
He sagely told us of the different feat
Employed to kill the animals we eat.
"An ox," says he, "in country and in town,"
Is by the butchers constantly knocked down;
As for that lesser animal, a calf,
The knock is really not so strong by half;
The beast is only stunned: but as for goats,
And sheep, and lambs—the butchers cut their throats.

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 5. † Page 39
‡ Page 6. § Page 300.

Those fellows only want to keep them quiet,
Not choosing that the brutes should breed a riot."

MADAME PIOZZI.*

When Johnson was a child and swallowed pap,
'Twas in his mother's old maid Catharine's lap,
There, whilst he sat, he took in wondrous learning;
For much his bowels were for knowledge yearning;
There heard the story which we Britons brag on,
The Story of St George and eke the Dragon.

BOZZY †

When Foote his leg by some misfortune broke;
Says I to Johnson, all by way of joke,
"Sam, Sir, in paragraph, will soon be clever,
And take off Peter better now than ever."
On which, says Johnson, without hesitation,
"George‡ will rejoice at Foote's *depeditation*."
On which, says I— *a penetrating elf*—
"Doctor, I'm sure you coined that word yourself."
On which he laughed, and said, I had divined it;
For *bonâ fidê*, he had really coined it.
"And yet of all the words I've coined," says he,
"My Dictionary, Sir, contains but three."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The *doctor* said, in literary matters,
A Frenchman goes not *deep*—he only *smatters*:
Then asked, what could be hoped for from the dogs—
Fellows that lived eternally on *frogs!*

BOZZY.§

In grave procession to St Leonard's College,
Well stuffed with every sort of useful knowledge,

* Page 15. † Page 141.
‡ George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote, under the character of Peter Paragraph.
§ Page 55.

We *stately* walked, as soon as supper ended:
The *landlord* and the *waiter* both attended:
The *landlord*, skilled a piece of grease to hand'e,
Before us marched, and held a tallow candle:
A lantern, (some famed Scotsman its creator)
With *equal grace* was carried by the *waiter*:
Next morning, from our beds, we took a leap;
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

In Lincolnshire, a lady showed our friend,
A grotto, that she wished him to *commend*:
Quoth she, "How *cool*, in summer, this abode!"
"Yes, Madam," answered Johnson, "for a *toad*."

BOZZY.†

Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,
The wind was vastly boisterous in our faces:
'Twas *glorious*, Johnson's figure to set sight on—
High in the boat, he looked a noble Triton!
But lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs:
For Joe, the blockhead, lost his master's spurs.
This, for the Rambler's temper, was a *rubber*,
Who wondered Joseph could be such a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

I asked him, if he knocked Tom Osborn§ down;
As such a tale was current through the town—
Says I, "Do tell me, *doctor*, what befell."
"Why, dearest lady, there is nought to *tell*:
I pondered on the *properest* mode to *treat* him—
The *dog* was *impudent*, and so I *beat him!*
Tom, like a fool, *proclaimed* his fancied wrongs
Others that I *belaboured* held their tongues."

Did any one, that he was *happy*, cry—
Johnson would tell him *plumply*, 'twas a lie:
A *lady** told him, she was *really so;*
On which he sternly answered, "*Madam, no!*
Sickly you are, and ugly—foolish, poor;
And therefore can't be happy, I am sure.
'Twould make a fellow hang himself, whose ear
Were, from such creatures, forced such stuff to hear."

BOZZY.†

Lo! when we landed on the Isle of Mull,
The megrims got into the doctor's skull:
With such bad humours he began to fill,
I thought he would not go to Icolmkill:
But lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!)
Were banished all by tea and bread and butter!

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

The doctor had a cat, and christened Hodge,
That at his house in Fleet Street used to lodge—
This Hodge grew old, and sick, and used to wish
That all his dinners were composed of fish.
To please poor Hodge, the doctor, all so kind,
Went out, and bought him *oysters to his mind*.
This every day he did—nor asked black Frank,§
Who deemed himself of much too high a rank,
With vulgar *fish-fags* to be forced to chat,
And purchase oysters for a mangy cat.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake stay each anecdotic scrap;
Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap;
With one half hour's refreshing slumber blessed,
And Heaven's assistance, I may hear the rest.

Aside.]—What have I done inform me, gracious Lord,
That thus my ears with nonsense should be bored?
Oh! if I do not in the trial die,
The devil and all his brimstone I defy,
No punishment in other worlds I fear;
My crimes will all be expiated *here*.

* P. 203. † P. 185. ‡ P. 232. § Bookseller.

* Page 285. † P. 386. ‡ P. 102.
§ Dr Johnson's servant.

Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore,
When, raised to consequence that all adore,
I sat, each session, king-like, in the chair,
Awed every rank, and made the million stare
Lord paramount o'er every justice riding:
In causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding!
Yes, like a noble bashaw, of three tails,
I spread a fear and trembling through the jails!
Blessed, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet,
And blasted on them like the last day's trumpet.
I know no paltry weakness of the soul—
No snivelling pity dares my deeds control—
Ashamed, the weakness of my king I hear,
Who, childish, drops on every death* a tear.
Return, return again, thou glorious hour,
That to my grasp once gav'st my idol, power;
When, at my feet, the humbled knaves would fall;
The thundering Jupiter of Hicks' Hall.

The knight, thus finishing his speech so fair,
Sleep pulled him gently backwards in his chair;
Oped wide the mouth that oft on jail-birds *swore*,
Then raised his nasal organ to a roar,
That actually surpassed in tone and grace,
The grumbled ditties of his favourite base †

PART II.

Now from his sleep the knight, affrighted, sprung,
Whilst on his ear the words of Johnson rung;
For, lo! in dreams, the surly Rambler rose,
And, wildly staring, seemed a man of woes.
"Wake, Hawkins," growled the doctor, with a frown,
"And knock *that* fellow and *that* woman down—
Bid them, with Johnson's life proceed no further—
Enough already they have dealt in murther!

* Such is the report concerning his majesty, when he signs the warrants for execution:—How unlike the great Frederic of Prussia, who *delights* in a *hanging!*

† The violoncello, on which the knight is a performer.

Say, to their tales that little truth belongs—
If fame they mean me—bid them hold their tongues.

"In vain at glory gudgeon Boswell snaps—
His mind's a paper-kite—composed of scraps;
Just o'er the tops of chimneys, formed to fly;
Not with a wing sublime to mount the sky.
Say to the dog, his head's a downright drum,
Unequal to the history of Tom Thumb:
Nay tell of *anecdote* that thirsty *leech*,
He is not equal to a Tyburn speech.*

"For that Piozzi's wife, Sir John, exhort her,
To draw her immortality from porter;
Give up her anecdotical inditing,
And study housewifery instead of writing;
Bid her a poor biography suspend;
Nor crucify, through vanity, a friend.—

I know no business women have with learning:
I scorn, I hate, the mole-eyed, half discerning:
Their wit but serves a husband's heart to rack;
And make eternal horsewhips for his back.

"Tell Peter Pindar, should you chance to meet him,
I like his genius—should be glad to greet him—
Yet let him know, crowned heads are sacred things,
And bid him reverence more the *best* of kings;†
Still on his Pegasus continue jogging,
And give that Boswell's back another flogging."

* Composed for the unfortunate *brave* of Newgate, by different historians.

† This is a *strange* and almost *incredible* speech from Johnson's mouth, as not many years ago, when the *age* of a *certain great personage* became the subject of debate, the doctor broke in upon the conversation with the following question:—"Of what importance to the present company is his *age?*—Of what importance would it have been to the world if he had never *existed?*" If we may judge likewise from the *following speech*, he deemed the *present possessor* of a *certain throne*, as much a *usurper* as King William, whom, according to Mr Boswell's account, he *bescoundrels*. The story is this—An acquaintance of Johnson's asked him if he could not *sing*. He replied, "I know but *one* song; and *that* is, 'The *king* shall enjoy his *own* again.'"

Such was the dream that waked the sleepy knight;
And oped again his eyes upon the light—
Who, mindless of old Johnson and his frown
And stern commands to knock the couple down,
Resolved to keep the peace—and in a tone
Not much unlike a mastiff o'er a bone,
He grumbled, that, enabled by the nap,
He now could meet more biographic scrap:
Then nodding with a *magistratic* air,
To further anecdote he called the fair.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Dear Doctor Johnson loved a leg of pork,
And hearty on it would his grinders work:
He liked to eat it so much *over-done*,
That one might shake the flesh from off the bone.
A veal pie too, with sugar crammed and plums,
Was wondrous grateful to the doctor's gums.
Though used from morn to night on fruit to stuff,
He vowed his belly never had enough.

BOZZY.†

One Thursday morn did Doctor Johnson wake,
And call out, "Lanky! Lanky!" by mistake—
But recollecting—"Bozzy! Bozzy!" cried—
For in *contractions* Johnson took a pride!

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

Whene'er our friend would read in bed by night,
Poor Mr Thrale and I were in a fright;
For blinking on his book, too near the flame,
Lo! to the fore-top of his wig it came!
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and small,
Down to the very net-work, named the caul.

BOZZY.§

At Corrachatachin's, in hoggism sunk,
I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk.
Much was I vexed, that I could not be quiet,
But like a stupid blockhead breed a riot.
I scarcely knew how 'twas I reeled to bed—
Next morn I waked with dreadful pains of head:

* Page 3. † P. 384. ‡ P. 237. § P. 317.

And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me—
For much I feared the Moralist would *mob me*.
But as I lay along a heavy log,
The Doctor, entering, called me drunken dog.
Then up rose I, with apostolic air,
And read in Dame M'Kinnon's book of prayer;
In hopes, for such a sin, to be forgiven—
And make, if possible, my peace with Heaven.
'Twas strange, that in that volume of divinity,
I oped the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,
And read these words:—"Pray, be not drunk with wine:
Since drunkenness doth make a man a swine."
"Alas!" says I, "the sinner that I am!"
And having made my speech I took a dram.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One day, with spirits low and sorrow filled,
I told him I had got a cousin killed:
"My dear," quoth he, "for heaven's sake, hold your canting:
Were all your cousins killed, they'd not be wanting:
Though Death on each of them should set his mark—
Though every one were spitted like a lark—
Roasted, and given that dog there for a meal;
The loss of them the world would never feel—
Trust me, dear madam, all your dear relations,
Are nits—are nothings, in the eye of nations."

Again,† says I one day, "I do believe,
A good acquaintance that I have will grieve
To hear her friend hath lost a large estate."—
"Yes," answered he, "lament as much her fate,
As did your horse (I freely will allow)
To hear of the miscarriage of your cow."

BOZZY.‡

At Enoch, at M'Queen's, we went to bed;
A coloured handkerchief wrapped Johnson's head:

* Page 63. † P. 189. ‡ P. 103.

He said, "God bless us both—good night!"
and then
I, like a parish clerk, pronounced, Amen!
My good companion soon by sleep was
seized—
But I by lice and fleas was sadly teased:
Methought a spider, with terrific claws,
Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws:
But slumber soon did every sense entrap;
And so I sunk into the sweetest nap.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

Travelling in Wales, at dinner-time we
got on
Where, at Leweny, lives Sir Robert Cotton.
At table, our great Moralist to please—
Says I, "Dear Doctor, a'n't these charming
peas?"
Quoth he, (to *contradict* and *run his rig*)
"Madam, they possibly might please a pig."

BOZZY.†

Of thatching well the Doctor knew the
art,
And with his thrashing wisdom made us
start:
Described the greatest secrets of the mint—
And made folks fancy that he had been in't.
Of hops and malt, 'tis wondrous what he
knew;
And well as any brewer he could brew.

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

In ghosts the Doctor strongly did believe;
And pinned his faith on many a liar's
sleeve:
He said to Doctor Lawrence, "Sure I am,
I heard my poor dear mother call out,
'Sam!'
I'm sure," said he, "that I can trust my
ears:
And yet my mother had been dead for
years."

BOZZY.§

When young, ('twas rather silly, I allow)
Much was I pleased, to imitate a cow.
One time, at Drury-lane, with Doctor Blair,
My imitations made the play-house stare!
So very charming was I in my roar,
That both the galleries clapped, and cried,
"encore!"
Blessed by the general plaudit and the
laugh—
I tried to be a jackass and a calf:
But, who, alas! in all things can be *great?*
In short, I met a terrible defeat:

* Page 70. † P. 324. ‡ P. 192. § P. 499.

So vile I brayed and bellowed, I was hiss-
ed—
Yet all who knew me wondered that I miss-
ed.
Blair whispered me, "You've lost your
credit now:
Stick, Boswell, for the future, to your cow."

MADAME PIOZZI.*

For me, in Latin, Doctor Johnson wrote
Two lines, upon Sir Joseph Banks' goat,
A goat! that round the world, so curious,
went—
A goat! that now eats grass that grows in
Kent.

BOZZY.†

To Lord Monboddo a few lines I wrote;
And, by the servant Joseph, sent this note—
"Thus far, my lord, from Edinburgh,
my home,
With Mr Samuel Johnson, I am come—
This night, by us, must certainly be seen
The very handsome town of Aberdeen.
For thoughts of Johnson, you'll be not ap-
plied to—
I know your lordship likes him less than I do.
So near we are—to part, I can't tell how,
Without so much as making you a bow:
Besides, the Rambler says, 'To see Mon-
bodd,
He'd wander two whole miles out of the
road.'
Which shows that he admires (whoever
rails)
The pen which proves that men are born
with tails:
Hoping, that, as to health, your lordship
does well,
I am your servant at command,
JAMES BOSWELL."

MADAME PIOZZI.‡

On Mr Thrale's old Hunter Johnson
rode—
Who, with prodigious pride, the beast be-
strode;
And as on Brighton Downs he dashed away,
Much was he pleased to hear a sportsman
say,
That, at a chase, he was as tight a hand,
As e'er an ill-bred lubber in the land.

BOZZY.§

One morning, Johnson, on the Isle of
Mull,
Was of his politics excessive full:

* Page 70. † P. 72 ‡ P. 207. § P. 424.

Quoth he, "that Pulteney was a rogue, 'tis plain—
Besides, the fellow was a Whig in grain."
Then to his principles he gave a banging,
And swore, no whig was ever worth a hanging.
"'Tis wonderful," says he, "and makes one stare,
To think, the livery chose John Wilkes lord mayor:
A dog, of whom the world could nurse no hopes—
Prompt to debauch their girls, and rob their shops."

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sir, I believe that anecdote a lie:
But grant that Johnson said it—*by the by*,
As Wilkes unhappily your friendship shared,
The dirty anecdote might well be spared.

BOZZY.

Madam, I stick to truth as much as you,
And damme, if the story be not true.
What you have said of Johnson and the larks,
As much the Rambler for a savage marks.
'Twas scandalous, even Candour must allow,
To give the history of the horse and cow.
Who, but an enemy to Johnson's fame,
Dared his vile prank at Litchfield playhouse name?
Where, without ceremony, he thought fit
To fling the man and chair into the pit?
Who would have registered a speech so odd,
On the dead Stay-maker,* and Doctor Dodd?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnson's thrashing knowledge, and his thatching,
May be your own inimitable hatching—
Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell more news?
Could not he make a shirt, and cobble shoes?
Knit stockings, or ingenious take up stitches—
Draw teeth, dress wigs, or make a pair of breeches?
You prate too of his knowledge of the mint,
As if the Rambler really had been in't—
Who knows, but you will tell us (truth forsaking)
That each bad shilling is of Johnson's making:
His each vile sixpence that the world hath cheated—
And his the art that every guinea sweated?
About his brewing knowledge you will prate too,
Who scarcely knew a hop from a potatoe.
And though of beer he joyed in hearty swigs,
I'd put against his taste my husband's pigs.

BOZZY.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth,
That miserable story of the youth,
Who, in your book, of Doctor Johnson begs
Most seriously to know if cats laid eggs?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who told of Mrs Montague the lie—
So palpable a falsehood?—Bozzy, fie!

BOZZY.

Who, maddening with an anecdotic itch,
Declared that Johnson called his mother bitch?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from M'Donald's rage to save his snout,
Cut twenty lines of defamation out?

BOZZY.

Who would have said a word about Sam's wig;
Or told the story of the peas and pig?
Who would have told a tale so very flat,
Of Frank the Black, and Hodge the mangy cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ecod! you're grown at once confounded tender—
Of Doctor Johnson's fame a fierce defender.
I'm sure you've mentioned many a pretty story
Not much redounding to the Doctor's glory.
Now for a saint, upon us you would palm him—
First *murder* the poor man, and then *embalm him!*

BOZZY.

And truly, madam, Johnson cannot boast—
By your acquaintance, he hath rather lost.

* Piozzi's Anecdotes, page 51, first edition.

His character so shockingly you handle—
You've sunk your comet to a farthing candle.
Your vanities contrived the sage to hitch in;
And bribed him with the run of all your kitchen:
Yet nought he bettered by his elevation—
Though beef he won—he lost his reputation.

MADAME PIOZZI.

One quarter of your book had Johnson read,
First-Criticism had rattled round your head.
Yet let my satire not too far pursue—
It boasts *some merit*, give the Devil his due.
Where grocers and where pastry-cooks reside
Thy book, with triumph, may indulge its pride:
Preach to the patty-pans sententious stuff—
And hug that idol of the nose, called snuff;
With all its stories, *cloves* and *ginger* please,
And pour its wonders to a pound of cheese!

BOZZY.

Madam, your irony is wondrous fine!
Sense in each thought, and wit in every line.
Yet, madam, when the leaves of my poor book,
Visit the grocer, or the pastry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the just reward,
May aid the trunk-maker of Paul's Church-Yard.
In the same alehouses together used,
By the same fingers they may be abused,
The greasy snuffers yours, perchance, may wipe,
Whilst mine, high honoured, lights a toper's pipe.
The praise of Courteney* my book's fame secures:
Now, who the devil, madam, praises yours?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you blockhead!—no one now can doubt it,
For not a soul in London is without it.
The folks were ready Cadell to devour,
Who sold the first edition in an hour:
So!—Courteney's praises save you—ah!—that 'squire
Deals (let me tell you) more in smoke than fire.

BOZZY.

Zounds! he has praised me in the sweetest line—

MADAME PIOZZI.

Ay! ay! the *verse* and *subject equal* shine:
Few are the mouths that Courteney's wit rehearse—
Mere cork in politics, and *lead* in verse.

BOZZY.

Well, ma'am! since all that Johnson said or wrote,
You hold so sacred—how have you forgot
To grant the wonder-hunting world a reading
Of Sam's Epistle, just before your wedding;
Beginning thus, in strains not formed to flatter:

"*Madam,*
If that most ignominious matter,
Be not concluded,"———

farther shall I say?
No—your kind self may give it us, one day—
And justify your passion for the youth,
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my marriage, Sir, to *you* or *him?*
He tell me what to do!—a pretty whim!
He, to propriety (the beast) exhort!
As well might elephants preside at court.
Lord! let the world to damn my match agree;
Tell me, James Boswell, what's that world to me?
The folks who paid respect to Mrs Thrale,
Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swilled her ale,
May sicken at Piozzi, nine in ten—
Turn up the nose of scorn—good God! what then?
For me, the devil may fetch their souls so great;
They keep their company, and I my meat.
When they, poor owls! shall beat their cage, a jail—
I, unconfined, shall spread my peacock tail;

* The lively rattle of the House of Commons—indeed, its Momus; who seems to have been selected by his constituents, more for the purpose of *laughing* at the misfortunes of his country, than *healing the wounds*. He is the author of a poem lately published, that endeavours, *totis viribus*, to *prove*, that Dr Johnson was a *brute* as well as a *moralist!*

Free as the birds of air, enjoy my ease,
Choose my own food, and see what climes I please.
I suffer only—If I'm in the wrong:
So, now, you prating puppy, hold your tongue.

SIR JOHN.

For shame! for shame! for heaven's sake, pray be quiet—
Not Billingsgate exhibits such a riot;
Behold! for scandal you have made a feast,
And turned your idol, Johnson, to a beast:
'Tis plain the tales of ghosts are arrant lies,
Or instantaneously would Johnson's rise;
Make you both eat your paragraphs so evil;
And for your treatment to him, play the devil.
Just like two Mohawks on the man you fall;
No murderer is worse served at Surgeon's Hall.
Instead of adding splendour to his name,
Your books are downright gibbets to his fame.
Of those, your anecdotes—may I be cursed,
If I can tell you, which of them is worst.
You never with posterity can thrive—
'Tis by the Rambler's death alone you live;
Like wrens (that in some volume I have read)
Hatched by strange fortune in a horse's head.
Poor Sam was rather fainting in his glory,
But now his fame lies foully dead before ye:
Thus to some dying man, (a frequent case)
Two doctors come and give the *coup de grace.*
Zounds! madam, mind the duties of a wife,
And dream no more of Dr Johnson's life;
A happy knowledge in a pie or pudding
Will more delight your friends than all your studying;
One cut from venison to the heart can speak
Stronger than ten quotations from the Greek;
One fat sirloin possesses more sublime
Than all the airy castles built by rhyme.
One nipperkin of *stingo* with a toast
Beats all the streams the Muses' fount can boast;
Yes, in one pint of porter, lo! my belly can
Find blisses not in all the floods of Helicon:
Enough those anecdotes your powers have shown;
Sam's life, dear ma'am, will only damn your own.

For thee, James Boswell, may the hand of fate
Arrest thy goose-quill, and confine thy prate;
Thy egotisms the world disgusted hears—
Then load with vanities no more our ears,
Like some lone puppy, yelping all night long,
That tires the very echoes with his tongue.
Yet, should it lie beyond the powers of fate,
To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate;
O be in solitude to live thy luck—
A chattering magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge; then leaping from the chair,
He left, in consternation lost, the pair:
Black Frank* he sought on anecdote to cram,
And vomit first† a life of surly Sam.
Shocked at the little manners of the knight,
The rivals marvelling marked his sudden flight,
Then to their pens and paper rushed the twain
To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

A COMMISERATING EPISTLE TO LORD LONSDALE.

Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De scelere, et fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et e medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.
JUVENAL.

What think'st thou, Lonsdale, that the world will say
Of this damned verdict at Carlisle to-day?
Faith, simply this—"A flea-bite, and that's all—
A *loss* that will not swallow Lowther-Hall:
A trick of Fortune that we often find:
A trick that plainly proves the goddess *blind.*"

THE ARGUMENT.

The noble Earl, as naturally in pursuit of his coal as a sportsman of his hare or fox, happening in a coal-chase to undermine a parcel of houses belonging to the Lord-

* Doctor Johnson's negro servant.
† The knight's volume is reported to be in great forwardness, and likely to *distance* his formidable competitors.
N. B. The quotations from Mr Boswell are made from the second edition of his Journal.—Those from Mrs Piozzi from the first edition of her Anecdotes.

knows-who, of Whitehaven (no votes perhaps for a borough or a county), but particularly of a Mr Littledale—what does this insolent Littledale, but complain!—Nay, not contented with complaint, he insists upon it that his lordship has no right to pull down his house about his ears—nay, what is still worse, the fellow brings an action, absolutely brings an action against his Lordship—nay, what is still more horrible, the knave gets a verdict in his favour—and, what is more atrocious still, the villains of the town and neighbourhood illuminate their houses, as if for the birth-nights of our beloved king and queen, and exhibit equal symptoms of joy. —Notwithstanding this saucy opposition to their great superior; notwithstanding the wicked action; notwithstanding the vile and unnatural verdict; notwithstanding the triumphant illumination and brazen faced delight on the occasion; how sublimely his lordship behaves! Though he most spiritedly suspends his coal-works for a time, to show the power of his vengeance; lo, he promiseth to open them again, on condition he has full liberty to undermine any houses that may impudently stand in the way of his coal for the future.—What an act of humanity! partly for the benefit of himself, a poor individual; but principally for the advantage of the town and neighbourhood of Whitehaven! Who, besides his Lordship, would have done this? It is too humane—it is too great—for as it has been observed by some celebrated divines, that a man may be over-righteous, so verily may a great peer be over-forgiving.—Such is the ground of my Epistle to Lord Lonsdale.

What, Lonsdale! after all thy ranting, tearing,
High threatening, hectoring, bullying, kicking, swearing—
What! thou, the brazen bully that bestrode
Triumphant navies and the roaring flood,
Yield to the anger of a tiny *town*,
Who oft hast frightened *counties* with a frown!
A set of smutty colliers mock thy power!
A hogsty lord it o'er a lofty tower!
A few blind mice, in little league allied,
Ye gods! o'erturn a pyramid of pride!

Shades of the Lowthers, armed with vengeance, rise,
And shake this Lonsdale, who his birth belies.
Shocked at his weakness, History turns pale,
And madly tears the leaf that holds the tale.
Look through the desert of five hundred years!
Lo, not a Lowther virtue *once* appears.
Then why to Fame's fair volume madly rush,
And give thy poor old ancestors a blush?
Ah, do not so unfashionably dote,
And stitch *one* spangle on an old black coat.
Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid!
A farthing candle 'midst a world of shade.
But grant a *solitary* deed—achieve it—
Pray, who the devil, Lonsdale, will believe it?
Thus will the nation with one voice exclaim—
"A Lowther do an act of virtuous fame!
When from a Lowther did a scion shoot,
A Lowther trunk not rotten at the root?
Expect much sooner, nonpareils from crabs,
Honour from thieves, and decency from drabs.
Horace declares (a bard whom all approve)
The vulture never breeds the tender dove."

Learn, Lonsdale, learn Ambition's spur to feel,
And snap, like mites, a million at a meal.

See yon proud oak, whose darkening branches spread
High o'er the rills that course the pebbled bed!
With what humility those rills salute,
And trembling wind around his rugged root;
Like busy slaves, their little stock afford,
And creeping, kissing, feed their frowning lord!
Mark, too, around that oak's majestic pride,
The pismires crawling up his channelled side;
And mark his sheltering limbs, support of fowl,
The wren, the hawk, the cuckoo, and the owl.
Say, Lonsdale, canst thou not resemblance see,
Resemblance *strong* between that oak and thee?
Why be a willow, then, and meanly bend?
Why bid the Lowther blood in Lonsdale end?

How! has thine heart dismissed its lordly state,
And oped to Pity's cry its iron gate?
Or is that heart, which soared o'er man, sublime,
Struck by the palsying hand of envious Time?

Say, does Repentance wound thee?—'tis a driveller.
Despise that *thing* called Meekness—'tis a sniveller,
With pious sentiments, forsooth, who glows,
And kisses the vile hand that deals her blows.
Spurn at Forgiveness, that even fears to *chide*,
And keep again the company of Pride.

Go herd with Brudenell, who with *Bardolph* face,
Scowls high contempt on all th' *untitled* race:
Go herd with Leeds, in native pride so stable,
Who scorns to let his mother* sit at table:
Herd with the dame of Blenheim,† of hard lot,
Whose pride lies poisoned by the lovely Scot;
Mad that the Marlborough blood, where honour reigns,
Should join the puddle of a Sawney's veins:
Herd with the *lofty* 'squire of Strawberry Hill,
Whom genealogies with reverence fill;
Who on no threads of life a value puts
That are not fairly spun from William's guts.
How great in Horace thus to reverence *birth;*
Himself a well-known clod of *common* earth?

What, Lonsdale, melted down thy ruthless rage!
With demons *once* thy spirit dared engage,
Spat on the mob that Freedom's ensigns bore,
Smiled at his storm, and mocked his thunder-roar;
Faced keen Contempt, and Murder's sanguine eye,
And horsewhipped whining Mercy to her sky.
How art thou sunk! how withered!—Lost, I fear:
Where is the Lowther spirit—tell me where?
Speak, can the ghost of Conscience haunt thy mind?
Hear'st thou the call of Death in every wind?—
Lo, Resolution to thy terror turns,
And o'er the skeleton of Manhood mourns!
Go, Wonder, to Earth's utmost limits fly,
And, say, if aught like this e'er stretched thine eye.

Rouse! and let "Richard be himself again!"—
Forge, forge anew Oppression's galling chain;
Strip o'er his ears bold Opposition's skin,
And bid with gags the mouth of Freedom grin,
Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,
And *Cumberland* afresh thine anger feel:
Yes, yes, of *Cumberland* the comet, blaze,
And, crab-like, roast her rascals with thy rays.
Stretch o'er the shrinking town thine arm of power,
And, hydra-like, their croaking frogs devour.
Show that thy breath, like Envy's, baleful blows:
A canker bee that kills the lovely rose.
Prove how a rising country may be cursed,
And bid with spleen old Nero's spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eye should be the band
That happy fattened on the fertile land;
Forced, Cain-like, off, where Famine sucks her nails,
To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails.—
Thus triumph—"Shall Dominion's ensigns sink,
And to a beggar's rag, a malkin shrink?
What! shall the *vulture*-wing, that scoured the sky,
Sneak to a *bat's*, that shuns the public eye?
Jove's bird (tho thunder from his talons torn)
Turn *owl*, to cry 'Tee-whit' in some old barn?
What! *I*, through Opposition's surly surge,
Who boldly dare so oft a passage urge,
Cry out at last, 'Help, help'—to fear a slave,
Pale, panting, puking, spent beneath the wave?
Shall Resolution, that defied a *world*,
Opposed by *pigmies*, from his height be hurled
Those pigmies o'er the huge man mountain *straddle*,
Or, laughing, rock the giant in a *cradle?*
No, low-bred villains—naught my power controls;
I'll hunt you all like vermin through your holes;

* Poor Mistress Anguish has been refused, in form, the honour of a knife and fork near her most exalted daughter. "*Nimium ne crede colori;*" the duke is by no means so *soft* a man as he *looks*.

† Lady Susan Stuart, equal in good qualities, beauty, and accomplishments, to any of the *Spencers*, is presumed, by her union with her son, the Marquis of Blandford, absolutely to have defiled the family.

Out, root and branch—men, women, dogs, and cats;
Run, children, from the ruins just like rats;
Writhe into earth, like worms, and fear my frown;
For, damme, all your houses shall come down.
Wretches, your heads are in the lion's jaws;
Off with them—Lonsdale dares defy the laws!
What though it thins my purse, it feeds my spleen;
So, scythe of Desolation, sweep the scene."
Such is the glowing language thou should'st hold,
And nobly emulate thy sires of old.
For speech like this (too weak the voice of Fame)
The mouths of cannon shall convey thy name—
Such threatened deeds of hostile, godlike ire,
Should travel only on the wings of fire.

Shall Pity be an inmate of thy breast?
No, be a grinding-stone its rugged guest.
Why should a virtue, man, thy mind bewitch?
Lo, Generosity was never rich.
What! woo the Virtues!—of the world the sport—
Nay, worse, who dare not show their nose at court!

What gives the general wish for power to glow?
To look contemptuous on the world below;
To bid *that* world bow down, admire, adore,
And grind the sallow faces of the poor!

Ask, to the forest-laws what man gave birth?
A *Nimrod*, lo! a lofty lord of earth!—
Yet why should hares, and partridges, and grouse,
Alone be ravished from the farmer's house!—
Go, Lonsdale, get an act to raise thy fame,
And make the farmers' wives and daughters game.

Whence, on a sudden, dost thou thus inherit
This soft, forbearing, lamb-like, dove-like spirit?
I saw sharp Vengeance tip-toe in thine eyes:—
How comes it that the threatening spirit dies?

Yet, yet I see the feudal times return,
When tyrants bid in chains the million mourn;
When slaves to grandeur crouch amid the dust,
And Havock roams, to please the ruling lust;
When Pride as calmly from the shoulder plucks
The heads of vassals as the heads of ducks.

Curse on the liberty of modern days!
Again let power her rod of iron raise.
Hang the French dogs, a mangy, mongrel Try,
That, running riot, on their huntsman fly!
How are the sacred robes of Greatness rent!
Kings and nobility fallen *cent per cent!*

Sure, Lonsdale! thou art not too weak to know
From general riches what misfortunes flow.
Wealth for delicious slavery spoils a nation—
Adieu at once to gods and adoration.

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,
Crouch, flatter, tremble?—Keep the rascals poor.
Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and carve them?
Their backs are at your service—only starve them?
Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves
Forgetting in a moment they are slaves.
Lost to the meanness of their former station,
The scornful upstarts damn their occupation.
Lo, the proud blacksmith, late a slave to coal,
To *honours* turns his elevated soul!
The crossed legged tailor, lo, forgets his peers;
Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his shears!
The show-man scorns poor Punch, his late support,
And straw-stuffed ladies of th' Arcadian court,
This quits his camel—that, his spelling hogs;
And kings no more can dance with dancing-dogs.*

* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain great king (it is said, for the diversion of his *children only*) held out the skirts of his coat, and danced a minuet on Windsor Terrace, some years since, with one of the canine figurantes.

Grant wealth—No more the humble cobbler cowers;
But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as ours,
And blasphemously thinks th' Almighty's plan
Ordained no difference between man and man.
Such is the sad effect of wealth—rank pride—
Thus, mount a beggar, how the rogue will ride.

Parent of Insolence is wealth, I ween:
Then 'mid thy neighbours let her not be seen.
'Tis Poverty that forges curbs for men,
And tempts *divine* Oppression from her den.
What folly, then, to let thine host repose,
To suffer *Cumberland* to lift the nose!—
Down with their hosts, and horsewhip them like dogs!
Sties be their beds, their food the food of hogs.
Keep famished, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers;
Nor let them beat in trade their grinning brothers;
Iberian monkeys, that to business bred,
Well pleased, for *maravedes* hunt the head.

To India's history turn thy happy eyes,
And bid a second scene of horrors rise.
By Britons led, did Famine's spectre train
Pour devastation on the fair domain.
What humble victims sunk beneath the strife!
What thousands, tottering, snatched at parting life!
Nought could, alas! their suppliant hands avail:
In vain each feature told a starving tale;
On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,
Their eye-balls fastening in a deadly glare.
There hadst thou seen the sallow babe distressed,
Hard clinging to a dying mother's breast;
Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,
Its plumpness withered, and its fountain dry:
Such was the scene, whilst every night, to sup,
The jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

Humanity 's a pigeon-hearted fool,
Soft, puling, as the girl at boarding-school,
That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,
And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where is ambition? Dead?—It never dies—
Brutes, insects boast it—elephants and flies.
The horse would rather the blood-spur should gore him,
Then let a fellow-traveller pace before him:
And lo the spaniel!—when the master cheers
A brother, with what jealousy he hears;
Unblessed, attention how he tries to raise;
Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise!

Eye nature through, and mark the arm of power—
The great unceasingly the small devour.

Blessed on a dainty dish of flies to dine,
Lo, by the spider weaved the silken line,
A giddy wanderer strikes the waving net;
Hitched his poor pinions, hitched his harmless feet:
Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,
The nimble tyrant scours along the thread;
Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,
And binds his captive's vainly-buzzing wing;
Remorseless deals the bite of death: and then
The *Cacus* drags the victim to his den.

Lo, hovering in mid sky, the caitiff kite
Sweeps the blue vault, and wheels with watchful flight;
A son of rapine, and untaught to spare,
The feathered Nimrod roams the wild of air;
At length his searching eyes with joy explore
A hen and chickens near a farmer's door:
Sudden the tyrant quits th' aërial steep;
Down from his sphere he pours with lightning sweep,
Each iron talon fills with callow food,
And carries off in triumph half the brood.
In vain the parent flutters, capers, cries,
And kens her captive children up the skies;
And, lo! in vain the cursing farmer runs,
To send the leaden vengeance from his guns:
Safe seeks the rogue some solitary stone,
To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the stream's clear bosom, pr'ythee, peep;
See, sly below, the alligator creep:
Whate'er he seizes, yields to fate's dread laws,
Crushed in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy great examples—careful mind them,
And do not in a tittle lag behind them.
Be *thou* the spider that devours the flies;
Be thou the tyrant kite that scours the skies;
Be thou the hard-mouthed subtle alligator,
Th' inexorable monarch of the water.

And lo, the lords of Ocean!—see the whale
On all the inferior host of sea regale!
The shark, the grampus—how before their eye
Th' affrighted under-world of fishes fly!

Then why not man, endued with giant power,
The region of inferior mortals scour?
For thee, then, was all *Cumberland* designed,
The whale, the shark, the grampus of mankind!
Lo, at thy foot, the people whine and pray—
But kick them, Lonsdale—'tis the Lowther way:
Tread on each neck, and deem it but a beast,
And emulate the tyrants of the east.
Perchance thou fearest to be damned, *or so?*
On that, thou should'st have pondered long ago.
Look at thy *boroughs*—not *one* vote alone
Can give a candidate the mob-raised throne.
Thus to the shrine of virtue must be given
More than *one* deed, to seat the soul in heaven.
Deem otherwise—it were too mad by half—
Lord! how would shoemakers* and angels laugh!

With abject prayer, behold! Whitehaven plies thee—
Heed not her men—'tis plain they all *despise* thee.
For, ask thyself, "Amid this smutty nation.
What have I done to merit approbation?"

Look!—has Contrition swelled a single eye?
List!—from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh?
Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan!*
Knee and mouth penitence, indeed, alone.
With voices louder than the common crier's,
I hear their hearts abuse their tongues for liars!

* Shoemakers are frequently the most respectable votes in country boroughs.

For, Lord! how *should* they *like* thee? who can tell?——
Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell;
For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,
And stomachs form a turnpike-gate to love.

Kite of the north, again, and yet again,
I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the plain,
Hang o'er those sparrows with o'ershadowing pride,
And bid them trembling in their thatches hide:
O wake thy plagues, and break the shameful truce;
Unmuzzle Vengeance—let the blood-hound loose,
To bid Humanity, pale fool, adieu,
And flesh his hunger on the coal-black crew.
Thus shall the Lowther name again be great,
Men tremble at the sound, and children sweat;
High o'er thy walls, to prove a *host*, one slave,
The lordly flag of Tyranny shall wave;
Thus at thy feet shall dumb Obedience fall,
And Hell, in lustre, yield to Lowther Hall.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER;

OR, A POETICAL ANSWER TO MR PETER PINDAR'S BENEVOLENT EPISTLE TO JOHN NICHOLS.

Sir, you lie!—I scorn your word,
Or any man's that wears a sword.
For all your huff, who cares a ——?
Or who cares for you? *Catch.*

O son of wicked Satan, with a soul
Hot as his hell, and blacker than his coal!
Thou false, thou foul-mouthed censurer of the times,
I do not care three straws for all thy rhymes.
Thy wit is blunter than old worn-out sheers;—
I'll make a riddle with thee for thy ears;
Write any sort of verse, thou blustering blade!
Egad! I'll say, like *Kecksy*, "Who's afraid?"—
Thank God, I've talked to greater folks than thee;
In that I will not yield to any *he;*
No, not to any *he* that wears a head—
Again I'll say, like *Kecksy*, "Who's afraid?"—

Thank God, whene'er I wish like kings to fare,
I go, unasked, and dine with my lord mayor.
But thou, who asks thee, varlet! to their houses?
Feared by the husbands, dreaded by the spouses.
May God Almighty hear what now I speak!—
Some aldermen would gladly break thy neck.
Thou tell'st us, thou hast struck thy lyre to kings—
Yes, faith, and sounded very pretty things.
Thou blockhead, thou pretend to think thy rhymes
Shall live to see the days of after-times!
Fool, to pretend on subjects great to shine,
Or even to printers' devils to tune the line!
Sir, let me humbly beg you to be civil—
Thou know'st not that I was a printer's devil:
So, Sir, your satire wants the power to drub,
In thus comparing Nichols to a grub.
Whate'er thou say'st, I'm not of vengeance full,
Nor did I ever bellow like a bull:
And grant I am a bull, I shan't suppose
A cur like *thee* can nail me by the nose.
Thou liest, when thou sayest, like a top,
With anger raised, I spinned about my shop:
Nor did I ever, maddened by thy stripes,
Thou prince of liars, kick about my types.
Books have I written; books I still will write,
And give, I hope, to gentlefolks delight:
With charming print, and copper-plates so fine,
Whose magazine goes off so well as mine?
Who, pray, like *me*, the page so fond of filling,
Who gives more curious matter for a shilling?
England's first geniuses I keep in pay;
Much prose I buy, and many a poet's lay:
The silk-worm Hayley spins me heaps of verse,
And Gough, antiquities exceeding scarce:
Great Horace Walpole, too, with sweet good-will,
Sends me choice anecdotes from Strawberry-hill;
Miss Seward, Mistress Yeardsley, and Miss More,
Of lines (dear women!) send me many a score.
These are the nymphs at whom thine envy rails—
Fool! of their gowns not fit to hold the tails—
These are the men, of prose and verse the knights,
With genius flashing, like the northern lights;
These are the men, whose works immortal show
The men of literature from top to toe.—
But thou'rt a wen,—a blue, black, bloated tumour,
Without one single grain of wit or humour;
Thy Muse too all so consequential struts,
As if all Helicon were in her guts;—
A fish-drab, a poor, nasty, ragged thing,
Who never dipped her muzzle in the spring.
Thou think'st thyself on Pegasus so steady;
But, Peter, thou art mounted on a *Neddy*:
Or, in the London phrase,—thou Devonshire monkey,
Thy Pegasus is nothing but a donkey.
I own, my vanity it well may raise,
To find so many gaping for my praise;
Who send such flattering things as ne'er were seen,
To get well varnished in my Magazine:
Indeed, I often do indulge the elves,
And suffer authors to commend themselves;
Wits of *themselves* can write with happiest spirit,
And men are judges of their proper merit.
Lumps have I given them too of beef and pudding,
That helps a hungry genius in its studying;
And humming porter, when their muse was dry—
For this be glory unto God on high!
And not to *me*, who did not make the pudding,
Nor beef assisting genius in its studying.
To authors, yes, I've given both boiled and roast,
And many a time a tankard with a toast—
But God forbid, indeed, that I should boast!
And halfpence too, and sixpences, ecod!
But boast avaunt!—the glory be to God!
To bards, good shoes and stockings I have given—
But not to *me* the glory, but to Heaven!
Yes, yes, I see how much it swells thy spleen,
That I'm head master of the Magazine;
Who let no author see the house of Fame,
Before he gets a passport in my name.
Art thou a doctor? Yes of thinning skill;
For thousands have been poisoned by thy pill.
But let my soul be calm;—it shan't be said
I fear thee, O thou monster!—"Who's afraid?"

What though I know small Latin, and less Greek,
Good sterling English I can write and speak:
Yet thousands, who presume to be my betters,
Can't spell my name, and scarcely know their letters.
Belike, the curious world would hear with joy
What trade I was designed for when a boy?
"A barber, or a tailor," said my mother—
"No," cried my father, "neither one nor t'other;
A soldier, a rough soldier, John shall wander,
Pull down the French, and fight like Alexander."
But unto *letters* I was always squinting,
So asked my daddy's leave to study printing;
And got myself to uncle Bowyer's shop,
Where, when it pleased the Lord that he should drop,
The trade and good-will of the shop was mine;
Where, without vanity, I think I shine;
And where, thank God, in spite of dull abuse,
I'm warm, and married, and can boil my goose.
And had I been to swords and muskets bred,
P'rhaps I had shined a Cæsar, or a Swede:
Had'st thou a soldier been, thou sorry mummer,
Thy rank had never rose above a drummer.
How dar'st thou say, that should his Royal Highness
(A prince renowned for modesty and shyness)
Be generalissimo of all our forces,
A jackass' old back, and not a horse's,
Should carry the good prince into the field,
Whose arm a broomstick, for a staff, should wield,
That very, very broomstick which his wife
Oft used to finish matrimonial strife?
Why dost not praise the virtues of the queen,
As great in soul, as noble in her mien,
Whose virtues make the soul of Envy sick,
Strong as her snuff, and as her diamonds thick?—
But wherefore this to Peter do I say?
Owls love the dark, and therefore loathe the day.—
The king, as wise a man as man can be;
The queen, so mild, who cannot kill a flea!
Brave Gloster's Highness, and his sober wife,
Who lead the softest, sweetest, calmest life;

Richmond and Leeds, each duke a first-rate star,
One famed for politics, and one for war;
The open Hawksbury, stranger to all guile,
Who never of a sixpence robbed our isle:
The modest Pitt, the Joseph of the day,
Who never with lewd women went astray;
And many others, that I soon could mention,
Are much obliged, indeed, to thy invention!
But where's the oak that never feels a blast?
Or sun, at times, that is not overcast?
Alas! even people dressed in gold and ermine
May feel at times the bites of nasty vermin:
And when thou dar'st great quality attack,
What art thou but a bug upon its back?
What harm, pray, hath my friend Sir Joseph done,
So good, and yet the subject of thy fun?
Just in his ways to women and to men—
Indeed he swears a little now and then.
Behold, his breakfast shine with reputation!
His dinners are the wonder of the nation!
With these he treats both commoners and quality,
Who praise, where'er they go, his hospitality;
Even from the north and south, and west and east,
Men send him shell, and butterfly, and beast.
Sir William Hamilton sends gods and mugs;
And, for his feast, a sow's most dainty dugs.
And shall such mob as thou, not worth a groat,
Dare pick a hole in such a great man's coat?
Whenever at St James's he is seen,
Is not he spoke to by the king and queen?
And don't the lords at once about him press,
And, like his sovereigns, much regard profess?
Tell him they'll come one day to him, and dine,
Behold his rarities, and taste his wine?
Snch are the honours, to delight the soul,
On which thy longing eyeballs vainly roll:
Such are the honours that his heart must flatter,
On which thy old dog's mouth in vain may water,
Whether in Devonshire thou hast got a house,
I value not three capers of a louse;
Whether in Cornwall thou a house hast got,
And at elections only boil'st thy pot;

Whether a doctor, devil, or a friar,
I know not—but I know thou art a liar.
Whene'er I die, I hope that I shall read
This honest epitaph upon my head:—
"Here lies John's body; but his soul is seen
In that famed work, the Ge'mman's Magazine:
Brave, yet possessed of all the softer feelings;
Successful with the Muses in his dealings;
Mild, yet in virtue's cause as quick as tinder—
Who never cared one f— for Peter Pindar."

A POETICAL, SUPPLICATING, MODEST, AND AFFECTING

EPISTLE

TO THOSE

LITERARY COLOSSUSES,

THE REVIEWERS.

Carmine, Di Superi placantur, carmine, Manes.

FATHERS of wisdom, a poor wight befriend!
O, hear my simple prayer in simple lays:
In forma pauperis behold I bend,
And of your worships ask a little praise.

I am no cormorant for fame, d'ye see;
I ask not *all* the laurel, but a *sprig!*
Then hear me, guardians of the sacred tree,
And stick a leaf or two about my wig.

In sonnet, ode, and legendary tale,
Soon will the press my tuneful works display;
Then do not damn 'em, and prevent the sale;
And your petitioner shall ever pray.

My labours damned, the Muse with grief will groan—
The censure dire my lantern jaws will rue!
Know, I have teeth and stomach like your own,
And that I wish to eat as well as you.

I never said, like murderers in their dens,
You secret met in cloud-capt garret high,
With hatchets, scalping knives in shape of pens,
To bid, like Mohocks, hapless authors die:

Nor said, (in your Reviews, together strung)
The limbs of butchered writers, cheek by jowl,
Looked like the legs of flies on cobwebs hung
Before the hungry spider's dreary hole.

I ne'er declared, that, frightful as the Blacks,
In greasy flannel caps you met together,
With scarce a rag of shirt about your backs,
Or coat or breeches to keep out the weather.

Heaven knows I'm innocent of all transgression
Against your honours, men of classic fame!
I ne'er abused your critical profession,
Whose *dictum* saves at once or damns a name.

I never questioned your profound of head,
Nor *vulgar*, called your wit, your manners *coarse*;
Nor swore on butchered authors that you fed
Like carrion crows upon a poor dead horse.

I never said, that, pedlar-like, you sold
Praise by the ounce, or pound, like snuff or cheese;
Too well I know you silver scorned, and gold—
Such dross, a sage Reviewer seldom sees!

I never hinted, that with half a crown
Books have been sent you by the scribbling tribe.
Which fee hath purchased pages of renown:
No, for I knew you'd spurn the *paltry* bribe.

I ne'er averred, you critics to a man,
For pence, would swear an owl excelled the lark;
Nor called a coward gang, your grave Divan,
That stabbed, like base assassins, in the dark.

I never praised, or blamed, an author's book,
Until your wise opinions came abroad;
On these with holy reverence did I look:
With you I praised, or blamed, so help me God!

The famed Longinus all the world must know:
The gape of wonder Aristarchus drew,
As well as Alexander's tutor, lo!
All! all great critics, gentlemen, like *you*.

Did any ask me, "Pray, Sir, your opinion
Of those Reviewers, who so bold bestride
The world of learning, and, with proud dominion,
High on the backs of crouching authors ride?"

Quick have I answered in a rage, "Odsblood!
No works like theirs such criticism convey:
Not all the timber of Dodona's wood
E'er poured more sterling oracle than *they*."

Did others cry, "Whate'er their brains indite,
Be sure is excellent—a partial crew!
With Iō Pæans ushered to the light,
And praised to folly in the next Review:"

This was my answer to each snarling elf,
(My eye-balls filled with fire, my mouth with foam)
"Zounds! is not justice due to one's dear self?
And should not charity begin at home?"

Full often I've been questioned with a sneer—
"Think you one could not bribe 'em?"—"Not a nation."
"A beef-steak, with a pot or two of beer,
Might save a little volume from damnation."

Furious I've answered, "Lo! my Lord Carlisle
Hath begged, in vain, a seat in Fame's old temple;
Though *you* applaud, their wisdoms will not smile;
And what they disapprove is cursed simple.

"Could gold succeed, enough the peer might raise,
Whose wealth would buy the critics o'er and o'er:
'Tis merit only can command their praise,
Witness the volumes of Miss Hannah More;*

"The *Search of Happiness*, that beauteous song,
Which all of us would give our ears to own;
The *Captive*, *Percy*,† that, like mustard strong,
Make our eyes weep, and understandings groan."

Hail, Bristol town! Bœotia now no more,
Since Garrick's Sappho sings, though rather slowly,
All hail, Miss Hannah! worth at least a score,
Ay, twenty score, of Chatterton and Rowley.

Men of prodigious parts are mostly shy;
Great Newton's self this failing did inherit;

* A lady talked of for her poetical productions, and emphatically called, by a certain class of readers, the tenth Muse.
† A pair of tragedies.

Thus, frequent, *you* avoid the public eye,
And hide, in lurking holes, a world of merit.

Yet oft your cautious modesties I see,
When from your bower with bats you wing the dark;
And Sundays, when no catchpoles prowl for prey,
On ether dining in St James' Park.

Meek Sirs! in frays you choose not to appear,
A circumstance most natural to suppose,
And therefore hide your precious heads, for fear
Some angry bard abused should pull your nose.

The world's loud plaudit, lo! you don't desire,
Nor do you hastily on books decide;
But first at every coffee-house inquire,
How in its favour runs the public tide.

Thore, Wisdom, often with a critic wig,
The face demure, knit brows, and forehead scowling,
I've seen o'er pamphlets, with importance big,
Mousing for faults, or, if you'll have it, *owling*.

Herculean gentlemen! I dread your drubs;
Pity the lifted whites of both my eyes!
Strung with new strength beneath your massy clubs,
Alas! I shall not an Antæus rise.

Lo, like an elephant along the ground,
Great Caliban, the giant Johnson stretched!
The British Roscius too your clubs confound,
Whose fame the farthest of the stars hath reached.

If such so easy sink beneath your might,
Ye gods! I may be done for in a trice:
Hurled by your rage to everlasting night—
Cracked with that ease a beggar cracks his lice.

If, awful Sirs, you grant me my petition;
With brother pamphlets shall my pamphlet shine;
And should it chance to pass a first edition,
In capitals shall stare your praise divine.

Quote from my work as much as e'er you please;
For extracts, lo! I'll put no angry face on;
Nor fill a hungry lawyer's fist with fees,
To trounce a bookseller, like furious Mason.*

Sage Sirs! if favour in your sight I find,
If fame you grant, I'll bless each generous giver;
Wish you sound coats, good stomachs, masters kind,†
Gallons of broth, and pounds of bullock's liver.

* The contest between Mr Mason and a bookseller is generally known.
† The booksellers.

LYRIC ODES,

TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXXXII.

——Arma virosque cano.

Paint and the men of canvass fire my lays,
Who show their works for profit and for praise;
Whose pockets know most comfortable fillings—
Gaining—*Two Thousand Pounds a-year by Shillings.*

ODE I.

Peter giveth an Account of his great Relation—Boasteth—Praiseth Sir William Chambers, and Somerset-House—Applaudeth Sir Joshua Reynolds, and showeth deep Classic Learning.

My cousin Pindar, in his Odes,
Applauded horsejockeys and gods,
Wrestlers and boxers in his verse divine!
Then shall not I, who boast his fire,
And old hereditary lyre,
To British painters give a golden line?

Say, shall yon dome stupendous rise,
Striking with attic front the skies—
The nursing dame of many a painting ape;*
And I immortal rhyme refuse,
To tell the nations round the news,
And make posterity with wonder gape?

Spirit of cousin Pindar, ho!
By all thy odes, the world shall know,
That Chambers planned it—be his name revered!—
Sir William's journeymen and tools,
(No pupils of the Chinese schools)
With stone, and wood, and lime, the fabric reared!

Thus having put the knight in rhyme,
Stone, men, and timber, tools and lime;
Now let us see what this rare dome contains—
Where rival artists for a name,
Bit by that glorious mad dog Fame,
Have fixed the labours of their brush and brains.

O Muse! Sir Joshua's master-hand
Shall first our lyric laud command—
Lo! Tarleton dragging on his boot so tight!
His horses feel a godlike rage,
And long with Yankies to engage—
I think I hear them snorting for the fight!

Behold with fire each eye-ball glowing!
I wish indeed their manes so flowing
Were more like hair—the brutes had been as good,
If, flaming with such classic force,
They had resembled less that horse,
Called Trojan—and, by Greeks, composed of wood.

Now to yon angel let us go—
A fine performance, too, I trow,
Who rides a cloud—indeed a poorish hack—
Which to my mind doth *certés* bring
That easy bum-delighting thing,
Rid by the chancellor—ycleped a sack.

Yet, Reynolds, let me fairly say
With pride I pour the lyric lay
To most things by thy able hand expressed—
Compared, alas! to other men,
Thou art an eagle to a wren!
Now, Mrs Muse, attend on Mr West.

---

* *Painting Ape.*—This expression is by no means to convey the idea of insult. There is great propriety, if not poetry, in it. The reader will please to recollect, that painting is an imitative art. Monkeys are prodigious imitators—witness my own Odes. Besides, Pope compliments the immortal Newton by a similar allusion.

ODE II.

Peter falleth foul on Mr West for representing our blessed Redeemer like an old-clothes man—and for misrepresenting the Apostles—Peter describeth St Paul, and Judas and the Apostles—Cutteth up Mr West's Angels—Attacketh another Picture of Mr West's—Weepeth over the hard fate of Octavius and Augustus, children of our most glorious sovereign.

O West, what hath thy pencil done?
Why, painted God Almighty's Son,
Like an old-clothes-man, about London street!
Place in his hand a rusty bag,
To hold each sweet collected rag;
We then shall see the character complete.

Th' Apostles too, I'm much afraid,
Were not the fellows thou hast made—
For Heaven's sake, West, pray rub them out again—
There's not a mortal who believes
They looked like old Salvator's* thieves,
Although they might not look like *gentlemen*.

St Paul most candidly declares,
He could not give himself high airs
Upon his person, which was rather homely;
But really as for all the rest,
Save Judas, who was a rank beast,
They all were decent labourers, and comely.

Thy *spirits* too can't boast the graces;
Two Indian angels by their faces:
But speak—where are their wings to mount the wind?
One would suppose M'Bride† had met 'em;
If thou hast spare ones, quickly get 'em,
Or else the lads will both be left behind.

Ghost of Octavius! tell the bard,
And thou, Augustus, used so *hard*,
Why West hath murdered you, my tender lambs?
You bring to mind vile Richard's deed,
Who bid your royal cousins bleed,
For which the world the tyrant's memory damns.

West, I must own thou dost inherit
Some portion of the painting spirit—
But trust me—not extraordinary things—
Some merit thou must surely own,
By getting up so near the throne,
And gaining whispers from the *best* of kings.

* Salvator Rosa, happy in his characters of banditti.

† Captain M'Bride, famous for *winging* men of war, as well as partridges.—See his letter to the Admiralty.

ODE III.

Peter administereth sage Advice to very young Painters.

People must mount by slow degrees to glory;
'Tis stairs must lead us to the attic story—
Thus thought my great old namesake, Peter Czar;
Who bound himself in Holland to a trade;
A very pretty carpenter he made:
And then went home,* and built a man of war.

The lad who would a 'pothecary shine,
Should powder claws of crabs, and jalap, fine;
Keep the shop clean, and watch it like a porter;
Learn to boil glysters—nay, to *give* them too,
If blinking nurses can't the business do;
Write well the labels, and wipe well the mortar.

Before that boys can rise to master-tanners,
Humble those boys must be, and mind their manners;
Despising pride, whose wish it is to wreck 'em:
And mornings, with a bucket and a stick,
Should never once disdain to pick,
From street to street, fair lumps of *album græcum*.

Thus should young limning lads themselves demean;
Learn how to keep their masters' brushes clean,
And learn to squeeze the colours from the bladders;

* To Russia.

Furbish up rags—the shining pallet set;
Keep the knives bright, and eke the easel neat—
Such arts, to Fame's high temple are the ladders.

Young men—so useful are the arts I mention,
(Believe me, not an atom is invention.)
The instant that I pen this Ode, I know
A Jew-like, shock-polled, scrubby, short, black man,
More like a cobbler than a gentleman,
Working on canvass, like a dog in dough.

By Heavens! with scarce more knowledges than these,
He earns a guinea every day with ease;
Attempteth heads of princes, dogs, cats, 'squires—
Now on a monkey ventureth, now a saint—
Talks of *himself*, and much himself admires,
And struts the veriest *Bantam-cock* of *paint*.

But mind me, youths, I don't conceit advise,
Because 'tis fulsome to men's ears and eyes;
Whose tongues might cover you with ridicule,—
And pray, who loves the appellation, *Fool?*

Yet, if in spite of all the Muse can say,
You will *insist* on going the wrong way,
And *wish* to be a laughing-stock—
Copy our little old black Bantam-cock—

Whose soul, moreover, of such sort is—
With so much acrimony overflows,
As makes him, wheresoe'er he goes,
A walking thum-bottle of *aqua-fortis*.

ODE IV.

The Lyric Bard commendeth Mr Gainsborough's Pig—Recommendeth Landscape to the Artist.

And now, O Muse, with song so big,
Turn round to Gainsborough's Girl and Pig,
Or Pig and Girl I rather should have said;
The pig in white, I must allow,
Is really a well painted sow;
I wish to say the same thing of the maid.

As for poor St Leger and Prince,
Had I their places I should wince;
Thus to be gibbeted for weeks on high;
Just like your felons after death,
On bagshot, or on Hounslow Heath,
That force from travellers the pitying sigh.

Yet Gainsborough has great merit too,
Would he his charming *fort* pursue—
To mind his Landscape have the modest grace—
Yet there, sometimes, are nature's tints despised:
I wish them more attended to, and prized,
Instead of trumpery that usurps their place.

ODE V.

Peter quarrelleth with Fat—proveth its fatal inconveniences—Accounteth for the Leanness and Rags of the Muses—Displayeth Military Science—Telleth a wonderful story of a Spanish Marquis—Talketh sensibly of a Greyhound, a Hawk, and a Race-Horse—Pointeth out the proper Subjects for Grease.

Painters and Poets never should be fat—
Sons of Apollo! listen well to that.
Fat is foul weather—dims the fancy's sight;
In poverty, the wits more nimbly muster;
Thus stars, when pinched by frost, cast keener lustre
On the black blanket of old mother Night.

Your heavy fat, I will maintain,
Is perfect birdlime of the brain;
And, as to goldfinches the birdlime clings—
Fat holds ideas by the legs and wings.

Fat flattens the most brilliant thoughts,
Like the buff-stop on harpsichords, or spinets—
Muffling their pretty little tuneful throats,
That would have chirped away like linnets.

Not only fat is hurtful to the arts,
But Love, at fat—even Love almighty starts,
Love hates large, lubberly, fat, clumsy fellows,
Panting and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.

In Parliament, amidst the various chat,
What eloquence of North's is lost by fat!

Mute in his head-piece on his bosom hung,
How many a speech has slept upon his tongue!

So far Apollo's right, I needs must own,
To keep his sons and daughters high in bone:
The Nine too, as from history we glean,
Are, like Don Quixotte's Rosinante, lean;

Who likewise fancy all incumbrances bad,
And therefore travel very thinly clad;
Looking like damsels just escaped from jails,
With backs *al fresco*, and with tattered tails.

How with large rolls of fat, would act,
A soldier, or a sailor?
And 'tis a well-attested fact,
Apollo was as nimble as a tailor.
How could he else have caught that handsome flirt,
Miss Daphne, racing through the pools and dirt?

The Marquis of Cerona, of great parts,
Could scarce support himself, he was so big;
He starved—drank vinegar by pints and quarts,
And got down to a Christian—from a pig.
Some author says, his skin (but some will doubt him)
Would fold a half-a-dozen times about him.

Reader!—of lie I urge not an iöta:
His skin would really round his body come,
Though tight before as parchment on a drum—
Just like a Portuguese capota.

Yes, yes—indeed, I solemnly repeat,
Painters and bards should very little eat;
No matter, verily, how slight their fare;
Nay, though, camelion-like, they feed on air.

Else they're like ladies much inclined to feeding—
Who, often when they fatten, leave off breeding;
Or, like the hen, facetious Æsops story,
So known, I shall not lay the tale before ye.

You would not load with fat a running horse,
Or greyhound you designed to course;
Nor would you fatten up the hawk,
You mean to nimble birds to talk.

Then pray, young brushmen, if you wish to thrive,
And keep your genius and the art alive,
Gobble not quantities of flesh and fish up:
Beings who can no harm from fat receive,
May feast securely—then for Heaven's sake leave
Grease to an alderman, a hog, or bishop.

ODE VI.

Peter flattereth Mr Mason Chamberlin—and that most brilliant Landscape Painter, Mr Loutherbourgh—Peter admireth, praiseth, and consoleth the English Claude, Wilson.

Thy portraits, Chamberlin, may be
A likeness, far as I can see;
But, faith! I cannot praise a single feature:
Yet, when it so shall please the Lord,
To make his people out of board,
Thy pictures will be tolerable nature.

And Loutherbourgh, when Heaven so wills,
To make brass skies, and golden hills,
With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing;
Thy reputation too will rise,
And people, gaping with surprise,
Cry, "Monsieur Loutherbourgh is most *amazing!*"

But thou must wait for that event;
Perhaps the change is never meant—
Till then, with me, thy pencil will not shine:
Till then, old red-nosed Wilson's art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine.

But, honest Wilson, never mind;
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear,
Thou start'st at my prophet rhymes:
Don't be impatient for those times;
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred years.

ODE VII.

Peter breaketh out into Learning, and talketh Latin—Adviseth young Artists to do no more than they can do—Recommend-

eth to each the Knowledge of his Genius.—Peter talketh of Æsop's Fables and Mr Stubbs.—Peter ventureth on the stage—Recordeth a Story of an Actor, and concludeth facetiously.

"*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem,*"
Was partly written for those fools
Who slight the very art that would support 'em,
In spite of gratitude's and wisdom's rules.

It brings to mind old Æsop's tale, so sweet,
Of a poor country bumpkin of a stag,
Who used to curse his clumsy legs and feet,
But of his horns did wonderfully brag:

Unlike our London poor John Bulls,
Who, from the wardrobe of their skulls,
Could, with the greatest pleasure, piecemeal tear
Such pretty-looking ornamental geer.

But, to the story of the buck:
Like many English ones, much out of luck:
When to a thicket master buck was chased;
His favourite horns contrived to spoil his trot—
By keeping the young 'squire in limbo fast,
Till John the Huntsman came and cut his throat.

Unfortunately for the graphic art,
Painters too often their true genius *thwart;*
Mad to accomplish what can ne'er be done,
They form for criticism a world of fun.

The man of history longs to deal in *little*,
Quits lasting oil, for perishable spittle:
The man of miniature to history springs,
Mounts with an ardour wild the broom-like brush,
Makes for sublimity a daring push,
And shows, like Icarus, his feeble wings.

'Tis said that nought so much the temper rubs
Of that ingenious artist, Mr Stubbs,
As calling him a horse-painter—how strange,
That Stubbs the title should desire to change!

Yet doth he curses on th' occasion utter,
And, foolish, quarrel with his bread and *butter:*
Yes, after landscape, gentlemen and ladies,
This very Mr Stubbs, prodigious mad is:
So quits his horse—on which the man might ride
To Fame's fair temple, happy and unhurt;
And takes a hobby-horse to gall his pride,
That flings him, like a lubber, in the dirt.

The self-same folly reigns, too, on the stage,
Such for impossibilities the rage!
The man of Farce, to Tragedy aspires,
And, calf-like bellowing, feels heroic fires.—

Weston for *Hamlet* and *Othello* sighed,
And thought it devilish hard to be denied.
The courtly Abington's untoward star
Wanted her reputation much to mar,
And sink the lady to the washing-tub—
So whispered—"Mrs Abington, play *Scrub.*"
To folly full as great, some imp may lug her,
And bid her slink in *Filch*, and *Abel Drugger.*

An actor, living at this time,
That now I pen my verse sublime,
Could not, to save his soul, find out his *fort;*
But lo! it happened, on a lucky night,
He on the subject got a deal of light;
And thus doth Fame the circumstance report.

After exhibiting to pit and boxes,
To take a dram, the actor strolled to Fox's:*
Where soon his friend came in, such fine things saying,
Offering a thousand pretty salutations,
With full confirming oath-ejaculations,
Unto this son of Thespis, for his playing.

"By heavens!" quoth he, "unrivalled is thy merit—
Thou play'dst to night, my friend, with matchless spirit;
Zounds my dear fellow, let me go to hell,
If ever part was acted half so well!"

The actor blushed, and bowed, and silly looked,
To hear such compliments so nicely cooked;
Getting the better of his *mauvaise honte,*
And staring at the other's steady front,

He asked—"What part, pray, mean ye? for, in troth,
I know of none that you should so commend"—

* A tavern near the playhouse.

"What part!" replied the other with an oath:
"The *kind part* of a Jackass,* my dear friend!"

The player, pleased instead of being hurt,
Thanked him for the discovery of his *fort*:
Pursued his genius—sought no other game,
And by his jackass won *unenvied* fame.

ODE VIII.

Peter abuseth Mr and Mrs Cosway.

Fie, Cosway! I'm ashamed to say
Thou own'st the title of R. A.——
I fear, to damn thee 'twas the devil's sending;
Some honest calling quickly find,
And bid thy wife her kitchen mind,
Or shirts and shifts be making, or be mending.

If madam cannot make a shirt,
Or mend, or from it wash the dirt,
Better than paint—the poet for thee feels—
Or take a stitch up in thy stocking,
(Which for a wife is very shocking)
I pity the condition of thy heels.

What vanity was in your skulls,
To make you act so like too fools,
T' expose your daubs, though made with wondrous pains out?
Could Raphael's angry ghost arise,
And on the figures cast his eyes,
He'd catch a pistol up, and blow your brains out.

Muse, in this criticism, I fear,
Thou really hast been too severe:
Cosway paints miniature with truth and spirit,
And Mrs Cosway boasts a fund of merit.

Be more like courtly Horace's thy page;
And shun of furious Juvenal the rage,
Of whom old Scaliger asserts—"*qui jugulat*"—
Id est—the fellow would not murder boggle at.

This Scaliger employs, too, the word *trucidat*:
That is, the bard would dash through thick and thin,
And, like a ruffian, would so use ye, that
He would not leave a whole bone in your skin.

* A part in one of the Pantomimes, which contains a large portion of kicking, braying, obstinacy, and tail-wriggling.

ODE IX.

Peter exhibiteth Bible knowledge—Condemneth Imitators, and maketh Comparisons.

Sir Joshua—for I've read my Bible over,—
Of whose fine art I own myself a lover,
Puts me in mind of Matthew, the first chapter—
Abram got Isaac—Isaac, Jacob got—
Joseph to get, was lucky Jacob's lot,
And all his brothers,
Who very *naturally* made others,
Continuing to the end of a long chapter—
A genealogy I read with rapture.

Yet, possibly, not with so much delight,
As Queensbury's Duke delighting in *good courses*,
Reads (which I'm told he doth, from morn to night)
The noble pedigrees of running-horses,
Penned with a deal of subtlety, and labour,
By that great turf apostle, Mr Heber.

Sir Joshua's happy pencil hath produced
A host of copyists, much of the same feature;
By which the art hath greatly been abused—
I own Sir Joshua *great*—but Nature *greater*.

But what, alas! is ten-times worse—
The progress of the art to curse:
The *copyists* have been *copied* too:
And that, I'm sure, will never do.

Such painters are like pointers hunting game,
Intent on pleasure, and dog-fame;
Suppose a half-a-dozen dogs, or more,
Snuffling, and scampering, crossing the field o'er,
One pointer scents the partridge—points—
Fixed like a statue on the pleasing gale!
How act the others?—Stop their scampering joints;
And, lo! one's *nose* is on his neighbour's *tail*.

Perhaps this dog-comparison of mine,
Though vastly natural, and vastly fine,
May not be fully understood
By all the youngling painter brood;

Therefore, that into error they mayn't roam,
I think I'll be a little more at *home*.

Suppose a damsel of the Cyprian class,
A fresh-imported, lovely, blooming lass,
Gay, careless, smiling, ogling, in the park—
Suppose those charms, so pleasing to the eye,
Catch the wild glance, and start the amorous sigh,
Of some young roving military spark—

Lo! as if touched by bailiffs, or by thunder,
Sudden he stops—all-over staring wonder—
A thousand fancies his warm brain surround:
And nailed, as if by magic, to the ground,
He *points* towards those fascinating charms
That roused the host of passions up in arms.

A brother ensign spies the stock-still lad,
And sudden halts—grave pondering what it means—
Another ensign, taking *this* for mad,
Upon his supple-jack, deep marvelling, leans:

Another ensign after *him*, too, sauntering,
Stops short, and to his eye applies his glass—
To know what staid his brother ensign's cantering,
Not dreaming of that eye-catcher, the lass.

Thus nosing one the other's back,
Stands in a goodly row the king's red pack;
Except the *first*, whom Nature's charms inflame—
His nose is properly towards the *game*.

Even so, the president, to Nature true,
Doth mark her form, and all her haunts pursue;
Whilst half the silly brushmen of the land,
Contented take the nymph at *second-hand*;
Imps, who just boast the merit of *translators*—
Horace's *servum pecus—imitators*.

ODE X.

Peter jeereth Messieurs Serres and Zoffani, and praiseth and condemneth Mr Barret.

Serres and Zoffani! I ween,
I better works than yours have seen;
You'll say, no compliment can well be colder:
Why, as you scarce are in your prime,
And wait the strengthening hand of time,
I hope that you'll improve as you grow older.*

Believe me, Barret, thou hast truth and taste;
Yet sometimes art thou apt to be *unchaste*:
Too oft thy pencil, or thy genius flags—
Too oft thy landscapes bonfires seem to be;
And in thy bustling clouds, methinks I see
The resurrection of old rags.

O Catton, our poor feelings spare!
Suppress thy trash another year;
Nor of thy folly make us say a hard thing—
And lo! those daubs amongst the many,
Painted by Mr Edward Penny!
They truly are not worth a half a farthing.

ODE XI.

Peter cannonadeth Fashion—Adviseth people to use their own Eyes and Noses; and ordereth what is to be done with a bad Nose.

One year the powers of Fashion rule
In favour of the Roman school;
Then hey, for drawing! Raphael and Poussin.
The following year, the Flemish school shall strike;
Then hey, for colouring—Reubens and Vandyke;
And, lo! the Roman is not worth a pin.

Be not imposed upon by Fashion's roar—
Fashion too often makes a monstrous noise,
Bids us, a fickle jade, like fools adore
The poorest trash, the meanest toys.

And as a gang of thieves a bustle make,
With greater ease your purse to take,
So Fashion frequently, her point to gain,
Sets up a howl enough to stun a stone,
And fairly picks the pocket of the brain,
That is, if any brain you chance to own.

* Serres is about 70 years of age, and Zoffani 63 or 64.

Carry your eyes with you, where'er you go—
For not to trust to them, is t' abuse 'em,
As Nature gave them t'ye, you ought to know
The wise old lady meant that you should *use* 'em;
And yet, what thousands, to our vast surprise,
Of pictures judge by other people's eyes!

When Nature made a present of a nose
To each man's face, we justly may suppose
She meant, that for itself the nose should *think*,
And *judge* in matters of perfume and stink;
Nor meant it for a mule alone, poor hack!
To bear horn spectacles upon its back—
"Suppose it cannot smell, what then?" you'll say,
Fling it away.

ODE XII.

The Lyric Bard groweth witty on Mr Peters' Angel and Child—and Madam Angelica Kauffman.

Dear Peters! who, like Luke the saint,
A man of Gospel art and paint,
Thy pencil flames not with poetic fury:
If Heaven's fair angels are like thine,
Our bucks, I think, O grave divine,
May meet in t'other world the nymphs of Drury.

The infant soul I do not much admire:
It boasteth somewhat more of flesh than fire.
The picture, Peters, cannot much adorn ye—
I'm glad though, that the red-faced little sinner,
Poor soul! hath made a hearty dinner,
Before it ventured on so long a journey.

Angelica my plaudit gains—
Her art so sweetly canvass stains!
Her dames so Grecian! give me such delight!
But, were she married to such gentle males
As figure in her painted tales,
I fear she'd find a stupid wedding-night.

ODE XIII.

Peter lasheth the Ladies—He turneth Storyteller.—Peter grieveth.

Although the ladies with such beauty blaze,
They very frequently my passion raise—
Their charms compensate, scarce, their want of *taste*.
Passing amidst the Exhibition crowd,
I heard some damsels *fashionably* loud;
And thus I give the dialogue that passed.

"Oh! the dear man!" cried one, "look! here's a bonnet!
He shall paint *me*—I am determined on it—
Lord! cousin, see! how beautiful the gown!
What charming colours! here's fine lace, here's gauze!
What pretty sprigs the fellow draws!
Lord, cousin! he's the cleverest man in town!"

"Ay, cousin," cried a second, "very true—
And here, here's charming green, and red, and blue!
There's a complexion beats the *rouge* of Warren!
See those red lips, oh la! they are so nice!
What rosy cheeks then, cousin, to entice!—
Compared to this, all other heads are carrion.—

"Cousin, this limner quickly will be seen
Painting the princess royal, and the queen:
Pray, don't you think as I do, *coz?*
But we'll be painted first, that's *poz*."

Such was the very *pretty* conversation,
That passed between the *pretty* misses,
Whilst unobserved the glory of our nation,
Close by them hung Sir Joshua's matchless pieces.
Works! that a Titian's hand could form alone—
Works! that a Reuben's had been proud to own.

Permit me, ladies, now to lay before ye
What lately happened—therefore a true story.*

* See page 3.

ODE XIV.

Peter disclaimeth Flattery—Describeth the Grand Monarque—and promiseth critical Candour.

'Tis very true that flattery's not my *fort*—
I cannot to stupidity pay court—
And swear a face *looks sense* (the picture puffing)
That boasts no more *expression* than a muffin.

And yet a Frenchman can do this,
And think he doth not act amiss;
Although he tells a most confounded lie.
King Lewis lead me into this remark,
Called by his people all, *le grand Monarque*—
A demi-god in every Frenchman's eye.

His portrait by some famous hand was done,
And then exhibited at the *Saloon*—
At once a courtly critic *criticises*—
Where is the brilliant eye, the charming grace,
The sense profound that marks the royal face;
The soul of Lewis, that so very *wise is!*"

Yet when he bawled for sense, he bawled, I wot,
For furniture the head had never *got*.
Reader, believe me that this *gentleman*
Was formed on Nature's very homely plan.—

Clumsy in legs and shoulders, head and gullet,
His mouth abroad in seeming wonder lost,
As if its meaning had given up the ghost:
His eye far duller than a leaden bullet;
Nature so slighting the poor royal nob,
As if she bargained for it by the *job*.

Therefore, should mighty George, or great Lord North,
Both *gentlefolks* of high condition,
Think it worth while to send their faces forth,
To stare amidst the Royal Exhibition—

If likenesses, I'll not condemn the pictures,
To compliment those mighty people's polls:
I scorn to pass unfair and cruel strictures,
By asking for the *graces*, or their *souls*.

ODE XV.

Peter praiseth Mr Stubbs, and administereth wholesome advice—Surpriseth Mr Hone with a compliment—Concludeth with suspecting the ingratitude of the Royal Academicians.

Well pleased, thy horses, Stubbs, I view,
And eke thy dogs, to Nature true:
Let modern artists match thee, if they can;
Such animals thy genius suit—
Then stick, I beg thee, to the brute,
And meddle not with women, nor with man.

And now for Mr Nathan Hone—
In portrait thou'rt as much *alone*,
As in his landscape stands th' unrivalled Claude—
Of pictures I have seen enough,
Most vile, most execrable stuff!
But none so bad as thine, I vow to God.

Thus in the cause of painting loyal,
Sublime I've sung to artists royal—
With labour-pains the Muse has sore been torn!
And yet each academic face,
I fear me, hath not got the grace
To smile upon the bantling, now 'tis born.

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXXXIII.

Ecce iterum Crispinus!

ODE I.

Peter puffeth—Displayeth learning—Praiseth the Reviewers—Describeth himself most pathetically—Consoleth himself—Disliketh the road to the temple of Fame, by means of a pistol, poison, or a rope—Addresseth great folks—Giveth the King a broad hint—Asketh a queer question—Maketh as queer an apostrophe to Genius.

Sons of the brush, I'm here again!
At times a Pindar, and Fontaine,
Casting poetic pearl (I fear) to swine!
For hang me, if my last year's Odes,
Paid rent for lodgings near the gods,*
Or put one sprat into this mouth divine.

For odes, my cousin had rump-steaks to eat!
So says Pausanias—loads of dainty meat!
And this the towns of Greece, to give, thought fit:
The best historians, one and all, declare,
With the most solemn air,
The poet might have guttled till he split.

How different far, alas! *my* worship's fate!
To sooth the horrors of an empty plate,
The grave possessors of the Critic throne,†
Gave me, in truth, a pretty treat—
Of flattery, mind me, not of meat:
For they, poor souls, like me, are skin and bone.

No, no! with all my lyric powers,
I'm not like Mrs Cosway's *Hours*,‡
Red as cock-turkies, plump as barn-door chicken:
Merit and I are miserably off:
We both have got a most consumptive cough;
Hunger hath long our harmless bones been picking.

Merit and I, so innocent, so good,
Are like the little children in the wood—
And soon, like them, shall lay us down and die!
May some good Christian bard, in pity strong,
Turn redbreast kind, and with the sweetest song
Bewail our hapless fate with watery eye!

Poor Chatterton was starved—with all his art!
Some consolation this to my lean heart—
Like him, in holes too, spider-like, I mope;
And there my reverence may remain, alas!
The world will not discover it—the ass!
Until I scrape acquaintance with a rope.

Then up your Walpoles, Bryants, mount like bees;
Then each my powers with adoration sees—
Nothing their kind civilities can hinder—
When, like an Otho, I am found:
Like Jacob's sons, they'll look one t'other round,
And cry, "Who would have thought this a young Pindar?"

Hanging's a dismal road to fame—
Pistols and poison just the same—
And, what is worse, one can't come back again—

* The attic story, or, according to the vulgar phrase, garret.

† See the Reviews for last year.

‡ A sublime picture this! the expression is truly Homerical.—The fair artist hath, in the most surprising manner, communicated to canvass the old bard's idea of the *brandy-faced hours*.—See the Iliad.

Soon as the beauteous gem we find,
We can't display it to mankind,
Though won with such wry mouths and wriggling pain.

Ye lords and dukes so clever, say,
(For you have much to give away,
And much your gentle patronage I lack)
Speak, is it not a crying sin,
That Folly's guts are to his chin,
Whilst mine are slunk a mile into my back?

Oft, as his sacred majesty I see,
Ah! George (I sigh) thou hast good things with thee,
Would make me sportive as a youthful cat:
It is not that my soul so loyal
Would wish to wed the princess royal,
Or be archbishop—no! I'm not for that.

Nor really have I got the grace
To wish for Laureat Whitehead's place;
Whose odes Cibberian—sweet, yet very manly,
Are set, with equal strength, by Mr Stanley.

Would not one swear that Heaven *loved* fools,
There's such a number of them made?—
Bum-proof to all the flogging of the schools,
No ray of knowledge could their skulls pervade:—
Yet, take a peep into those fellows' breeches,
We stare, like congers, to observe the riches.

O Genius! what a wretch art thou,
Thou canst not keep a mare nor cow,
With all thy compliment of wit so frisky;
Whilst Folly, as a mill-horse blind,
Beside his compter, gold can find,
And Sundays sport a *strumpet* and a *whisky*.

ODE II.

Peter criticiseth—Addresseth the British Raphael—Promiseth Mr West great things, and, like great folks, breaketh his word—Laugheth at the Figure of King Charles—Lasheth that of Oliver Cromwell; and ridiculeth the picture of Peter and John running to the Sepulchre—Understandeth plain-work, and justly condemneth the shortness of the shirts of Mr West's Angels—Concludeth, with making that Artist a handsome offer of an American Immortality.

Now for my criticism on paints,
Where bull-dogs, heroes, sinners, saints,
Flames, thunder, lightning, in confusion meet!
Behold the works of Mr West!
That artist first shall be addressed—
His pencil with due reverence I greet—

Still bleeding from his last year's wound,
Which from my doughty lance he found;
Methinks I hear the trembling painter bawl,
"Why dost thou persecute me, *Saul?*"

West, let me whisper in thy ear—
Snug as a thief within a mill,
From me thou hast no cause to fear,
To panegyric will I turn my skill;
And if thy *picture* I am forced to blame,
I'll say most *handsome* things about the *frame*.

Don't be cast down—instead of gall,
Molasses from my pen shall fall:
And yet I fear thy gullet it is such,
That could I pour all Niagara down,
Were Niagara praise, thou wouldst not frown,
Nor think the thundering gulf one drop too much.

Ye gods! the portrait of the king!
A very Saracen! a glorious thing!
It shows a *flaming pencil*, let me tell ye—
Methinks I see the people stare,
And, anxious for his life, declare,
King George has got a fire-ship in his belly.

Thy Charles!—What must I say to that?
Each face unmeaning, and so flat!
Indeed, first cousin to a piece of board—
But, Muse, we've promised, in our lays,
To give our *Yankey* painter praise;
So, Madam, 'tis but fair to keep our word.

Well then, the Charles of Mr West,
And Oliver, I do protest,
And eke the witnesses of resurrection;*
Will stop a hole, keep out the wind,
And make a properer window-blind
Than great Correggio's,† used for horse protection.

They'll make good floor-cloths, tailor's measures,
For table coverings, be treasures,

* Peter and John.

† Correggio's best pictures were actually made use of in the Royal Stables in the North, to keep the wind from the tails of the horses.

With butchers, form for flies most charming flappers;
And Monday mornings at the tub,
When queens of suds their linen scrub,
Make for the blue-nosed nymphs delightful wrappers.

West, I forgot last year to say,
Thy angels did my delicacy hurt;
Their linen so much coarseness did display:
What's worse, each had not above half a shirt.
I tell thee, cambric, fine as webs of spiders,
Ought to have decked that brace of heavenly riders.

Could not their saddle-bags, pray, jump
To somewhat longer for each rump?
I'd buy much better at a Wapping shop,
By vulgar tongues baptized—a slop!
Do mind, my friend, thy hits another time,
And thou shalt cut a figure in my rhyme.

Sublimely towering 'midst th' Atlantic roar,
I'll waft thy praises to thy native shore;
Where Liberty's brave sons their Pæans sing,
And every scoundrel convict is a *king*.

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Mr Gainsborough—Showeth great Scripture erudition—Condemneth Mr Gainsborough's Plagiarism—Giveth the Artist wholesome advice—Praiseth the Cornish Boy; and sayeth fine things to Jackson.

Now, Gainsborough, let me view thy shining labours,
Who, mounted on thy painting throne,
On other brushmen look'd contemptuous down,
Like our great admirals on a gang of swabbers.

My eyes, broad-staring Wonder leads
To yon dear nest of royal heads!*
How each the soul of my attention pulls!
Suppose, my friend, thou giv'st the frame
A pretty little Bible name,
And call'st it, *Golgotha, the place of skulls!*

* A frame full of heads, in most *humble* imitation of the Royal Family.

Say, didst thou really paint 'em? (to be free)
An angel finished Luke's transcendent line—
Perchance that civil angel was with thee—
For, let me perish, if I think them thine.

Thy dogs* are good!—but yet, to make thee stare,
The piece hath gained a number of deriders—
They tell thee, Genius in it had no share,
But that thou foully stol'st the curs from Snyders.

I do not blame thy borrowing a hint:
For, to be plain, there's nothing in't—
The man who scorns to do it is a log:
An eye, an ear, a tail, a nose,
Were modesty, one might suppose;
But zounds! thou must not smuggle the *whole dog*.

O Gainsborough! Nature 'plaineth sore,
That thou hast kicked her out of door,
Who in her bounteous gifts hath been so free,
To cull such genius out for thee—
Lo! all thy efforts without her are vain!
Go, find her, kiss her, and be friends again.

Speak, Muse, who formed that matchless head;
The Cornish Boy,† in tin-mines bred;
Whose native genius, like his diamonds, shone
In secret, 'till chance gave him to the *sun*.—
'Tis Jackson's portrait—put the laurel on it,
While to that tuneful swan I pour a sonnet.

SONNET TO JACKSON, OF EXETER.

Enchanting harmonist! the art is thine,
Unmatched, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
That seems poor weeping Virtuo's hymn divine,
Soothing the wounded bosom of despair!

O say, what minstrel of thy sky hath given
To swell the dirge, so musically lorn?
Declare, hath dove-eyed Pity left her heaven,
And lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn?

* A picture of boys setting dogs to fight.
† Opie.

So sad, thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love from his Cyprian isle prepares to fly;
He hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
And learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

ODE IV.

The Great Peter, by a bold Pindaric jump, leapeth from Sonnet to Gull-catching.

Reader, dost know the mode of catching gulls?
If not, I will inform thee—Take a board,
And place a fish upon it, for the fools—
A sprat, or any fish by gulls adored.

Those birds, who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the sun good night;
Spying the glittering bait that floats below;—
Sans cérémonie, down they rush,—
(For gulls have got no manners)—on they push:
And what's the pretty consequence, I trow?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board—then lie, like boobies dead.

Reader, thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out—
There's many a painting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a *board*—
That might have helped the state—made a good jailer,
A nightman, or a tolerable tailor.

ODE V.

Peter discovereth more Scriptural erudition—Groweth sarcastic on the Exhibition—Giveth a wonderful account of St Dennis—Blusheth for the honour of his country—Talketh sensibly of the Duc de Chartres, and the French king.

"Find me in Sodom out," exclaimed the Lord,
"Ten *gentlemen*, the place sha'n't be un-*town'd*—
That is, I will not burn it, every board:"
The devil a gentleman was to be found!
But this was rather hard, since Heaven well knew,
That every fellow in it was a *Jew*.

This house is nearly in the same condition—
Scarce are *good things* amid those wide abodes—
Find me ten pictures in this Exhibition
That ought not to be damned,—I'll burn my Odes!
And then the world will be in fits and vapours,
Just as it was for Poor Lord Mansfield's papers.*

St Dennis, when his jowl was taken off,
Hugged it, and kissed it—carried it a mile—
This was a pleasant miracle enough,
That maketh many an unbeliever smile.

"'Sblood, tis a lie!" you roar—Pray do not swear,
You may believe the wondrous tale indeed!
Speak, ha'n't you said, that many a picture here
Was really done by folks without a *head?*
And ha'n't you sworn this instant, with surprise,
That he who did that thing had neither hands nor eyes?

How is it that such miserable stuff
The walls of this stupendous building stains?
The council's ears with pleasure I could cuff;
Mind me— I don't say, batter out their *brains*.
What will Duke Chartres say, when he goes home,
And tells King Lewis all about the Room?

Why, viewing such a set of red-hot heads,
Our Exhibition he will liken hell to;
Then to the monarch who both writes and reads,
Give hand-bills of the *wondrous Katterfelto;*
Swearing, th' Academy was all so flat,
He'd rather see the wizard and his cat.

* To the irreparable loss of the public, and that great law expounder, burned! burned in Lord George Gordon's religious conflagration.—The newspapers howled for months over their ashes — *Oke! jam satis est.*

ODE VI.

The British Peter elegantly and happily depicteth his great Cousin of Thebes—Talketh of Fame—Horsewhippeth the painters, for turning their own Trumpeters.

A DESULTORY way of writing,
A hop-and-step-and-jump mode of inditing,
My great and wise relation, Pindar, boasted:
Or (for I love the bard to flatter)
By jerks, like boar-pigs making water,
Whatevor first came in his sconce,
Bounce out it flew, like bottled ale, at once—
A cock, a bull, a whale, a soldier roasted.

What sharks we mortals are for fame!
How poacher-like we hunt the game!
No matter for it how we play the fool—
And yet, 'tis pleasing our own laud to hear,
And really very natural to prefer
One grain of praise to pounds of ridicule.

I've lost all patience with the trade—
I mean the painters—who can't stay,
To see their works by criticism displayed,
And hear what others have to say;
But, calling fame a vile old lazy strumpot,
Sound their own praise from their own penny* trumpet.

Amidst the hurly-burly of my brain,
Where the mad lyric Muse, with pain,
Hammering hard verse, her skill employs,
And beats a tinman's shop in noise;
Catching wild tropes and similies,
That hop about like swarms of fleas—
We've lost Sir Joshua—Ah! that charming elf,
I'm grieved to say, hath this year lost himself.

Oh! Richard, thy St George,† so brave,
Wisdom and Prudence could not save,
From being foully murdered, my good friend.
Some weep to see the woful figure;
Whilst others laugh, and many snigger,
As if their mirth would never have an end.

Pr'ythee, accept th' advice I give with sorrow—
Of poor St George the useless armour borrow,
To guard thy own poor corpse—don't be a mule—
Take it—even now thou'rt like a hedgehog quilled,
(Richard, I hope in God, thou art not killed)
By the dire shafts of merciless ridicule.

Pity it is! 'tis true, 'tis pity!
(As Shakspeare lamentably says)
That thou, in this observing city,
Thus runn'st a-whoring after *praise*.
With *strong desires* I really think thee fraught;
But, Dick, the nymph so coy will not be caught.

Yet, for thy consolation, mind!
In this thy wounded pride may refuge find—
Think of the *sage* who wanted a fine *piece*:
Who went, *in vain*, five hundred miles at least,
On Laïs, a sweet *fille de joie*, to feast—
The Mrs Robinson of Greece.

Pr'ythee, give up, and save the paints and oil,
And don't whole acres of good canvass spoil:
Thou'lt say, "Lord! many hundreds do like *me*."
Lord! so have fellows *robbed*—nay, further,
Hundreds of villains have committed *murther*;
But, Richard, are these precedents for *thee?*

ODE VII.

Peter groweth facetious.

NATURE's a coarse, vile, daubing jade—
I've said it often, and repeat it—
She doth not understand her trade—
Artists, ne'er mind *her* work!—I hope you'll *beat it*.

Look now, for Heaven's sake, at her skies!
What are they?——Smoke, for certainty, I know;
From chimney-tops, behold! they rise,
Made by some sweating cooks below.

* At the beginning of the Exhibition, the public papers swarmed with those self-adulators.

† See Mr Cosway's picture of Prudence, Wisdom, and Valour, arming St George.

Look at her dirt in lanes, from whence it comes:
From hogs, and ducks, and geese, and horses' bums—
Then tell me, *decency*, I must request,
Who'd copy such a devilish nasty *beast?*

Paint by the yard—your canvass spread,
Broad as the mainsail of a man of war—
Your whale shall eat up every other head,
Even as the sun licks up each sneaking star!

I do assure you, *bulk* is no bad trick—
By bulky *things* both *men* and *maids* are taken—
Mind, too, to lay the paints, like mortar, thick,
And make your picture look as red as bacon.
All folks love *size;* believe my rhyme;
Burke says, 'tis *part* of the *sublime.*

A Dutchman, I forget his name—*Van Grout,*
Van Slabberchaps, Van Stink, Van Swab,—
No matter, though I cannot make it out—
At calling names I never was a dab:

This Dutchman, then, a man of taste,
Holding a cheese that weighed a hundred pound,
Thus, like a Burgomaster, spoke with judgment *vast,*
"No poet like my broder step de ground.

"He be de bestest poet, look!
Dat all de vorld must please;
Vor he heb vrite von book
So *big* as all dis *cheese!*"

If at a *distance* you would paint a pig,
Make out each single bristle on his back:
Or if your meaner subject be a wig,
Let not the caxon a *distinctness* lack;
Else all the lady critics will so stare,
And, angry, vow, "'Tis not a bit like hair!"

Be smooth as glass—like Denner finish high:
Then every tongue commends—
For people judge not only by the eye,
But *feel* your merit by their finger-ends:
Nay! closely *nosing,* o'er the picture dwell;
As if to try the *goodness* by the *smell.*

Claude's distances are too confused—
One floating scene—nothing made out—
For which he ought to be abused,
Whose works have been so cried about.

Give me the pencil, whose amazing style
Makes a bird's beak appear at twenty mile;
And to my view, eyes, legs, and claws will bring,
With every feather of his tail and wing.

Make all your trees alike, for Nature's *wild*—
Fond of variety, a wayward child—
To blame your taste some blockheads may presume;
But, mind that every one be like a broom.
Of steel and purest silver form your waters,
And make your clouds like rocks and alligators.

Whene'er you paint the moon, if you are willing
To gain applause—why paint her like a shilling:
Or Sol's bright orb—be sure to make him glow
Precisely like a guinea, or a jo.*
In short, to get your pictures praised and sold,
Convert, like Midas, *every thing to gold.*

I see, to excellence you'll come at last—
Your clouds are made of very brilliant stuff,
The blue on China mugs are now surpassed,
Your sun-sets yield not to brick-walls, nor buff.
In stumps of trees your art so finely thrives,
They really look like golden-hafted knives!
Go on, my lads—leave Nature's dismal hue,
And she ere long will come and copy *you.*

ODE VIII.

The sublime Peter concludeth in a sweat.

Thus have I finished, for this time,
My odes, a little wild and rambling——
May people bite like gudgeons at my rhyme!
I long to see them scrambling——
Then very soon I'll give 'em more (God willing)
But this is full sufficient for a *shilling.*
For such a trifle, *such a heap!*
Indeed, I sell my goods too *cheap.*

"*Finished!*" a disappointed artist cries,
With open mouth and straining eyes;

* A Portugal coin, vulgarly called a Johannes.

Gaping for praise, like a young crow for meat—
"Lord! why, you have not mentioned *me!*"
Mention *thee!*
Thy *impudence* hath put me in a *sweat.*
What rage for Fame attends both great and small!
Better be *damned*, than mentioned *not at all!*

LYRIC ODES,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXXXV.

——Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Hor.

ODE I.

The divine Peter giveth an account of a conference he held last year with Satire, who advised him to attack some of the R. A's; to tear Mr West's works to pieces, abuse Mr Gainsborough, fall foul of Mrs Cosway's Sampson, and give a gentle stroke on the back of Mr Rigaud—The Poet's gentle answer to Satire—The Ode of Remonstrance that Peter received on account of his Lyrics—Satire's Reply—Peter's Resolution.

"Not, not this year the lyric poet sings,—
The great R. A's have wish'd my song to cease;
I will not pluck a feather from your wings,—
So, Sons of Canvass! take your naps in peace."

Such was my last year's gracious speech,
Sweet as the King's to Commons and to Peers,
Always with sense and tropes as plum-cake rich,
A luscious banquet for his people's ears!

"Not write!" cried Satire, red as fire with rage,
"This instant glorious war with Dulness wage;
Take, take my supple-jack,
Play St Bartholomew with many a back!
Flay half the academic imps alive!
Smoke, smoke the drones of that stupendous hive.

"Begin with George's idol, West;—
And then proceed in order with the rest:
This moment knock me down his master Moses,*
On Sinai's mountain, where his nose is
Cocked up so pertly plump against the Lord,
Upon my word,
With all that ease to Him who rules above,
As if that Heaven and he were *hand and glove.*"

"Indeed," quoth I, "the piece hath points of merit,
Though not possessed throughout of equal spirit."
"What! answered Satire, "not knock Moses down!
O stupid Peter! what the devil mean ye?
He looks a poor pert barber of the town,
With paper sign-board out—'Shave for a penny.'

"Observe the piteous Israelite once more—
Wears he the countenance that should *adore?*
No! 'tis a son of lather—a rank prig;
Who, 'stead of fetching the most sacred law,
With *sober* looks, and *reverential* awe,
Seems pertly tripping up to fetch his wig.

"With all her thunder bid the Muse
Fall furious on the group of Jews,
Whose shoulders are adorned with *Christian faces;*

* Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai.

For by each phiz (I speak without a gibe)
There's not an Israelite in all the tribe——
Not that they are encumbered by the *Graces*.

"Strike off the head of Jeremiah,*
And break the bones of old Isaiah;†
Down with the duck-winged angels,‡ that abreast
Stretch from a thing called *cloud*, and, by their looks,
Wear more the visage of young rooks
Cawing for victuals from their nest.

"Deal Gainsborough a lash, for pride so stiff,
Who robs us of such pleasure for a miff;
Whose pencil, when he chooses, can be chaste,
Give nature's form, and please the eye of taste.

"Of cuts on Sampson§ don't be sparing,
Between two garden-rollers staring,
Shown by the lovely Delilah foul play!
To atoms tear that Frenchman's|| trash;
Then bountifully deal the lash
On *such* as *dared* to dub him an R. A."
Thus Satire to the gentle poet cried—
And *thus* with lamb-like sweetness I replied:

"Dear Satire! pray consult my life and ease;
Were I to write whatever you desire,
The fat would all be fairly in the fire—
R. A's surround me like a swarm of bees,
Or like a flock of small birds round a fowl
Of *solemn speculation*, called an Owl."

Quoth I, "O Satire, I'm a simple youth,
Must make my fortune, therefore not speak truth,
Although as sterling as the Holy Bible—
Truth makes it (Mansfield says) the more a libel:
I shall not sleep in peace within my hutch;
Like Doctor Johnson,¶ I have wrote *too much*."

* A picture by Mr West.
† Another picture by West.
‡ In the Apotheosis, a picture by West.
§ A picture by Mrs Cosway.
|| Rigaud.
¶ The story goes, that Sam, before his *political conversion*, replied to his present majesty, in the Library at Buckingham House, on being asked by the monarch, "Why he did not write more?" —"Please your majesty, I have written *too much*." So candid a declaration, of which the sturdy moralist did not believe one syllable, procured him a pension, and a muzzle.

When Mount Vesuvius* poured his flames,
And frightened all the Naples' dames,
What did the ladies of the city do?
Why, ordered a fat cardinal to go
With good St Januarius' head,
And shake it at the mountain 'midst his riot
To try to keep the *bully* quiet:
The parson went, and shook the jowl, and sped;
Snug was the word—the flames at once kept house,
The bellowing mountain was as mute's a mouse.

Thus, should Lord Mansfield from his bench agree,
To shake his lion-mane-like wig at *me*,
And bid his grim-looked myrmidons assail—
With heads Medusan, and with hearts of bone;
Who, if they did not *turn* me into *stone*,
Might *turn* my limbs, *so gentle*, into *jail*.

Read, read this ode, just come to hand,
Giving the Muse to understand
That cruelty and scandal swell her song,
And that 'twere better far she held her tongue.

TO PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

A THOUSAND frogs, upon a summer's day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face;
They showed their gold-laced clothes, with pride,
In harmless sallies frequent vied,
And gamboled through the water with a *grace*.

It happened that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,
Thoughtless, resolved to spoil their happy sport;
One frenzy seized both *great* and *small*,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to fall,
Meaning to *splash* them, not to do them *hurt*.

As Milton quaintly sings, "The stones 'gan pour,"
Indeed an Otaheite shower:

* See Sir William Hamilton's account.

The consequence was *dreadful*, let me tell ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head;
This limped away, that lay for dead—
Here mourned a broken back, and there a belly.

Amongst the *smitten*, it was found,
Their beauteous queen received a wound;
The blow gave every heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from every eye:
At length King Croak got up, and thus begun—
"My lads, you think this very pretty *fun!*

"Your pebbles round us fly as thick as hops—
Have *warmly* complimented all our chops;—
To *you* I guess that these are *pleasant stones!*
And so they might be to *us frogs*,
You damned, young, good-for-nothing dogs,
But that they are so *hard*, they break our bones."

Peter! thou mark'st the meaning of this fable—
So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
Nor wanton thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the fair,*
Whose works thy Muse forbore to spare,
Is blessed with talents *Envy* must approve;
And didst thou know her heart, thou'dst say—
"*Perdition* catch the *cruel lay!*"
Then strike the lyre to *Innocence* and *Love.*

"Poh, poh!" cried Satire, with a smile,
"Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,
If not permitted to call names?"
Methought the argument had weight—
"Satire," quoth I, "you're very right"—
So once more forth volcanic Peter flames!

ODE II.

The Poet correcteth the Muse's warmth, who beginneth with little less than calling names—Hinteth at some Academic Giants—And concludeth with a pair of apt and elegant Similies.

"TAGRAGS and bobtails of the sacred brush!"—
For Heaven's sake, Muse, be prudent:—
Hush! hush! hush!
The Ode with too much violence begins!
The Great R. A.'s, so jealous of their fame,
Will all declare of *them* we make a game;
And then—the Lord have mercy on our skins!

Think what a formidable phalanx, Muse,
Strengthened by Messieurs Garway, and Rigaud, and Co.
How *dangerous* such a body to abuse!

Then there's among the academic crew,
A *man*,* that made the president look blue;
Brandished his weapon—with a whirlwind's forces,
Tore by the roots his flourishing discourses;
And swore, his own sweet Irish howl could pour
A half a dozen such in half an hour.

Be prudent Muse!—once more I pray—
In vain I preach! th' advice is thrown away:
Even now you turn your nose up with a sneer,
And cry—Lord! Reynolds has no cause to fear:
When Barry dares the president to fly on,
'Tis like a mouse, that, worked into a rage,
Daring most dreadful war to wage,
Nibbles the tail of the Nemæan lion.

Or like a louse, of mettle full,
Nursed in some giant's skull—
Because Goliath scratched him as he fed,
Employs with vehemence his angry claws,
And gaping, grinning, formidable jaws,
To *carry off* the *giant's head!*

ODE III.

The Poet addresseth Sir William Chambers, a Gentleman of consequence in the Election of R. A.'s—He accuseth the Knight of a partial and ridiculous distribution of the Academic Honours—Threateneth him with Rhyme—Adviseth a Reformation.

ONE minute, gentle Irony, retire—
Behold! I'm graver than a *mustard pot;*

* Mrs Cosway.

* Mr Barry.

The Muse, with bile, as hot as fire,
Could call *fool*, *puppy*, *blockhead*, and what not:
As brother Horace has it—*tumet jecur*:—
Ner, in her angry progress, will I check her.

I'm told, that Satan has been long at work,
To bring th' Academy into disgrace;
Oh! may that member's backside feel his fork,
Who dares to violate the sacred place!
Who dares the devil join
In so nefarious a design?
Yet, lo! what dolts the honours claim!—
I leave their works to tell their name.

Th' Academy is like a microscope—
For by the magnifying powers are seen
Objects, that for *attention* ne'er could hope;
No more, alas! than if they ne'er had *been*.

So rare a building, and so graced
With monuments of ancient taste,
Statues and busts, relievos and intaglios;
For *such poor things* to watch the treasure,
Is laughable beyond all measure—
'Tis just like eunuchs put to guard seraglios.

Think not, Sir William, I'm in jest—
By Heaven! I will not let thee rest:
Yet thou may'st bluster like bull-beef so big;
And of thy own importance full,
Exclaim, "Great *cry*, and little *wool!*"
As Satan hollaed, when he shaved the pig.

Yes, thou shalt feel my tomahawk of satire,
And find that *scalping* is a serious matter:
Shocked at th' abuse, how rage inflames my veins!
Who can help *swearing*, when such wights he sees,
Crept to th' Academy by ways and means,
Like mites and skippers in a Cheshire cheese?

What beings will the next year's choice disclose,
The Academic list to grace?
Some *skeletons of art*, I do suppose,
That ought to blush to show their face.

Sir William! tremble at the Muse's tongue;
Parnassus boasts a formidable throng!
All people recollect poor Marsyas' fate,
Save such as are dead-drunk or fast asleep:
Apollo tied the culprit to a gate,
And flayed him, as a butcher flays a sheep:
And why?—Lord! not as history rehearses,
Because he scorned his *piping*—but his *verses*;
In vain, like a poor pilloried punk, he bawled,
And kicked, and writhed, and said his prayers, and sprawled;
'Twas all in vain—the god pursued his sport,
And pull'd his *hide* off—as you'd pull your *shirt*.
Then bid not rage the Muse's soul inflame,
Whose thundering voice *damnation* makes, or *fame*.
You'll ask me, p'rhaps, "Good master Peter, pray
What right have *you* to speak?"—then pertly smile:
I'll tell you, Sir—my pocket helped to pay
For building that expensive pile;
A pile, that credit to the nation gains,
And does some honour to your worship's brains.

It made a tax on candles and shoe-leather,
Of monstrous use in dirty weather:
It made a tax on butchers' shops,
So spread its influence o'er *poetic chops*;
A most alarming tax to every poet,
Whose poor, lank, greyhound ribs with sorrow show it.

Therefore, Sir Knight, pray mend your manners,
And don't choose cobblers, blacksmiths, tinkers, tanners:
Some people love the converse of low folks,
To gain broad grins, for good-for-nothing jokes.
Though *thou*, 'midst dulness may'st be pleased to *shine*,
Reynold's shall ne'er sit cheek-by-jowl with *swine*.

ODE IV.

The Poet again payeth his respects to Sir William Chambers—Complaineth of his Illiberality, in his choice of R. A.'s—Adviseth him to keep company with Prudence, whom he describeth most naturally—He threateneth the Knight—And concludeth with a beautiful Simile.

THE Muse is in the fidgets—can't sit still—
She must have t'other talk with you, Sir Will.

Since her last ode, with sorrow hath she heard,
You want not men with heavenly genius blessed,
But with the title of R. A. conferred
On such as catch the bugs, and sweep the spiders best:
Wash off the larger statues, best, the faces,
And clean the dirty linen of the Graces:
Scour best the skins of the young marble brats
Trap mice, and clear th' Academy from rats.

You look for men, whose heads are rather tubbish,
Or, drum-like, better formed for *sound* than *sense;*
Pleased with the fine Arabian to dispense.
You want the *big-boned drayhorse* for your *rubbish.*

Raise not the Muse's anger, I desire;
High-born, she's hotter than the lightning's fire,
And proud! (believe the Poet's word)
Proud as the lady of a new-made lord;
Proud, as in all her gorgeous trappings dressed,
Fat lady mayoress at a city feast;
Whose spouse makes wigs, or some such glorious thing,
Shoes, gloves, hats, nightcaps, breeches for the king!

Prudence, Sir William, is a jewel—
Is clothes, and meat, and drink, and fuel!
Prudence! for man the very best of *wives,*
Whom bards have seldom met with in their lives;
Which certes doth account for in some measure
Their grievous want of worldly treasure,
On which the greatest blockheads make their brags;
And showeth why we see, instead of lace,
About the poet's back, with little grace,
Those fluttering, French-like followers—called rags.

Prudence, a sweet, obliging curtsying lass,
Fit through this hypocritic world to pass!
Who kept at first a little peddling shop,
Swept her own room, twirled her own mop,
Washed her own smocks, caught her own fleas,
And rose to fame and fortune by degrees;
Who, when she entered other people's houses,
Till spoke to, was as silent as a mouse is;
And of opinions though possessed a store,
She left them with her pattens—at the door.

Sir William, you're a *hound!* and hunting Fame;—
Undoubtedly the *woman* is fair game;
But *Nimrod,* mind—my Muse is *whipper-in!*
So that, if ever you disgrace,
By turning *cur,* your noble race,
The Lord have mercy on your *curship's* skin!

ODE V.

The Poet openeth his account of the Exhibitors at the Academy—Praiseth Reynolds—Half damneth Mr West—Completely damneth Mr Wright, of Derby—Mentioneth Mr Fuseli—Complimenteth Mr Opie.

Muse, sing the wonders of the present year;
Declare what works of sterling worth appear.
Reynolds his heads divine, as usual, gives,
Where Guido's, Reubens', Titian's genius lives!
Works! I'm afraid, like beauty, of rare quality,
Born soon to fade!—too subject to mortality!

West most judiciously my counsel takes,
Paints by the acre—witness Parson Peter:*
For garbs, he very pretty blankets makes,
Deserving praises in the sweetest metre.

The flesh of Peter's audience is not good—
Too much like ivory, and stone, and wood:
Nor of the figures, dare I praise th' expression,
With some folks thought a trifle of transgression.

West, your *Last Supper* is a *hungry* piece;—
Your Tyburn Saints will not your fame increase:
With looks so thievish, with such skins of copper!
Were they for sale, as Heaven's my judge,
To give five farthings for them I should grudge,
Nay, even my old tobacco-stopper.

* Peter preaching,—a piece of Mr West's.

Candour must own, that frequently thy paints
Have played the *devil* with the *saints:*
For me! I fancy them like doves and throstles!
But thou, if we believe thy art,
Enough to make us, pious Christians, start,
Hast very scurvy notions of Apostles.

What of thy *Landscape** shall I say,
Holding the old white sow, and sucking litter?
Cursed be the moment, cursed the day,
Thou gav'st the Muse such reason to be bitter!
But, Muse, be soft, and gently, gently sigh—
"More damned stuff was never seen by eye."

Yet mind! thy *Landscape* equals Derby Wright's,†
Whose canvass gives us very *dismal* nights:
O'er *woollen* hills, where *gold* and *silver* moons,
Now mount like sixpences, and now balloons;
Where curling wild, in different directions,
Nice *vermicelli* represents *reflections!*
In short, where every thing we see appear,
Seems to exclaim—"What business have we here?"

Fuseli resumes the brush to please the few:
He deems the million—senseless, arrant crew—
For ridicule, just fit to make a feast—
A Caliban—a great unjudging beast,
Whose crab-like soul to no great heights can climb,
And therefore cannot feel the *true* Sublime.

Opie this year (so say his forms and faces)
Hath deigned to pick acquaintance with the Graces.
But where are all his old heads flown?
Pray, Master Opie, leave your tricks,
And let our eyes sometimes on pictures fix,
That Rembrandt had been proud to own.

ODE VI.

The Poet addresseth Majesty—Pleadeth the cause of poor, starving Poetry—He acknowledgeth in a former Ode the kindness of Fame, yet throweth out a hint to his Majesty, that his finances may be improved—He relateth a marvellous story of a Jesuit—Recommendeth something similar to his Sovereign.

An't please your majesty, I'm overjoyed
To find your family so fond of Painting;
I wish her sister Poetry employed—
Poor, dear, neglected girl! with hunger fainting.
Your royal grandsire, (trust me, I'm no fibber)
Was vastly fond of Colley Cibber.

For subjects, how his Majesty would hunt!
And if a battle graced the Rhine or Weser,
He'd cry—"Mine Poet sal mak ode upon't!"
Then forth there came a flaming Ode to Cæsar.

Dread Sire, pray recollect a bit
Some glorious action of your life;
And then your humble poet's wit,
Sharp as a razor, or a new-ground knife,
Shall mount you on her glorious balloon odes,
Like Rome's great Cæsar, to th' immortal gods.*

A Naples' Jesuit, History declares,
On scrips of paper scribbled prayers,
Which showed of wisdom great profundity;
Then sold them to the country folks,
To give their turkies, hens, and ducks,
To bring increase of fowl-fecundity;

It answered—On their turkies, ducks, and hens,
The country people all were full of brags—
Whose little bums, in barns, and mows, and fens,
Squat down, and laid like conjuration bags.

I wish, this sage experiment were tried
Upon the Muse, my gentle bride;
And slips of paper given her, with this prayer—
"Pay to the bearer fifty pounds at sight."
Her sweet prolific powers 'twould so delight,
She'd breed, like a tame rabbit, or a hare!

---

* A most pitiable performance indeed.—It may be fairly called the *dotage* of the art.
† A painter of moon-lights.

* Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. *Virg.*

ODE VII.

Peter's account of wonderful Reliques in France, with the devotion paid them—The sensible application to Painters and Painting, by way of Simile.

In France, some years ago—some twenty-three,
At a famed church, where hundreds daily jostle,
I wisely paid a priest six sols to see
The thumb of Thomas the Apostle.

Gaping upon Tom's thumb, with me in wonder,
The rabble raised its eyes—like ducks in thunder,
Because in virtues it was vastly rich,
Had cured possessed of devils, and the itch;
Worked various wonders on a scabby pate—
Made little sucking children straight,
Though crooked like rams' horns by the rickets;
Made people see, though blind as moles,
And made your sad, hysteric souls,
As gay as grasshoppers and crickets;
Brought noses back again to faces,
Long stolen by Venus and her Graces;
And eyes to fill their parent sockets,
Of which sad Love had picked their pockets:
And had the priest permitted, with their kisses,
The mob had smacked the holy thumb to pieces.
Though, reader, 'twas not the apostle's thumb,—
But mum!—
It played as well of miracles the trick,
Although a painted piece of stick!

For six sols more, behold! to view, was bolted
A feather of the angel Gabriel's wing!
Whether 'twas plucked by force, or calmly molted
No holy legends tell, nor poets sing.
But was it Gabriel's feather, heavenly Muses?
It was not Gabriel's feather, but a *goose's!*
But stay! from truth we would not wish to wander,
For, possibly, the owner was a *gander*.

Painters! you take me right:—the muse supposes
You make your *coup-de-maitré* dashes,
Christen them eyes, and cheeks, and lips, and noses,
Beards, chins, and whiskers, and eye-lashes;
As like, p'rhaps, as a *horse* is like a *plum*,
Or foresaid stick, St Tom th' apostle's thumb.

With purer eyes the British vulgar sees;
We are no *crawthumpers*, no *devotees;*
So that whene'er your fingers are *mere wood*,
Our eyes will never think 'em *flesh* and *blood*.

ODE VIII.

The generous Peter rescueth the immortal Raphael from the obloquy of Michael Angelo—The poet moraliseth—Telleth a story not to the credit of Michael Angelo, and nobly defendeth Raphael's name against his invidious attack—Concludeth with a most sage observation.

How difficult in artists to allow
To brother brushmen even a grain of merit!
Wishing to tear the laurels from their brow,
They show a snivelling, diabolic spirit.

So 'tis! however moralists may chatter—
What's worse still—nature will be always nature:
We can't brew Burgundy from sour small beer,
Nor make a silken purse of a sow's ear.

Sweet is the voice of *praise!*—from eve to morn,
From blushing morn to darkling eve again,
My Muse the brows of Merit could adorn,
And, lark-like, swell the panegyric strain.
Praise, like the balm which evening's dewy star
Sheds on the drooping herb and fainting flower;
Lifts modest, pining Merit from despair,
And gives her clouded eye a golden hour.

Pox take me, if I ever read the story
Of Michael Angelo, without much swearing:
'Tis such a slice cut off from Michael's glory,
He surely had been brandying it or beering:

That is, in plainer English he was drunk,
And candour from the man with horror shrunk.

Raphael did honour to the Roman school,
Yet Angelo vouchsafed to call him *fool;*
When working in the Vatican, would stare,
Throw down his brush, and stamp and swear,
If e'er a porter let him in—he'd *stone* him,
And if he Raphael caught—most surely *bone* him.
He swore the world was a rank ass,
To pay a compliment to Raphael's *stuff;*
For that he knew the fellow well enough,
And that his paltry metal would not *pass.*

Such was the language of this false Italian:
One time he christened Raphael a Pygmalion;
Swore that his madams were composed of stone;
Swore his expressions were like owls so tame,
His drawings like the lamest cripple, lame;
That, as for composition, he had none.

Young artists! these assertions I deny;—
'Twas vile ill-manners—not to say a *lie:*
Raphael did real excellence inherit,
And if you ever chance to paint as well,
I, *bona fide,* do foretell
You'll *certainly* be men of *merit.*

ODE IX.

The gossiping Peter telleth a strange Story, and true, though strange—Seemeth to entertain no very elevated opinion of the Wisdom of Kings—Hinteth at the narrow escape of Sir Joshua Reynolds—Mr Ramsay's Riches—A recommendation of Flattery, as a specific in Fortune-making.

I'm told, and I believe the story,
That a famed queen of northern brutes,
A gentlewoman of *prodigious* glory,
Whom every sort of epithet well suits;
Whose husband dear, just happening to provoke her,
Was shoved to Heaven upon a *red-hot poker!*
Sent to a *certain* King, not king of France—
Desiring by Sir Joshua's hand his phiz—
What did the royal quiz?
Why, damned genteelly, sat to Mr Dance!*

Then sent it to the Northern Queen—
As sweet a bit of wood as e'er was seen!
And therefore most unlike the princely head—
He might as well have sent a pig of lead.

Down every throat his piece was crammed
As done by Reynolds, and deserv'dly damned;
For as to Master Dance's art,
It ne'er was worth a single - - - - !
Reader, I blush! am delicate this time!
So let thy impudence supply the rhyme.

Thank God! that kings cannot our taste control,
And make each subject's poor submissive soul
Admire the taste that judgment oft cries "fie!" on:
Had things been so, poor Reynolds we had seen
Painting a barber's pole,—an alehouse queen,
The Cat and Gridiron, or the Old Red Lion!

At Plympton,* p'rhaps, for some grave Doctor Slop,
Painting the pots and bottles of the shop;
Or in the Drama, to get meat to munch,
His brush divine had pictured scenes for Punch!
Whilst West was whelping 'midst his paints,
Moses and Aaron, and all sorts of saints!
Adams and Eves, and snakes and apples,
And devils for beautifying *certain* chapels:
But Reynolds is no fav'rite, that's the matter—
He hath not learnt the noble art—to flatter.†

Thrice happy times, when monarchs find them hard things,
To teach us what to view with admiration;
And like their heads on halfpence and brass farthings,
Make their opinions current through the nation.

* The true reason that induced his Majesty to sit to Mr Dance, was laudable royal economy. Mr Dance charged fifty pounds for the picture—Sir Joshua Reynolds' price was somewhat more than a hundred—a very great difference in the market-price of paint and canvass, and, let me say, that justified the preference given to the man who worked cheapest.

* Sir Joshua's native spot, in Devonshire.

† This Ode was composed before Sir Joshua was dubbed King's Painter. Possibly the great artist *dreamed* of my *beautiful lyric,* and pursued its advice.

I've heard that Ramsay,* when he died,
Left just nine rooms well stuffed with queens and kings;
From whence all nations might have been supplied,
That longed for valuable things.
Viceroys, ambassadors, and plenipos
Bought them to join their raree shows
In foreign parts,
And show the progress of the British arts.

Whether they purchased by the pound or yard,
I cannot tell, because I never heard;
But this I know, his shop was like a fair,
And dealt most largely in the royal ware.
See what it is to gain a monarch's smile!—
And hast thou missed it, Reynolds, all this while?
How stupid!—pr'ythee, seek the *courtier's school*,
And learn to manufacture *oil of fool*.

Flattery's the turnpike-road to Fortune's door—
Truth is a narrow lane, all full of quags,
Leading to broken heads, abuse, and rags,
And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!—

Flattery's a *mountebank* so spruce—gets riches;
Truth a plain *Simon Pure*, a *Quaker preacher*,
A moral-mender, a disgusting teacher,
That never got a sixpence by her speeches!

ODE X.

The lofty Peter beginneth with an original Simile—Displayeth a deep knowledge of Homer, and modern Duchesses—Concludeth with a Prophecy about his Sovereign.

Painters who figure in the Exhibition,
Are pretty nearly in the same condition
With cocks on Shrove-tide, which the season gathers;
Flung at by every lubber, every brat
That hath the sense to throw a bat,
To break their bones, and knock about their feathers.

This little difference, however, lies
Between the painter and the fowl, I find:—
The artist for the post of danger tries—
The fowl is fastened, much against his mind;
Who, as to his dread sentence, would annul it—
Sue out his *habeas corpus*, and instead
Of being beat with bats about the head,
Make handsome love to a smart pullet.

And yet the painter like a booby groans,
Who courts the very bats that break his bones.
But who from scandal is exempt?
Who doth not meet, at times, contempt?

Great Jove, the god of gods, in figures rich,
Oft called his bosom queen a saucy bitch;
Achilles* called great Agamemnon hog,
An impudent, deceitful, dirty dog!

Behold! our lofty duchesses pull caps,
And give each other's reputation raps,
As freely as the drabs of Drury's school;
And who, pray, knows that George, our gracious king,
(Said by his courtiers to know every thing)
May not, by future times, be called a *fool!*

* Late Painter to his Majesty.

ODE XI.

The Bard sensibly reproveth the young Artists for their propensity to Abuse—Most wittily compareth them to Horse-leeches, Game-cocks, and Curs.

The mean, the ranc'rous jealousies, that swell
In some sad artists' souls, I do despise;
Instead of nobly striving to excel,
You strive to pick out one the other's eyes.
To be a painter, was Correggio's glory:—
His speech should flame in gold—"*Sono pittore.*"

But what, if truth were spoke, would be your speeches?
This—"We're a set of fame-sucking horse-leeches,
Without a blush, the poorest scandal speaking—
Like cocks, for ever at each other beaking;
As if the globe we dwell on were so small,
There really was not room enough for *all*."

* See Homer.

Young men!——
I do presume, that one of you in ten
Hath kept a dog or two, and hath remarked,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court-breeding,
With watery jaws, have whined, and pawed, and barked;
Showed anxiousness about the mutton bone,
And 'stead of *your* mouth, wished it in their *own;*
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heavens! what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This oft, perhaps, has touched you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners*, by a *kick;*
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing;
An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
Amongst sea captains and the brave jack tars.

Now tell me honestly—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians, just of the same kind
That you experienced in the curs,
Causing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your mistress, *Fame*,
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the just applause;
How have you, puppy-like, pawed, wished, and whined;
And growled, and cursed, and swore, and pined,
And longed to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deserved *their* kicking to be sure;
But *you!* O fie boys! go and sin no more.

ODE XII.

The compassionate Peter lamenteth the death of Mr Hone, an R. A.—Recommendeth him to Oblivion, the great Patron of a number of Geniuses.

There's one R. A. more dead! stiff is poor Hone!
His works be with him—under the same stone:
I think the sacred art will not bemoam 'em;
But, Muse!—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—
As to his host, a traveller, with a sneer,
Said of his dead small-beer.
Go, then, poor Hone! and join a numerous train
Sunk in Oblivion's wide pacific ocean;
And may its whale-like stomach feel no motion,
To cast thee, like a Jonah, up again.

ODE XIII.

The Poet exhibiteth the Inconstancy of the World, by a most elegant comparison of a flock of Starlings.

Young artists, it may so fall out
That folks shall make a grievous rout:
Follow you—praise your painting to the skies;
When, probably, a riband, (fie upon it!)
A feather, or a tawdry bonnet,
Caught, by its glare, their wonder-spying eyes.

Therefore, don't thence suppose, that you inherit
Mountains of unexampled merit;
That always you shall be pursued,
And like a wondrous beauty wooed.

Great in the world's inconstancy, God knows!
Fame, like the ocean, ebbs, as well as flows;
Next year the million pitches on a ruff,
A balloon cap—a shawl—a muff;
For you, no longer cares a single rush,
Following some other brother of the brush.

To raise to nobler flights the Muse's wing,
A simile's a very pretty thing;
To whose sweet aid I'm oft an humble debtor,
T' illustrate with more force the thing I mean;
And if the simile be neat and clean,
Tant mieux—that is—*so much the better.*

Therefore, young folks, as there's a great deal in't,
Accept one, just imported from the mint.

You've seen a flock of starlings, to be sure,
A hundred thousand in a *mess* or more;
Who fortunately having found
A lump of horselitter upon the ground,
Down drops the chattering cloud upon the dung,
Then, Lord! what doings! Heavens! what admiration!

What joy, what transport 'midst the speckled nation!
How busy every beak, and every tongue!
All talking, gabbling, but none listening,
Just like a group of gossips at a christening;—
Let but a *cowdab* show its grass-green face,
They're up, without so much as saying grace;
And lo! the busy flock around it pitches!
Just as upon the lump before,
They gabble, wonder, and adore!
And equal brother Martyn's* speeches.
These starlings show the world with great propriety,
Mad, as March hares, or curlews, for *variety*.

ODE XIV.

The great Peter despiseth Frenchmen.

I BEG it as a favour, my young folks,
You will not copy, monkey-like, the French,
Whose pictures, justly, are all standing-jokes,
Whether they represent a man or wench.

If monsieur paints a man of fashion,
Making an obeisance well bred,
The gentleman's a *ram-cat* in a passion,
His back all crumpled o'er his head:
Or, if he paints a wretch upon the wheel
And bone-breaking's no trifling thing,
God knows!
Amidst his pains the fellow's so genteel!
He feels with such decorum all the blows.

Or if a culprit's going to the devil,
Which some folks deem a serious evil,
So *dégagée* you see the man advance,
His arms, hands, shoulders, turned-out toes,
Madona-lifted eyes, and cocked-up nose,
Proclaim the pretty puppy in a dance.
I've seen a sleeping Venus, I declare,
With hands and legs stretched out with such an air!
Her neck and head, so twisted on one shoulder,
With such a *heavenly* smile, that each beholder
Would swear, (disdaining dancing's *vulgar* track)
The dame was walking minuets on her *back!*

Even an old woman yielding up her breath,
By means of colic, stone, or gravel;
How smirkingly she feels the pangs of death!
With what a grace her soul prepares to travel!

A Frenchman's angel is an Opera punk;—
His Virgin Marys—milliners half drunk;
Our blessed Redeemer, a rank *petit-maître*,
In every attitude and feature;
The humble Joseph, so genteelly made,
Poor gentleman, as if above his trade,
And only fit to compliment his wife—
So delicate! as if he scarcely knew
Oak from deal board—a gimlet from a screw;
And never made a *mouse-trap* in his life.

Think not, I wantonly attack those people;—
In prejudice that I'm as stiff 's a steeple;
No!—yet, I own I hate the shrugging dogs—
I've lived amongst them, eat their frogs,
And vomited them up, thank God, again;
So that I'm able now to say,
I carried nought of theirs away,
Which otherwise had made the puppies vain.

ODE XV.

The conceited Peter turneth an arrant Egotist—Mentioneth a number of fine folks—This minute condemneth Will Whitehead's Verses, and the next, exculpateth the Laureat, by clapping the right saddle on the right horse.

No giant more rejoiceth in his course,
Nor Count O'Kelly in a winning horse;
Not Mrs Hobart* to preserve a box,
Not George the Third to triumph o'er Charles Fox:

Not Spain's wise monarch to bombard Algiers—
Not pillories, obeying law's stern voice,
Can more rejoice
To hold Kitt Atkinson's two ears;
No more rejoiceth Patriotic Pitt,
By patriotic grocers to be fed,
Not mother Windsor† in a fair young tit,
Nor gaping deans, to hear a bishop's dead:

* A *much-admired* speaker in the House of Commons, who, *nem. con.* was baptized the *Starling Martyn*.

* The contest between Mrs Hobart and Lady Salisbury, with their *seconds*, about a box at the Opera, is a *subject* for the most *sublime* Epic!

† A priestess of the Cyprian goddess.

Not more reformed John Wilkes to court the crown,
Nor Skinner in his aldermanic gown,
Nor common-councilmen on turtle feeding:

Not more rejoice old envious maids, so stale,
To hear of weeping beauty a sad tale,
And tell the world, a reigning toast is breeding:—
Than I, the poet, in a lucky ode
That catches at a hop the cynic face;
Kills, by a laugh, its grave Bubonic face;
And tears, in spite of him, his jaws abroad.

And are there such grave dons, that read my rhymes?
All-gracious Heaven forgive their crimes!
Oh! be their lot to have wise-talking wives;
And if in reading they delight,
To read, ye gods! from morn to night,
Will Whitehead's* birth-day sonnets all their lives.

P'rhaps, reader, thou'rt a tinker, or a tanner,
And mendest kettles in a pretty manner;
Or tannest hides of bulls, and cows, and calves;
But if the saucepan, or the kettle,
Originally be bad metal,
Thou'lt say, "It only can be done by halves?"
Or if, by nature, bad the bullocks' skins,
"They'll make vile shoes and boots for people's shins."

Then wherefore do I thus abuse
Will Whitehead's hard-driven Muse?
Who merits rather Pity's tenderest sigh:
For what the devil can he do,
When forced to praise—the Lord knows who;
Verse must be dull on subjects so damned dry.

ODE XVI.

The classic Peter adviseth Painters to cultivate Taste—Lasheth some of the Ignorant—Accuseth Painters of an affection for Vulgarity, whom he horse-whippeth—Recommendeth a charming Subject—Telleth the secret of his Love—and giveth a die-away Sonnet of former days—Persecuteth Teniers' Devils, but applaudeth the Execution.

PAINTERS, improve your education,
That surely stands in need of reformation.
I've heard, that some can neither write nor read,
Which does no honour to the hand or head.

Many, I know, would rather paint a bear,
Or Monkey playing his quaint tricks,
Than some sweet damsel, whom all hearts revere,
Whose charms the eye of admiration fix—
Would rather see a stump with strength expressed,
Than all the snowy fulness of her breast,
Or lip, that Innocence so sweetly moves,
Or smile, the fond Elysium of the Loves.

This brings those days to memory, when my tongue
To Cynthia's beauty poured my soul in song;
When, on the margin of the murmuring stream,
My fancy frequent formed the golden dream
Of Cynthia's grace—of Cynthia's smiles divine,
And made those smiles and peerless beauty mine.

It brings to memory, too, those dismal times,
When nought my sighs availed, and nought my rhymes:
When at the silent, solemn close of day,
My pensive steps would court the darkling grove,
To hear, in Philomela's lonely lay,
The fainting echoes of my luckless love;
Till night's increasing shades around me stole,
And mingled with the gloom that wrapped my soul.

Reader—dost choose a sonnet of those days?
Take it—and say not I'm a foe to *praise*.

TO CYNTHIA.

O THOU! whose love-inspiring air,
Delights, yet gives a thousand woes:
My day declines in dark despair,
And night hath lost her sweet repose:

* This ode was written before a late laureat resigned his earthly crown for a heavenly one. May Mr Tom Warton be more successful in his Pindaric adulations, and not verify the Latin adage —*Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

Yet who, alas! like me was blessed,
To others ere thy charms were known;
When Fancy told my raptured breast,
That Cynthia smiled on me alone?

Nymph of my soul! forgive my sighs:
Forgive the jealous fires I feel;
Nor blame the trembling wretch, who dies
When others to thy beauties kneel.

Lo! theirs is every winning art,
With Fortune's gifts, unknown to me!
I only boast a simple heart,
In love with *innocence* and *thee*.

Build not, alas! your popularity
On that beast's back, ycleped Vulgarity;
A beast that many a booby takes a pride in—
A beast beneath the noble Peter's riding.

How should the man, who loves to be unchaste,
To feed on carrion dread his hound-like paunch,
Judge of an Ortolan's delicious taste,
Or feel the flavour of a fine fat haunch?
Or, wont with bitter purl to wet his clay,
How should he judge of claret or tokay?

Teniers' devils, witches, monkeys, toads,
That make me shudder whilst I pen these Odes,
Most *truly* painted, to be pure, you'll find:—
How greater far the excellence, to paint
With heaven-directed eye, the beauteous saint,
And mark th' emotions of her angel-mind!
Envy not such as have in dirt surpassed ye;—
'Tis very, very easy to be nasty!

ODE XVII.

The moralizing Bard exposeth the unfairness of Mankind in the Article of Laughing—Descanteth upon Wit—Disclaimeth pretension to it—Maketh love to Candour, and modestly concludeth.

How dearly mortals love to laugh and grin!
Just as they love to stuff themselves to chin
With other people's meat—good saving sense!
Because at other folks' expense;
But turn the laugh on them—how changed their notes!
"O damn 'em! this is serious—cut their throats!"

Wit, says an author, that I do not know,
Is like Time's scythe—cuts down both friend and foe;—
Ready each object, tiger-like, to leap on!
"Lord! what a butcher this same wit! thank God!
(A critic cries) in Master Pindar's Ode,
We spy th' effect of no such dangerous weapon!"

No, Sir—'Tis dove-eyed *Candour's* charms
I woo to these desiring arms;
She is my *goddess*—to her shrine I bend:
Nymph of the voice that beats the morning lark,
Sweet as the dulcet note of either Park,*
Be thou my soft companion and my friend!

Thy lovely hand my Pegasus shall guide,
And teach thy modest pupil how to ride:
Thus shall I hurt not any *group-composers*,
From Sarah Benwell's brush, to Mary Mozer's.†

ODE XVIII.

The judicious Peter giveth most wholesome Advice to Landscape Painters.

WHATE'ER your wish, in landscape to excel,
London's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landscape in a garret.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,
A *bug* must make a miserable *bird*.

A rush-light winking in a bottle's neck
Ill represents the glorious orb of morn;
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

* Two brothers of the most distinguished merit on the Oboe.

† The last of these ladies, an R. A. by means of a sublime picture of a plate of gooseberries—the other in hopes of academic honours, through an equal degree of merit.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint-stool;
Or even by them to represent a *stump;*
As also broomsticks,—which, though well he rig
Each with an old fox-coloured wig,
Must make a very poor autumnal *clump*.

You'll say, "Yet such ones, oft a person sees
In many an artist's trees;
And in some paintings, we have all beheld;
Green baise hath surely sat for a green field;
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats, for ram-goats; and curs, for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from you I want.
As Shakspeare says, (a bard I much approve)
"List, list, oh! list," if thou dost painting love.

Claude painted in the open air!—
Therefore to Wales at once repair;
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find:
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no *tête-à-tête:*
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

ODE XIX.

The Poet hinteth to Artists the value of Time.

The man condemned on Tyburn-tree to swing,
Deems such a show a very dullish thing;
He'd rather a *spectator* be, I ween,
Than the sad *actor* in the scene.
He blames the law's too rigid resolution:
If with a beef-steak stomach—in his prime,
Lord, with what reverence he looks on Time!
And most of all—the hour of execution!
And as the cart doth to the tree advance,
How wondrous willing to postpone the *dance!*

Believe me, Time's of monstrous use;
But, ah! how subject to abuse!
It seems that, with him, folks were often cloyed;
I do pronounce it, Time's a public good,
Just like a youthful beauty—to be wooed,
Made much of, and be properly enjoyed.

Time's sand is wonderfully small:
It slips between the fingers in a hurry;
Therefore, on each young artist let me call,
To prize it, as an Indian does his curry;*
Whether his next rare exhibition be
Amidst the great R. A.'s—or on a *tree.*

ODE XX.

The unfortunate Peter lamenteth the loss of an important Ode by Rats—He prayeth devoutly for the Rats.

Hiatus maxime deflendus!
I've lost an Ode of charming praise;
From like misfortune, Heaven defend us!
The sweetest of my lyric lays!
Where many a youthful artist shone with fame,
Like his own pictures in a fine gilt frame.

Perdition catch the roguish rats!
Their trembling limbs should fill the maws of cats,
Were I to be their sole adviser!
Vermin! like trunk-makers and pastry-cooks,
Dealing in legions of delightful books,
Yet with the learning not a whit the wiser.
Thank God! the Ode unto Myself they spared,
And, lo! the labour of the lucky bard.

ODE XXI.

TO MYSELF.

The exalted Peter wisheth to make the gaping world acquainted with the place of his Nativity; but before he can get an answer from himself, he most sublimely bursteth forth into an address to Mevagizzy and Mousehole, two fishing-towns in Cornwall—the first celebrated for Pilchards, the last for giving birth to Dolly Pentreath—The Poet praiseth the Honourable Daines Barrington, and Pilchards—Forgetteth the place of his Nativity, and, like his great ancestor

* A universal food in the East Indies.

of Thebes, leaveth his readers in the dark.

O Thou! whose daring works sublime
Defy the rudest rage of Time,
Say!—for the world is with conjecture dizzy,
Did Mousehole give thee birth, or Mevagizzy?

Hail Mevagizzy! what a town of note!
Where boats, and men, and stinks, and trade are stirring;
Where pilchards come in myriads to be caught;
Pilchard! a thousand times as good's a herring.

Pilchard! the idol of the Popish nation!
Hail, little instrument of vast salvation!
Pilchard, I ween, a most soul-saving fish,
On which the Catholics in Lent are crammed;
Who, had they not, poor souls, this lucky dish,
Would flesh eat, and be consequently damned.
Pilchards! whose bodies yield the fragrant oil,
And make the London lamps at midnight smile;
Which lamps, wide spreading salutary light,
Beam on the wandering Beauties of the night,
And show each gentle youth their cheeks' deep roses,
And tell him, whether they have eyes and noses.

Hail, Mousehole! birth-place of old Doll Pentreath,*
The last who jabbered Cornish—so says Daines,
Who, bat-like, haunted ruins, lane, and heath,
With Will-o'-Wisp, to brighten up his brains.

Daines! who a thousand miles, unwearied, trots
For bones, brass farthings, ashes, and old pots,
To prove that folks of old, like us, were made
With heads, eyes, hands, and toes, to drive a trade.

ODE XXII.

Peter concludeth his Odes—Seemeth hungry—Expostulateth with the Reader—And getteth the start of the World, by first praising his own Works.

Tom Southern to John Dryden went one day
To buy a head and tail piece for his play:
"Thomas," quoth John, "I've sold my goods too cheap,
So, if you please, my price shall take a leap."

O, reader, look me gravely in the face;—
Speak, is not that with me and thee the case?
For this year's Odes I charge thee half a-crown;
So, without grumbling, put thy money down:
For things are desperately risen, good Lord!
Fish, flesh, coals, candles, window-lights, and board!
Why should not charming poetry then rise?
That comes so devilish far too—from the skies!
And lo! the verses that adorn this page,
Beam, comet-like, alas! but once an age.

* A very old woman of Mousehole, supposed (falsely however) to have been the last who spoke the Cornish language.—The honourable antiquarian, Daines Barrington, Esq., journeyed, some years since, from London to the Land's-end, to converse with this wrinkled, yet delicious *morceau*. He entered Mousehole in a kind of triumph, and, peeping into her hut, exclaimed, with all the fire of an enraptured lover, in the language of the famous Greek Philosopher—"*Eureka!*" The couple kissed—Doll soon after gabbled—Daines listened with admiration—committed her speeches to paper, not venturing to trust his memory with so much *treasure*. The transaction was announced to the Society—the Journals were *enriched* with their dialogues—the old lady's picture was ordered to be taken by the most eminent artist, and the honourable member to be publicly thanked for the discovery!

FAREWELL ODES,

FOR THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVI.

——Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? Hor.

ODE I.

Peter talketh of resigning the Laureatship —He prophesieth the Triumph of the Artists on his Resignation—The Artists also prophesy to Peter's Disadvantage—Peter's last Comforts, should their Prophesy be fulfilled.

PETER, like famed Christina, queen of Sweden,
Who thought a wicked court was not an Eden,
This year resigns the laurel crown for ever!
What all the famed *Academicians* wish—
No more on painted fowl, and flesh, and fish,
He shows the world his carving skill so clever.
Brass, iron, woodwork, stone, in peace shall rest—
"Thank God!" exclaim the works of Mr West.

"Thank God!" the works of Loutherbourg exclaim—
For guns of critics no ignoble game—
"No longer now afraid of rhyming praters,
Shall we be christened tea-boards, varnished waiters!
No verse shall swear that ours are pasteboard rocks:
Our trees, brass wigs; and mops, our fleecy flocks."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaims Rigaud, with sparkling eyes—
"Then shall my pictures in importance rise,
And fill each gaping mouth and eye with wonder."
Monsieur Rigaud,
It may be so,
To think thy stars have made so strange a blunder,
That bred to paint the genius of a glazier:
That spoiled, to make a dauber, a good brazier.
None but thy partial tongue (believe my lays)
Can dare stand forth the herald of thy praise:
Could Fame applaud, whose voice my verse reveres,
Justice should break her trump about her ears.

"Thank Heaven!" cries Mr Garvy; and "Thank God!"
Cries Mr Copley, "that this Man of Ode
No more, barbarian-like, shall o'er us ride;
No more like beads in nasty order strung,
And round the waist of this vile *Mohawk* hung,
Shall academic scalps indulge his pride.

"No more hung up in this dread fellow's rhyme,
Which he most impudently calls sublime,
Shall we, poor inoffensive souls,
Appear just like so many moles,
Trapped in an orchard, garden or a field;
Which mole-catchers suspend on trees,
To show their titles to their fees,—
Like doctors, paid too often for the killed."

Pleased that no more my verses shall annoy,
Glad that my blister Odes shall cease their stinging,
Each wooden figure's mouth expands with joy—
Hark! how they all break forth in singing!—

In boastful sounds the grinning *artists* cry,
"Lo! Peter's hour of insolence is o'er:
His muse is dead—his lyric pump is dry—
His Odes, like stinking fish, not worth a groat a score:

Art thou then weak like us, thou snarling sniveller?
Art thou like one of us, thou lyric driveller?

"Our kings and queens in glory now shall lie,
Each unmolested, sleeping in his frame;
Our ponds, our lakes, our oceans, earth, and sky,
No longer, scouted, shall be put to shame:
No poet's rage shall root our stumps and stumplings,
And swear our clouds are flying apple-dumplings:
Fame shall proclaim how well our plum-trees bud,
And sound the merits of our marle and mud.

"Our oaks, our brushwood, and our lofty elms,
No jingling tyrant's wicked rage o'erwhelms,
Now this vile *feller* is laid low;
In peace shall our stone-hedges sleep,
Our huts, our barns, our pigs, and sheep,
And wild fowl, from the eagle to the crow.

"They who shall see this Peter in the street,
With fearless eye his front shall meet,
And cry, 'Is this the man of keen remark?
Is this the wight?' shall be their taunting speech;
'A dog! who dared to snap each artist's breech,
And bite academicians like a shark!

"'He whose broad cleaver chopped the sons of paint:
Crushed like a marrowbone each lovely saint;
Spared not the very clothes about their backs;
The little duck-winged cherubims abused,
That could not more inhumanly be used,
Poor lambkins! had they fallen among the blacks.
He, once so furious, soon shall want relief,
Staked through the body like a paltry thief.

"'How art thou fallen, O Cherokee!' they cry;
'How art thou fallen!' the joyful roofs resound;
'Hell shall thy body for a rogue surround;
And there for ever roasting may'st thou lie:
Like Dives, may'st thou stretch in fires along,
Refused one drop of drink to cool thy tongue.'"

Ye goodly gentlemen, repress your yell,
Your hearty wishes for my health restrain;
For if our *works* can put us into hell,
Kind Sirs! we certainly shall meet again:
Nay, what is worse, I really don't know whether
We must not lodge in the same room together.

ODE II.

Peter floggeth the Academicians and Dinner—Pitieth the Prince of Wales, Duke of Orleans, Duke Fitzjames, Count Lauzun, Lords Caermarthen and Bessborough, &c. and praiseth Mr Woltjie—Exculpateth the President—Condemneth Sir W. Chambers and the Committee for their bad Management—Talketh of visiting the French King and the Duke of Orleans.

Whene'er academicians run astray,
Such should the moral Peter's song reclaim—
Of paint this ode shall nothing sing or say;
My eagle satire darts at different game.—
Against decorum, I abhor a sinner;
And therefore lash the academic dinner.

Th' Academy, though marvellously poor,
Can once a year afford to eat:
By means of kind donations at the door,
The members make a comfortable treat:
Like gipsies in a barn around their king,
That annual meet to munch, and dance, and sing.

A feast was made of flesh, fish, tarts, creams, jellies,
To suit the various qualities of bellies:
Mine grumbled to be asked, and be delighted—
But wicked Peter's paunch was not invited.

Yet, though no message waited on the bard,
With compliments from academic names—
The Prince of Wales received a civil card,
His Grace of Orleans too, and Duke Fitzjames;
Count de Lauzun, and Count Cenflan—
A near relation to the man,

In whose poor sides old Hawke once fixed his *claws*—
Were welcomed by the academic lords,
Either by writing or by words,
To come and try the vigour of their jaws.

Unfortunately for the modest dukes,
The nimble artists all, with greyhound looks,
Fell on the meat with teeth prodigious able;
Seized, of the synagogue, the highest places,
And left the poor forlorn, their Gallic Graces,
To nibble at the bottom of the table!

There sat, too, my good Lord Caermarthen,
As one of the *canaille*, not worth a farthing!
But what can titles, virtues, at a feast,
Where glory waits upon the greatest beast?

To see a stone-cutter, and mason,
High mounted o'er those men of quality,
By no means can our annals blazon
For feats of courtly hospitality.
I've heard, however, one or two were tanners:—
Granted—it doth not much improve their manners.

They probably, in answer, may declare,
They thought the feast just like a hunt;
In which, as soon as ever starts the hare,
Each Nimrod tries to be the first upon't;
As he's the greatest 'midst the howling fuss,
Who first can triumph o'er poor dying puss.

Peters* most justly raised his eyes of wonder,
And wanted decently to give them grace;
But bent on venison and on turbot plunder,
A clattering peal of knives and forks took place:
Spoons, plates, and dishes, rattling round the table,
Produced a new edition of old Babel.

They had no stomach o'er a grace to nod,
Nor time enough to offer thanks to God:—
That might be done, they wisely knew,
When they had nothing else to do.

His Highness entering rather somewhat late,
Could scarcely find a knife, or fork, or plate:

* A respectable clergyman, and one of the academicians.

But not one single maiden dish—
Poor gentleman!—of flesh or fish.

Most woefully the pastry had been pawed,
And trembling jellies barbarously clawed;
In short, my gentle readers to amaze,
His Highness picked the bones of the R. A's.

O Weltjie,* had thy lofty form been there,
And seen thy Prince so served with scrap and slop,
Thou surely would'st have brought him better fare—
A warm beef-steak, perchance, or mutton chop.

Thou would'st have said, "*De Prence of Wales by Got,*
Do too mush honour to be at der feast:
Vere he can't heb von beet of meat dat's hot,
But treated vid de bones, just like a beast.
De Prence, he vas too great to sit and eat
De bones and leafings of de meat;
And munsh vat dirty low-lifed rogues refuse,
By Got! not fit to vipe de Prence's shoes."

Great Bessborough's earl, too, came off second best;
His murmuring stomach had not half a feast;
And therefore it was natural to mutter:
To rectify the fault, with joyless looks,
His lordship bore his belly off to Brookes,
Who filled the grumbler up with bread and butter.

Sirs! those manœuvres were extremely coarse—
This really was the essence of ill-breeding;
Not, for your souls, could you have treated worse
Bum-bailiffs, by this dog-like mode of feeding.

Grant, you eclipsed a pack of hounds, with glee
Pursuing, in full cry, the fainting game—
Surpassed them, too, in gobbling down the prey—
Still, great R. A.'s, I tell you, 'twas a shame.

Grant, each of you the wondrous man excelled,
Who beat a butcher's dog in eating tripe;

* The Prince's German cook.

And that each paunch, with guttling, was so swelled,
Not one bit more could pass your swallow-pipe—

Grant, that you dared such stuffing feats display,
That not a soul of you could walk away—
Still, 'midst the triumphs of your gobbling fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

Grant, you were greased up to the nose and eyes—
Your cheeks all shining like a lantern's horn—
With tearing hams, and fowls, and giblet pies,
And ducks, and geese, and pigeons newly born:
Though great, in your opinion, be your fame,
I tell you, great R. A.'s, it was a shame.

This let me own—the candour-loving Muse
Most willingly Sir Joshua can excuse,
Who tries the nation's glory to increase;
Whose genius rare is very seldom nodding,
But deep, on painting-subjects, plodding,
To rival Italy and Greece.

But, pray, Sir William,* what have you to say?
No such impediment is in your way:
Genius can't hurt your *etiquette-attention;*
And Messieurs Tyler, Wilton, and Rigaud,
Have you a genius to impede you?—No!
Nor many a one besides, that I could mention.

This year (God willing) I shall visit France,
And taste of Louis (*Grand Monarque!*) the *prog:*
His grace of Orleans, so kind perchance,
May ask me to his house, to pick a frog.
And yet, what right have I to visit there,
Who see a prince so vilely treated here?

Ye royal Artists, at your future feasts,
I fear, you'll make their graces downright Daniels:
And, as the prophet dined among *wild beasts,*
The dukes will join your pointers and your spaniels.

---

* Sir W. Chambers.

ODE III.

Peter giveth sage advice to mercenary Artists, and telleth a most delectable story, of a country Bumpkin, and a peripatetic Razor-seller.

Forbear, my friends, to sacrifice your fame,
To sordid gain, unless that you are starving!
I own, that hunger will indulgence claim,
For hard stone heads, and landscape carving,
In order, to make haste, to sell and eat;—
For there is certainly a charm in meat:—
And in rebellious tones will stomachs speak,
That have not tasted victuals for a week.

But yet there are a mercenary crew,
Who value fame no more than an old shoe;
Provided, for their daubs, they get a sale:
Just like the man—but, stay—I'll tell the tale.*

ODE IV.

Peter observeth the Lex Talionis.

West tells the world, that Peter cannot rhyme—
Peter declares, point blank, that West can't paint;
West swears, I've not an atom of sublime—
I swear, he hath no notion of a saint;
And that his cross-winged cherubims are fowls,
Baptized by naturalists—*owls;*
Half of the meek Apostles, gangs of robbers;
His Angels, sets of brazen-headed lubbers.

The holy Scripture says, "All flesh is grass,"
With Mr West, all flesh is—*brick or brass;*
Except his horse-flesh;—that, I freely own,
Is often of the choicest—*Portland stone.*

I've said too, that this artist's faces
Ne'er paid a visit to the Graces:
That of expression he can never brag:
Yet, for this article hath he been studying;
But in it never could surpass a pudding—
No, gentle reader, nor a pudding-bag.

I dare not say, that Mr West
Cannot sound criticism impart.

* See p. 94.

I'm told, the man with technicals is blessed;
That he can talk a deal upon the art:
Yes, he can talk—I do not doubt it—
"About it, goddess, and about it."

Thus, then, is Mr West deserving praise—
And let my justice the fair laud afford:
For, lo! this far-famed artist cuts both ways,
Exactly like the Angel Gabriel's sword.
The beauties of the art his converse shows;
His canvass, almost every thing that's bad:
Thus, at th' Academy, we must suppose,
A man more useful never could be had;
Who, in himself a host, so much can do;
Who is both precept and example too.

ODE V.

Great advice is given to Gentlemen Authors—to Mr Webb, and Mr H. Walpole, particularly—Peter taketh the part of Lady Lucan—Showeth wonderful knowledge in the art of Painting—Administereth Oil of Fool, vulgarly called Praise, to the Squire of Strawberry-Hill.

Astronomers should treat of stars and comets;
Physicians, of the bark and vomits;
Of apoplexies, those light troops of death,
That use no ceremony with our breath;
Ague and dropsy, jaundice and catarrh,
The grim-looked tyrant's heavy horse of war.

Farriers should write on farcys, and the glanders;
Bug-doctors, only upon bed-disorders;
Farmers on land, ploughs, pigs, ducks, geese and ganders;
Nightmen, alone, on aromatic odours;
The artists should on painting solely write;—
Like David, then they may, "good things indite."
But when the mob of *gentlemen*
Break on their province, and take up the pen,
The Lord have mercy on the art!
I'm sure their goose-quills can no light impart.
This verse be thine, 'Squire Webb*—it is thy due:—
Pray, Mr Horace Walpole,† what think you?

Horace, thou art a man of taste and sense;
Then don't of folly be at such expense;
Do not to Lady Lucan* pay such court—
Her wisdom surely will not thank thee for't—
Ah! don't endeavour thus to dupe her,
By swearing that she equals Cooper.†

So gross the flattery, it seems to show
That verily thou dost not know
The powers required for copying a picture,
And those, for copying Dame Nature,—
Alas! a much more arduous matter!—
So don't expose thyself, but mind my stricture.

Thou'lt say, it was mere compliment;
That nothing else was thy intent;
Although it might disgrace a boy at school:
I grant the fact; and think, that no man
Says or writes sillier things to woman:
But still 'tis making each of you a fool.

Yet, Horace, think not that I write
Through spite:
Think not I read thy works with jealous pain:
Lord! no, thou art a favourite with me:
I think then one of us, *un bel esprit*—
By heavens! I like the windmill of thy brain:
It is a pretty and ingenious mill:
Long may it grind on Strawberry Hill!

ODE VI.

Peter still continueth to give great Advice, and to exhibit deep Reflection—He telleth a miraculous Story.

There is a knack in doing many a thing,
Which labour cannot to perfection bring:
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks despise:

A fool on something great at times may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser:
On which, for ever, your wise men may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

* Author of a Treatise on Painting, who seems to display more erudition than science.
† A gentleman well known in the literary world: an amateur in the graphic line.

* A lady of great ingenuity in the miniature department.
† A famous miniature painter in the time of Cromwell.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in't,
Never to be superior to a hint—
The genius of each man, with keenness view—
A spark from this, or t'other caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious bonfire up in you.

A question of you, let me beg—
Of famed Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard? "Yes."—O, then, if you please,
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Pease.*

ODE VII.

Peter grinneth.

Young men, be cautious of each critic word,
That blasphemous may much offence afford—
I mean, that wounds an ancient master's fame:
At Titian, Guido, Giulio, Veronese,
Your lengthening phiz let admiration seize,
And throw up both your eyes at Raphael's name.

Even by a print-shop should you chance to pass,
Revere their effigy inside a glass:
Just as with papists the religious care is,
In churches, lanes, to bend their marrow-bones
To bees-wax saints, *bon-dieux* of stones,
And beech, and deal, or wainscot Virgin Marys.

Whate'er their errors, they no more remain;
For time, like fuller's earth, takes out each stain:
Nay more—on faults, that modern works would tarnish,
Time spreads a sacred coat of *varnish*.

Spare not on brother artists' backs, the lash;
Put a good wire in't—let it slash;
Since every stroke with interest is repaid;
For though you cannot kill the man outright,
Yet, by this effect of your rival spite,
Fifty to one, if you don't spoil his trade.

* See page 15.

His ruins may be feathers for your nest—
The maxim's not amiss—*probatum est*.

ODE VIII.

The Poet inquireth into the state of the Exhibition—Lasheth Father Time, for making great Geniuses, and destroying them—Praiseth Reynolds—Fancieth a very curious Dialogue between King Alexander and the Deer, the Subject of Mr West's Picture—Turns to Mr West's Resurrection.

Well, Muse! what is there in the Exhibition?
How thrive the beauties of the graphic art?—
Whose racing genius seems in best condition
For Glory's plate to start?

Say, what sly rogues old Fame cajole?
Speak,—who hath bribed her trumpet, or who stole?
For much is praised that ought in fires to mourn—
Nay, what would even disgrace a fire to burn.

What artist boasts a work sublime,
That mocks the teeth of raging Time?
Old fool! who—after he hath formed with pains,
A genius rare,
To make folks stare,
Knocks out his brains:
Like children, dolls creating with high brags;
Then tearing all their handy works to rags.

Lo! Reynolds shines with undiminished ray!
Keeps, like the bird of Jove, his distant way—
Yet, simple portrait strikes too oft our eyes,
Whilst history, anxious for his pencil, sighs.

We don't desire to see on canvass live
The copy of a jowl of lead;
When for th' original we would not give
A small pin's head.

This year, of picture, Mr West
Is quite a *Patagonian-maker*—
He knows that bulk is not a jest;
So gives us painting by the acre.

But, ah! this artist's brush can never brag
Upon king Alexander and the stag;
For as they played at loggerheads a rubber:
We surely ought to see a handsome battle
Between the monarch and the piece of cattle;
Whereas each keeps his distance, like a lubber.

His Majesty, upon his breech laid low,
Seems preaching to his horned foe;
Observing, what a very wicked thing
To hurt the sacred person of a king:

And seems, about the business, to entreat him
To march, for fear the hounds should eat him.

The stag appears to say in plaintive note,
"I own, king Alexander, my offence:
True! I've not shown my loyalty, nor sense;
So bid your huntsmen come and cut my throat."

The cavalry, adorned with fair stone bodies,
Seem on the dialogue with wonder staring;
And on their flinty backs a set of noddies,
Not one brass farthing for their master caring.

Behold! one fellow lifts his mighty spear,
To save the owner of the Scottish crown;
Which, harmless hanging o'er the gaping deer,
Seems in no mighty hurry to come down.

Another on a Pegasus comes flying!
His phiz his errand much belying;
For if he means to baste the beast so cruel,
God knows, 'tis with a face of water-gruel.

So then, sweet Muse, the picture boasts no merit—
As flat as dish-water, or dead small-beer—
Or (what the mark is tolerably near)
As heads of aldermen devoid of spirit.

Well then! turn round—view t'other side the room,
And see his Saviour mounting from the tomb:
Is this piece too with painting sins so crammed,
Born to increase the number of the damned?
My sentiments by no means I refuse—
Was our Redeemer like the wretched thing,
I do not wonder that the cunning Jews
Scorned to acknowledge him for king.

ODE IX.

Peter Moraliseth, and giveth good Advice.

Envy and Jealousy, that pair of devils,
Stuffed, like Pandora's box, with wondrous evils,
I hate, abhor, abominate, detest;
Like Circe, turning man into a beast.

Beneath their cankering breath no bud can blow;
Their blackening power resembles smut in corn,
Which kills the rising ears, that should adorn,
And bid the vales with golden plenty glow.

Yet, fierce in yonder dome each demon reigns;
Their poison swells, too, many an artist's veins;
Draws from each labouring heart the fearful sigh,
And casts a sullen gloom on every eye.

Brushmen! accept the counsel Peter sends,
Who scorns th' acquaintance of this brace of fiends:
Should any with *uncommon talents* tower;
To any, is *superior* science given—
Oh, let the weaker feel their happy power,
Like plants, that triumph in the dews of heaven.

Be pleased, like Reynolds, to direct the blind;
Who aids the feeble faltering feet of youth;
Unfolds the ample volume of his mind,
With genius stored and nature's simple truth:

Who, though a sun, resembles not his brother,
Whose beams, so full of jealousy, conspire,
Whene'er admitted to the room—to smother
The humble kitchen, or the parlour fire.

ODE X.

Peter speaketh figuratively—Accommodateth himself to vulgar Readers—Lasheth Pretenders to Fame—Concludeth merrily.

A MODEST love of praise I do not blame—
But I abhor a *rape* on Mistress Fame,
Although the lady is exceeding chaste,
Young forward bullies seize her round the waist;

Swear, *nolens volens*, that she shall be kissed;
And, though she vows she does not like 'em,
Nay, threatens for their impudence to strike 'em,
The saucy rascals still persist.

Reader!—of images here's no confusion—
Thou therefore understand'st the bard's allusion;
But possibly thou hast a *thickish* head;
And therefore no vast quantity of brain—
Why then, my precious *pig of lead*,
'Tis necessary to explain.

Some *artists*, if I so may call 'em;
So ignorant, the foul fiend maul 'em;
Mere drivellers in the charming art;
Are vastly fond of being praised,
Wish to the stars, like Blanchard,* to be raised:
And raised they should be, reader,—from a cart.

If disappointed in some Stentor's tongue,
Upon themselves they pour forth prose or song;
Or buy it in some venal paper,
And then heroically vapour.

What prigs to immortality aspire,
Who stick their trash around the room!—
Trash, meriting a very different doom,—
I mean the warmer regions of the fire.

Heaven knows, that I am angered to the soul,
To find some blockheads of their works so vain—
So proud, to see them hanging cheek by jowl,
With his,† whose powers the art's high fame sustain.

* The famous Aeronaut. † The President.

To wondrous merit their pretension,
On such vicinity-suspension—
Brings to my mind a not unpleasant story,
Which, gentle readers, let me lay before ye:

A shabby fellow chanced one day to meet
The British Roscius in the street,
Garrick, of whom our nation justly brags—
The fellow hugg'd him, with a kind embrace—
"Good Sir, I do not recollect your face,"
Quoth Garrick—"No!" replied the man of rags;

"The boards of Drury you and I have trod,
Full many a time together, I am sure."
"When?" with an oath, cried Garrick, "for, by God,
I never saw that face of yours before!—

"What characters, I pray,
Did you and I together play?"

"Lord!" quoth the fellow, "think not that I mock—
When you played *Hamlet*, Sir,—*I played the Cock*."*

ODE XI.

Peter talketh sensibly and knowingly—Recommendeth it to Artists to prefer Pictures for their Merit—Discovereth Musical Knowledge, and showeth, that he not only hath kept Company with Fiddlers, but Fiddle-makers—He satirizeth the Pseudo-Cognoscenti—Praiseth his ingenious Neighbour, Sir Joshua.

BE not imposed on by a name;
But bid your eye the picture's merit trace:
Poussin, at times, in outline may be lame,
And Guido's angels destitute of grace.

Yet, lo! a picture of some famous school—
A warranted old daub of reputation,
Where charming painting's almost every rule,
Hath suffered almost every violation;
Oft hath been gazed at, by devouring eyes,
Where Nature, banished from the picture, sighs.

* In the Ghost Scene.

So some old duchess, as a badger gray,
(Her snags by Time, sure dentist, snatched away)
With long, lank, flannel cheeks—
Where age, in every wrinkled feature,
Unto the poor, weak, shaking creature,
Of death unwelcome tidings speaks—
Draws from the gaping mob the envying look,
Because her owner chanced to be a duke.

How many pasteboard rocks and iron seas,
How many torrents wild of still stone water,
How many brooms and broomsticks meant for trees,
Because the *fancied* labours of Salvator,*
Whose pencil, too, most grossly may have blundered,
Have brought the blessed possessor many a hundred!—

Thus prove a crowd,† a Stainer,‡ or Amati;§
No matter for the fiddle's sound;
The fortunate possessor shall not bate ye
A doit of fifty, nay, a hundred pound:
And though what's vulgarly baptised a *rep*,
Shall in a hundred pounds be deemed dog-cheap.

It tickles one excessively to hear
Wise, prating pedants, the old masters praise;
Damning by wholesale, with sarcastic sneer,
The wretched works of modern days;
Making at living wights such fatal pushes,
As if not good enough to wipe their brushes.

And yet on each wise *cognoscenté* ass,
Who shall for hours on paint and sculpture din ye,
A person with facility may pass
Rigaud for Raphael—Bacon for Bernini;
Or—little as an oven to Vesuvius,—
Will Tyler for Palladio or Vitruvius!

One would imagine by the maddening fools,
Who talk of nothing but the ancient schools,
And vilify the works of modern brains,
They think poor Mother Nature's art is fled;
That now she cannot make a head,
Who took with old Italian nobs such pains;

* Salvator Rosa. † A fiddle.
‡ A German fiddle-maker.
§ A maker of fiddles called Cremonas.

Nay, to a driveller turned, her power so sunk is,
Tame soul! that nothing now she makes but monkeys.

"Look at your favourite Reynolds," is their strain—
"Allowed by all, the first in Europe's eye;
One atom of repute can Reynolds gain,
When Titian, Rubens, and Vandyke, are nigh?
Can Reynolds live near Raphael's matchless line?"
Yes, blinkards! and with equal lustre shine!

ODE XII.

Peter increaseth in Wisdom, and adviseth wisely—Seemeth angry at the Illiberality of Nature in the Affair of his good Acquaintance the Lord High Chancellor of England, and Mr Pepper Arden—Peter treateth his Readers with Love-verses of past Times.

Copy not Nature's form too closely,
Whene'er she treats your sitter grossly:
For when she gives deformity for grace,
Pray, show a little mercy on the face.
Indeed 'twould be but charity to flatter
Some dreadful works of seeming-drunken Nature.

As, for example,—let us now suppose
Thurlow's black scowl, and Pepper Arden's nose:
But when your pencil's powers are bid to trace
The smiles of Devonshire—Duncannon's grace—
To bid the blush of beauteous Campbell rise,
And wake the radiance of Augusta's* eyes,—
(Gad! Muse, thou art beginning to grow loyal)—
And paint the graces of the Princess Royal;
Try all your art—and when your toils are done,
You show a flimsy meteor for a sun.

Or should you still attempt her face and air,
Who fired my heart, and fixed my roving eye—
The Loves, who robbed a world to make her fair,
Would quickly triumph, and your art defy.

* Second daughter of the King of England.

Sweet nymph!—But, reader, take the song,
Which Cynthia's charms alone inspired:
That left, of yore, the poet's tongue,
When love his raptured fancy fired.

SONG.

From her, alas! whose smile was love,
I wander to some lonely cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer, Hope, farewell.

Be all her Siren arts forgot,
That filled my bosom with alarms:
Ah! let her crime—a little spot,
Be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs,
At every step, for Cynthia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, sinking, whispers, "Oh! return."

Deluded heart! thy folly know—
Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame—
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe;
And only flutter at her name.

Readers! I own, the song of love is sweet,
Most pleasing to the soul of gentle Peter:
Your eyes, then, with another let me treat,
O gentle Sirs, and in the same sweet metre.

SONG TO DELIA.

Say, lone maid, with down-cast eye—
O Delia! say, with cheeks so pale,
What gives thy heart the lengthened sigh,
That tells the world a mournful tale?

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
Bespeak a bosom swelled with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favoured youth,
With virtue tired, thy beauty slight;
And leave these thrones of love and truth,
That lip and bosom of delight?

Perhaps to nymphs of other shades,
He feigns the soft, impassioned tear;
With songs their easy faith invades,
That treacherous won thy witless ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart can ne'er be blessed by love,
Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

ODE XIII.

Pious Peter acknowledgeth great obligations to the Reverend Mr Martin Luther—Yet lamenteth the Effects of this Parson's Reformation on Painting.

We Protestants owe much to Martin Luther,
Who found to heaven a *shorter* way and *smoother*;
And shall not soon repay the obligation:
Martin, against the Papists, got the laugh;
Who, as the butchers bleed and bang a calf
To whiteness—bled and banged unto salvation:
As if such drubbings could expel their sins;
As if that Power, whose works with awe we view,
Graced all our backs with sets of *comely* skins,
Then ordered us to beat them black and blue.

Well then! we must confess for certain,
That much we owe to Mr Martin,
Who altered for the better our religion—
Yet, by it, glorious Painting much did lose—
Was plucked, poor goddess! like a goose;
Or, for the rhyme's sake, like a pigeon.

Mad at the Whore of Babylon and Bull,
Down from the churches men began to pull
Pictures, that long had held a lofty station—
Pictures of saints of pious reputation,
For curing, by a miracle, the ills
That now so stubborn yield not to devotions,
But unto blisters, bolusses, and potions,
That make such handsome 'pothecaries' bills.

Down tumbled Anthony, who preached to sprats:
And he* who held discourses with a hog,
That, grunting after him so used to jog,
Came down, by favour of long sticks and bats.

The saints who grinned on spits, like ven'son roasting,
Broiling on gridirons—baking in an oven;

* Commonly known by the name of Pig Anthony.

Or on a fork like cheese of Cheshire toasting;
Or kicked to death by Satan's hoof so cloven;
All humbled to the ground were forced to fall—
Spits, forks, and gridirons, ovens, devil, and all.

Even saints of poor old England's breeding,
In wonders many foreign ones exceeding,
Our hot Reformers did as roughly handle:
In troth, poor harmless souls! they met no quarter;
But down were tumbled, miracle and martyr;
Put up in lots, and sold by inch of candle.

Had we been Papists—Lord! we still had seen
Devils and devils' mates, young pimping liars,
Tempting the blushing nuns of frail fifteen,
With gangs of ogling, rosy, wanton friars:
Which nuns so pure, no love-speech could cajole—
Who starved the body to preserve the soul.

Then had we seen St Dennis, with his head
Fresh in his hand, and with affection kissing;
As if the nob, that from his shoulders fled,
By knife or broad-sword, never had been missing;
Then had we seen, upon their friendly coating,
Saints on the waves, like gulls and widgeons, floating.

I've seen a saint, on board a ship,
To whom, for a fair wind, the Papists pray,
Well flogged from stem to stern, by birch and whip,
Poor wooden fellow! twenty times a day:
Pulled by the nose, and kicked—called lubber, owl,
To make him turn a wind to fair from foul!
And often this has brought a prosperous gale,
When prayers and curses have been found to fail,
This, had we Papists been, had graced our churches,
Saints, seamen, nose-pulling, kicks, whips, and birches.

ODE XIV.

Peter attacketh the Exotic R. A's.

Ye royal sirs, before I bid adieu,
Let me inform you, some deserve my praise:
But trust me, gentle squires, ye are but few,
Whose names would not disgrace my lays.

You'll say, with grinning, sharp, sarcastic face,
"We must be bad indeed, if that's the case"—
Why, if the truth I must declare,
So, gentle squires, you really are!

I'm greatly pleased, I must allow,
To see the foreigners beat hollow;
Who stole into that dome—the Lord knows how—
I hope to God no more will follow:
Who, cursed with a poor snivelling spirit,
Were never known to vote for merit—

Poor narrow-minded imps,
Hanging together just like shrimps.
I own, (so little they have merited)
That from yon noble dome,
Made almost an Italian and French home,
I long to see the vermin ferreted.

Yet where's the house, however watched by cats,
That can get rid of all its rats?
Or—if a prettier simile may please—
Where is the bed that hath not fleas?
Or if a prettier still—what London rugs
Have not, at times, been visited by bugs?

ODE XV.

Peter taketh Leave—Displayeth wonderful Learning—Seemeth sorry to part with his Readers—Administereth Crumbs of Comfort.

My dearest Readers! 'tis with grief I tell,
That now, for ever, I must bid farewell!

Glad, if an ode of mine, with grins can treat ye;
Valete!
And if you like the lyric Peter's oddity;
Plaudite!
Rich as a Jew am I in Latian lore—
So, classic reader, take a sentence more:

Pulchrum est monstrari digito, et dicier
"Hic est!"
Says Juvenal, who loved a bit of fame—
In English—Ah! 'tis sweet, amongst the thickest
To be found-out, and pointed at by name.

To hear the shrinking great exclaim,
"*That's Peter*,
Who makes much immortality by metre;
Who nobly dares indulge the tuneful whim,
And cares no more for kings than kings for him!"

Yet one word more, before we part—
Should any take it grieviously to heart;
Look melancholy, pale, and wan, and thin,
Like a poor pullet that hath eat a pin;
Put on a poor desponding face, and pine,
Because that Peter the divine
Resolves to give up painting odes;—
By all the rhyming goddesses and gods,
I here, upon a poet's word, protest,
That, if it is the world's request,
That I again in lyrics should appear;
Lo! rather than be guilty of the sin
Of losing George the Third one subject's skin,
My lyric bagpipe shall be tuned next year.

JOHN AND JOAN.

A TALE.

HAIL, wedded love! the bard thy beauty hails!
Though mixed, at times, with cock and henlike *sparrings*:
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*,
And dove-like peace much sweeter after *warrings*.

I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
But folks may find it if they choose to read—
"That marriage is too *sweet* without *some sour*;
Variety oft recommends a *flower*.

"Wedlock should be like *punch*, some sweet, some acid;
Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.

"A picture that is all in *light*—
Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
No, let some darkness be displayed;
And learn to *balance* well with *shade*."

John married Joan—they frowned, they smiled;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid showers of love, now chilling *snows*;
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear;
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slily tapped by Joan;
For Joan, t' *oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge:
And so she wisely left the leave alone.

It happed that John and Joan had not *two* beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a *board* between us," cried the *man*—
"With all *my* spirit, John," replied the *wife*:
A *board* was placed, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once winked over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose;
On the fifth morn, it chanced to please
John's nose to sneeze—
"God bless you, dear!" quoth Joan at John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the hedge his head—
"Joan, did you say it from your *heart*?"
"Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed!"
"You *did*?"—"Yes, John, upon my word"—
"Zounds, Joan, then take away the *board*!"

Thus it will be with you and Pitt agen;
Love will beam forth, that every love surpasses;
The grocers be *themselves*, sweet-tempered *men*,
And souse in a hogshead of molasses,

Thus will Contention take away the *bone*,
And you and Pitt kiss friends, like *John* and *Joan*.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO EXETER;

A POETICAL EPISTLE, BY JOHN PLOUGHSHARE,

A Farmer of Morton Hampstead, in the County of Devon.

Well! in a come—King George to town,
With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
Zo mad seemed all the voke.

PART I.

I PROMISED thee, dear zester Nan,
That thee shudst hear vrom brether Jan,
About the king *wey speed:*
And now I zet me down to write,
To tell thee every thing outright,
The whole that I've azeed.

Now meend me, Nan! all Exter town
Was gapin, rennin up and down,
Vath, just leek vokes bewitched!
Lord! how they langed to zee the king;
To hear un zay zom *marvelous thing:*
Leek mangy dogs they itched!

Leek bullocks stinged by appledranes,
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes theese way dreaved and that;
Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin;
Zom in the mucks, and pellum sprawlin;
Leek pancakes all zo flat.

Hosses and mares, assnegers, moyles,
Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,
Hunderds commed in at least;
Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
Hallooin, laughin, cryin, squawlin,
Vour mounted 'pon one beast.

The ladies vrom the windors all
Poked vorth their powls, both gert and small;
Ecod, there were a power:
Their hair zo white I'd zexpence stake,
That vrom their powls I'd fairly shake
A dezen zacks o' vlower.

To spoil good vlower, a spendthrift crew!
Ould Time wull whitten vast anew,
The locks o'um, never fear;
Bezides, it is a burnin shame,
And making of God's gifts a game,
Considerin corn's so dear.

And yet the perty maids, I vow,
Make me vorgive, I can't tell how,
Thoft 'tis a serious matter:
But what wey *zich* have *I* to do?
Vor Joan and Nell, and Madge and Sue,
My mouth must only water.

But than agan, Iss can't but zay,
Iss could look at mun a whole day,
They looked so vair and vresh,
Iss longed to gee zome hearty smacks
Upon their little rosy chacks,
They seemed zich wholsome vlesh.

Well! in a come—King George to town,
With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleeing, roarin, zingin;
Zo mad seemed all the voke.

Wipin his zweaty jaws and poull,
All over doust we spied 'Squire Rolle,
Close by the king's coach trattin:
Now shovin in the coach his head,
Meaning, we gissed, it might be zed,
"The 'squire and king be chattin."

Now goed the aldermen and mayor,*
Zum wey crapped wigs, and zum wey hair,
The royal veke to ken;
When measter mayor, upon my word,
Poked to the king a gert long sword,
Which he poked back agen.

Now thoose that round ould Burnet stood,
All zweared it clumzily was dood;
Yet Squirt, the peepel zay,
Brandished his gert horse-glysterpipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down long Vorestreet did they come,
Zum hollowin, and screechin zum;
Now tridged they to the dean's,
Becaze the bishop sent mun word,
A could not meat and drink avoord,
A hadn't got the means.

A zaid, "that az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot nor pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;

* Mr Burnet.

That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom draed a cork."

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the clargy clan
That with un uzed to chatter;
Who if a axed mun to drink wine,
To one the wother they tipped the sign,
And begged his charming water.

"And as vor rooms, why there agen,
A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
They war so small," he said;
"And as vor beds they wudn't do—
In number about one or two,
Vor zelf and Joan the maid.

"In voolish things a wudn't be cort;
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes vor nort;
No, 'twas not his desire:
Prefarment, too, was at an end;
The king wud never more vor'n zend,
To lift'n one peg higher."

And yet they zay's a man of sense,
Honest and just, but hoardth his pence—
Can't peart wey drink nor meat:
And then, "what vor?" the peepel rail,
"To greaze a vat old pig in the tail;
Old Weymouth of Longleat!"

Well! to the dean's, bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent,
And guzlin too, no doubt:
And while the gentry drinked within,
The mob wey brandy, ale, and gin,
Got roarin drunk without.

PART II.

Now Vriday morning sheened zo bright;
But zome were up bevore 'twas light;
Wey zounds the streets did ring:
"Lord, lord, than sose, were yow zo blessed,
To zee the show among the rest?
Did yow than zee the king?"

Now droo a small back-door* wey stairs,
King George went vorth to zay his prayers;
A pure and godly sign:
And there he took his spyeglass out,
Stared up and down, and all about,
And zimmed to zay, "'Tis vine."

* His majesty did not, as was expected, enter in full procession the large door of the Abbey; but slipped into a small private one, to the no small mortification of Messieurs Mayor, Aldermen, and Cavalcade.

Vull az an egg was all the charch,
Vor voakes were mad az hares in March;
And fath it was dam quare,
To zee ould dames wey leathern chacks,
Hoisted upon the fellows' backs—
A penny for a stare.

The queen, she showed zuch wive-leek care
Zo kind upon un zo to stare;
To whisper'n, and all that!
And, faggins, people leeked it much,
Zo pleased to zee her love vor'n zuch—
To watch'n leek a cat.

Prayers over, now he spied the ruff,
And looked it round and round anuff,
And zoon beginned to speak:
Zo zaid, "Neat, neat—clean, very clean;
D'ye mop it, mop it,* Measter Dean—
Mop, mop it every week?"

"Zir," said Dean Buller to'n agen,
"'Tis not by moppin keeped zo clean,
What streek'th your royal eye;
Vor, Zir, in all our Exter shops,
We never meet wey zich long mops;
Our mops dant reach zo high."

All people join to praise the dean,
He did zo well his zel demean;
No man behaved more humbler:
Spared no expense—bort every thing—
To please forseth the queen and king;
Vor which, they gid'n a *tumbler*.

Vor royal voake, so gert withal,
The present zimmed most merty small;
And zo zed all the city;
It was too sneaken, fath and troth—
A poor groat glass between mun both!
No fath! it wazn't vitty.

Now to the tavern renned 'Squire Rolle,
To git the names of every soul
That wished King George to zee:†
The 'squire most kindly tould mun too,
How jest leek zoldiers they must do—
Bow down, and drap the knee.

And zaid it never shud be missed;
That when King George's hand they kissed,
Leek vish they must be *dum*;
And backwards crawl leek crabs away:
Good zound advice—much as to zay,
"Kings must not zee your bum."

* This observation really took place at Exeter, as well as at Salisbury, some years since.
† To be presented.

Now tridged to aldermen and mayor,
'Squire Rolle, a speech vor to prepare,
To thank the king vor commin:
"Lord!" cried the aldermen and mayor,
"Why, Measter Rolle, yow make us stare,
'Squire Rolle, why yow be hummin!

"Why, we be only men in trade;
'Tis true a vieow good pounds we've made—
Be tolerably rich:
But thoff we've raked up zom vieow pence,
It deth not vollow we've the sence
To make the king a *speech*.

"Zend vor rekoreder—put *he* too't—
We'll warrant Hawtry zoon wull doo't—
Iss, iss, he'll do the feat:
And as the man can logic chop,
The doul's in't if he can't cook up
Zomethin that's short and zweet."

Now Hawtry took a world o' pain—
He did zo drash about his brain,
That was not over-stored;
But vath, outleaped a speech at laste,
That zimmed to please King George's taste,
Spealed right in every word.

Now to the rume, to zee the king,
They all marched off, a clever dring:
And there King George a stude,
Receiving bows and scrapes and kisses,
Vor all the world leek handsome Misses,
Expecting to be wooed.

Jolly's a tinker stude 'Squire Rolle,
Sly winking, leek an ould grey owl,
To zee that nort went *wrong;*
Zo got behend, and wey a frown
He pulled near twenty o'mun down,
And twenty droad along.

The king stude patient az a stock,
Vour hours at least by Exter clock,
It zafely might be waagered;
Zom makin their vine reverence spurned,
The king was nearly overturned,
A Gosh! a was so badgered.

Tagrag and bobtail, all kissed hands,
Vrom neighb'ring pearts and voreign lands;
Aye! kissing was anuff—
Had not the hand been tight put on,
It was zo mainly smacked upon,
The voke had kissed it *off*.

And fath, no woundy fuss was made
'Bout dress amungst the men in trade,
They thort o' no zich thing;

Z

Wey derty sharts and grizly beards,
Much leek a greazy pack o' keards,
They shuffled vore the king.

Now Varmer Tab, I understand,
Drode his legs vore, and catched the hand,
And shaked wey might and main:
"I'm glad your majesty to zee,
And hope your majesty," quoth he,
"Wull nere be *mazed* again."

"*Mazed! mazed!* what's *mazed?*" than zed the king;
"I never heered of zich a thing;
What's *mazed?*—what, what, my lord?"
"Hem," zed my lord, and blowed his nose;
"Hem, hem—Sir, 'tis, I do suppose,
Sir,—an old Devonshire word."

And than my lord a scratched his head,
And, coughing ance or twiss, he zed:
"I'll try to vend it out;"
And than agen he hemmed and haad,
And puzlin while his pate a clawed—
King George a terned *about*.

PART III.

Zom thort the king wud march about,
And show his zelf a bit, no doubt;
Zee guildhall, circus, castle:
Vor this, Lord Fosky gid'n a shove;
But virm's a rock, nort mad'n move,
Zo 'twas in vain to wrastle.

But this a did—now this was kind—
Knowin the people's longing mind,
And being pretty tall,
A stude 'pon's tiptoes, it is zed;
And, condescending, poked his head
Over the bishop's wall.

Zum of the Exter voke suppose
They plainly zeed his royal nose,
And zum his royal eyes;
And, Lord! whatever peart they zeed,
In this, they one and all agreed,
'Twas glorious, gert, and wize.

'Tis zed, and I believe 'tis true,
He gid (but lookin rether blue)
The *hospital* a ken:
'Twas all a gid; but than quoth he,
"I'll zomething gee, my lord, d'ye zee,
When I come here agen."

This, to be zure, looked *cruel* kind
Towards the zick, and lame, and blind;
What's thy opinion, Nan?
But rat it, theve net zeed a doit;
Zo 'tes no very gert exploit
Of our Samaritan.

Zich perty promises, egosh!
Zeem words o'cause—a pack o'trosh;
  Wind, faith! net one crume better;
I leek to zee voakes dra the *puss;*
Parlaver is not worth a cuss;
  I hate to hear voakes *chetter.*

But now, to please the royal chops,
Presents vall'd in as thick as hops,
  Vish, vlesh, and vowl, and vruit;
'Twas who shud zay, "I zent the king
Zich, zich, and zich, and zich'a thing:"
  The vokes were *mad* to do't.

Now let me tell thee, zester Nan,
The king's a jolley gentleman,
  The queen not very ugly!
Az vor the princesses, sweet souls,
With rosy chucks, and flaxen polls,
  They angels looked so snugly.

Mayhap, yow wud be glad to know
Zom more about the queen, I trow,—
  I think I've zed anuff:
What vokes in general zay is this:
"The oman is not much amiss,
  And tak'th a power o' snuff."

But milliners of Exter zwear,
That hers and all her daughters' geer
  Was shellings net worth thirty;
That, Lord! they weared but little laces,
Their zilks mert blish to show their faces,
  Ould-fashioned, stripped, and dirty.

Now woundy mad was Measter Mare,*
To think a shud a veast prepare,
  Of vlesh, and vowl, and vish;
Of ham, and terkie, gooze and mustard,
Dumplin and apple-pie, and custard,
  Az good az mouthe could wish.

Vor whan unto King George a zends,
To tell'n the aldermen, his vriends,
  Wud all be glad to zee'n;
The king no notice tuke, 'tis zaid,
But, leek a pisky, laughed and played
  To push-pin wey the queen.

Zo there the meal, vorsooth, was spoiled,
The baked and roast, and vried and boiled;
  Oh! 'twas a dismal day:
The zyder, brandy, wine, and ale,
The gert gold chairt to hold his tail,
  Was money droad away.

* Burnet, the plumber.
† Made expressly, at a very great expense: Indeed it did credit to the liberality of the corporation.

It, when King George did leave the town,
The aldermen, in red fur gown,
  And Mare, vore Guildhall houze,
Vurst havin had a little veeding,
Leek soldiers formed toshow their breeding,
  And make their Zenday bows.

The king, he spied mun vrom his coach,
Wey faces net pleazed over much,
  That did un much delight;
The Bench keeped bowin up and down,
Till all the hosses rumps, they vound,
  And king's were out o' zight.

Than home they lerked, and drapped their furs
And tails between their legs, leek curs,
  Becaze they war zo zlighted;
But what was ten times worse, poor souls,
Their wives leek devils clawed their polls,
  Becaze they did'nt get *knighted.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, zester Nan, by this yow zee,
What zort of vokes gert people be;
  What's *cheny* thoft, is *clome;*
And, zester, now I do believe,
That after this yow daan't much grieve,
  Becaze yow staid at home.

Theeze once I've made myzelf a vool,
And now I veel my courage cool
  For zeeing royal things:
And whan my Bible next I rode,
Zo leet I worship all the breed,
  I'll *skep* the *book* of Kings.

DUPLICITY; OR, THE BISHOP OF OLD.

A BISHOP, not a *British bishop*,—no—
(Ours are a sweeter set of *saints*, I trow)
  Was by his sovereign sent to rule abroad:
    Immediately upon the news
    Of his arrival, came some Jews
  To compliment the mitred man of God.

"Jews!" bawled the bishop, in the direst passion,
"D'ye think *I'll see* that vile apostate nation?
Run, Pierrot—drive them off—run faster, faster;
Tell them they crucified my Heavenly Master."

"But Sir, but Sir," quoth Pierrot, stepping back,
  Devoutly whispering in the bishop's ear—

"These *Jews* bring presents! Lord! at least a sack."
"Ah! ah!" replied the bishop—*less austere*—
"These people could know *nothing* of the *sin*—
Poor creatures! well, well, Pierrot, *let 'em in*."

SIMPLICITY; OR, THE CURATE.

How difficult, alas! to please mankind!
One or the other every moment *mutters:*
This wants an eastern, that a western wind:
A third, petition for a southern, utters.
Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow:
How can Heaven suit *all* palates?—I don't know.

Good Lamb, the curate, much approved,
Indeed by all his flock *beloved*,
Was one dry summer begged to pray for rain:
The parson most devoutly prayed—
The powers of prayer were soon displayed;
Immediately a *torrent* drenched the plain.

It chanced that the churchwarden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadow not yet *saved* the hay:
Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring,
It happened too that Robin was from home;
But when he heard the story, in a foam
He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

"Zounds! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing!"
A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!
What! pray for *rain* before I *saved* my hay!
Oh! you're a cruel and ungrateful man!
I that for ever help you all I can;
Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay,
Whenever we have something on the spit,
Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;

"Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
Whose bones you are so fond of picking;
And often too a cag of brandy!
You that were welcome to a treat,
To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
Making my house so very handy!

"*You*, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick!
Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes!
A numscull, that I wer'n't of this aware.—
Curse me but I had stopped your pretty prayer!"
"Dear Mister Jay?" quoth Lamb, "alas! alas!
I never thought upon your field of grass."

"Lord! parson, you're a fool, one might suppose—
Was not the field just underneath your *nose?*
This is a very pretty losing job!"—
"Sir," quoth the curate, "know that Harry Cobb
Your brother warden joined, to have the prayer."—
"Cobb! Cobb! why this for Cobb was only *sport:*
What doth Cobb own that any rain can *hurt?*"
Roared furious Jay as broad as he could stare.

"The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn*,
A few old houses only, and a barn;
As that's the case, zounds! what are showers to *him?*
Not Noah's flood could make *his* trumpery *swim*.

"Besides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray?
Why force it down in *buckets* on the hay?
Would *I* have played with *your* hay such a freak?
No! I'd have stopped the weather for a week."

"Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,
I acted solely for the best;
I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
Your anger for this *once* restrain,
I'll never bring a drop again
Till you and all the parish are *agreed*."

TALES OF THE HOY;

INTERSPERSED WITH SONG, ODE, AND DIALOGUE.

Φιλέουσι μέν σε Μοῦσαι,
Φιλεῖ δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,
Λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἶμην.
ANACREON.

The Muses love thee dearly Peter,
And eke the merry God of Metre,
Who gracious gave thee such a charming tongue:
We thought that Age had quenched thy fire,
Or Law's rude hammer crushed thy lyre,
Or Royal whisper soothed the rage of song;
Or Pension changed thy harp's *uncourtly* strings,
And with her *golden scissors* clipped thy wings.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

It were needless, O illuminated reader, to inform thee, that the hint of the Tales of the Hoy is borrowed from Chaucer, who borrowed *his* hint from the Decameron of Boccace, who borrowed *his* hint from the *Cento Novelle Antiche*. Thou wilt perceive that I have deviated from my merry predecessor, by omitting a prize-supper for the best story-teller. I have also deviated, by introducing Ballad, Dialogue, &c. by way of taking off a fatiguing monotony; thus enlivening the scene by *diversity*, which possesses a charm for the world in general.

Mine host of the Hoy also differs from the host of the Tabard, by delivering his opinions in *prose*, a more *natural mode* of communication, though not so difficult, and consequently not so ingenious; difficulty and ingenuity being, in the present age, considered as *synonymous*, by a number of *profound thinkers!* It would be thought presumptuous, perhaps, to draw a parallel between Harry Baily, the host of the Tabard, and Captain Noah, our host of the Hoy; but I must confess that I would rather be Captain Noah than Harry Baily; not that Harry Baily was not a *clever fellow*—indeed he had humour, added to a shrewdness of observation; but Harry Baily had scarcely ever been out of the smoke of his own chimney; whereas Captain Noah has been, like Ulysses, a *great traveller;* has sailed to various parts of the globe; was on board the very ship of war with Mr George Rose, our present great and *excellent* Secretary of the Treasury, when he was only a poor purser's mate, and was with him too when he was elevated, by parliamentary interest, to the rank of purser; and well remembers that he has often damned Mr Rose's rotten peas, ropy small beer, hopping biscuit, and horse-beef. Captain Noah was likewise with Sir Joseph Banks at Otaheitee, when that great man, for the *honour* of his *country*, was tattooed, and lost his breeches, in the boat with Queen Obereah. Captain Noah also can play a country-dance on the fiddle, and dance the hays at the same time—nay, so far from being *illiterate*, he has published an *acrostic* in Mr John Nichols' Magazine; nay, Captain Noah has actually given *literary hints* to Messrs Rivingtons and their wives, of St Paul's Church-yard, who preside over the poetical part of a review called the British Critic, and before whose awful tribunal this very work of mine, The Tales of the Hoy, must one day *appear*, and, like themselves at the day of judgment, be *saved* or *damned!*

Captain Noah possesses a more original cast of character, a richer vein of humour, and a more universal knowledge; resembling too very strongly my late ingenious friend Gainsborough, of painting excellence; that is to say, is *desultory* in his conversation, despising the cold phlegmatic form of *connection*, and taking a *hop*, *step*, and a *jump* over things—to borrow an image from the captain's favourite and congenial element, making *ducks-and-drakes* with *discourse*. By the introduction of dialogue, my work assumes a pretty dramatic form; and which, with the leave of our present Petronius Arbiter of plays, the *accomplished* Lord Salisbury, may one day make its appearance on our theatres; be honoured with the royal presence, and *smile*, *perhaps;* and prove that a piece may obtain success without the most distant obligations to flames and spectres.

'Twas in that month when Nature drear,
With sorrow whimpering, drops a tear,
To find that Winter, with a savage sway,
Prepares to leave his hall of storms,
And crush her flowers' delightful forms,
And banish Summer's poor last lingering ray;

'Twas in that season when the men of slop,
The Jew and Gentile turn towards their shop,
In alleys dark of London's ample round;

From Margate's handsome spot, and Hooper's-Hill,
And Dandelion, where, with much good-will,
Of buttered rolls they swallowed many a pound;

I too, the bard, from Thanet's pleasant isle,
Where, at a lodging-house, I lived in *style*,
Prepared with Gentile and with Jew to wander;
So packed up all my little *odds* and *ends;*
Took silent leave of all my Margate friends,
And sought a gallant vessel's great commander;
Who, proud of empire, ruled with conscious joy
[illegible] wooden kingdom, called a Margate Hoy!

Lord! how my gaping readers long to know,
Which gallant vessel's valiant lord
(A natural curiosity, I trow!)
Hailed the great poet and his trunk on board!
If Kydd, who nicks the passage to an inch,
Or he, his high and mighty rival, Finch.

No matter! Be it known to my readers, that, on the day of my departure, on the green lap of mother earth, on Hooper's-Hill, looking towards dear Dandelion of dancing memory, I thus broke forth into the praise of Margate:

THE PRAISE OF MARGATE.

Dear Margate, with a tear I quit this isle,
Where all seem happy—sweethearts, husbands, spouses:
On every cheek, where pleasure plants a smile,
And plenty furnishes the people's houses.

What's Brighton, when to thee compared?—poor thing;
Whose barren hills in mist for ever weep;
Or what is Weymouth, though a queen and king
Wash, walk, and prattle there, and wake and sleep?

Go bid the whiting's, the boiled whiting's eye,
In brightness with the gem of Ind compare;
Or bid the skipping Jack-o'-Lantern vie
With heaven's keen flash that lights the realms of air:

Go bid the humble thorn the cedars ape,
That to the stars their tops sublimely spread;
Go bid a curate in his tattered crape,
Like Doctor Porteus lift the lofty head:

Bid Rose's* *Sun* like Sol with lustre shine;
Or bid *that thing*, misnomered the True Briton,
Like brother papers, yield a decent line—
Poor dying imps, whom Truth and Genius spit on.

What too thy reputation's wing will raise,
And with a bush of laurel deck thy name;
Lo! I, the sweetest bard of modern days,
Admiring, turn the Stentor of thy fame.

No sooner had I finished this pretty, plaintive, poetical encomium, but, in a tender dove-like strain of delicate sensibility, very much like the Hebrew Bard weeping over his favourite Jerusalem, I thus again broke out:

* A great man, who deemed it politically necessary to create a couple of newspapers to vouch for his *good* deeds, and varnish *others*. The consumptive state of his two miserable bantlings, which George weakly imagined would prove to be a pair of Atlasses to support his *world* of character, give birth to the following Ode of Condolence.

AN ODE OF CONDOLENCE

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

On his two Newspapers, most unfortunately baptized, "The Sun," and "The True Briton."

Forbear thee, George, such whining, puling, sighing,
Because thy poor consumptive brats are dying—
By *thee* begotten,—how could they be strong?
So very like *thyself* in all their features!
Unhappy, miserable, dismal creatures,
The world now wonders they have lived so long.

What but insanity could well expect
Perfection from such radical defect?
A *sow's* ear cannot make a purse of *silk;*
We cannot to a *whale* convert the *shrimp*.
What folly too to put out each poor imp
To nurses yielding *not one drop of milk*.

Then pr'ythee for thy papers sigh no more—
So *worthless*, for oblivion they are ripe;
Peace to their slumber, as their date is o'er—
Peace to their *ashes*, as they light my pipe.

Whate'er from dirty Thames to Margate goes;
However *foul*, immediately turns *fair!*
Whatever *filth* offends the London nose,
Acquires a fragrance soon from *Margate air*.

Even Rose's news-hunters, his *scandal-crimps*,
Are changed to *wits*, so great are *Margate-powers;*
Yes! his poor *trumpeters*, the noisy imps,
Became sweet *Philomels*, in *Margate bowers!*

The tailor here, the port of Mars assumes,
Who cross-legged sat in silence on his board—
Forgets his goose, and rag-besprinkled rooms,
And thread and thimble, and now struts a lord!

Here Crispin too forgets his end and awl—
Here Mistress Cleaver with importance looks;
Forgets the beef and mutton on her stall,
And lights and livers dangling from the hooks.

Here Mistress Tap, from pewter-pots withdrawn,
Walks forth in all the pride of paunch and geer;
Mounts her swoln heels on Dandelion's lawn,
And at the ball-room heaves her heavy rear.

Changed by their travels—mounted high in soul,
Here Suds forgets whate'er remembrance shocks;
And Mistress Suds forgetteth too the pole,
Wigs, bob and pig-tail, basins, razors, blocks!

Here too the most important Dicky Dab,
With puppy-pertness, pretty, pleasant *prig*,
Forgets the narrow, fishy house of crab,
And drives in Jehu-style his whirling gig!

And here 'midst all such consequence am *I*,
The poet! *semper idem—just the same*—
Bidding old Satire's hawk at follies fly,
To fill the shops of booksellers with *game*.

Now in sorrow did I descend to the pier, alongside of which pier was the vessel ordained to *transport* me from Margate.

In sorrow let me say, I descended, to go on board the vessel,

Which like gilt gingerbread did ride
(How garish on the silver tide!)

To whose smart ribs was golden varnish given!
Her blushing ensign proudly waving—
Her pendant now in ocean laving,
Now sportive floating on the breeze to heaven;
Like gaudy mortals, steady now, now tripping;
Now in the *zenith*—now to *nadir* dipping!

At length I got me on board the ark, where Master Noah, *alias* the captain, was busy, amidst scores of passengers, of different faces, quality, and dispositions, in getting ready for the voyage.—The anchor was soon apeak, the sails filled, and we were under way.

Now, as our immortal Milton sublimely would have sung:

"With dewy gems adorning herb and flower,
Moved meek-eye'd Evening on the westtern hills
With modest mien, and on the calm expanse
Of ocean's mirror looked, and looking tinged
Its heaving bosom with a roseate blush;
A blush empyreal!—

Or, as the no less immortal author of Hudibras would have quaintly said:

"Now Madam Eve, with gown of pink,
Stepped down to Neptune's tap to drink,
Where Phœbus just before had been
At his old famed salt-water inn,
To end the labours of the day,
And give his horses oats, and hay,
And bed, and clear their hoofs from gravel,
To fit them for next morning's travel."

Again, as the illustrious Butler would have said, or sung:

"Night, in her weeds, with bats and owls
(Her usual equipage of fowls)
Came forth; and changing colour, day,
(According to her vulgar way)
Like healthy felon's hanged, alack!
Turned from deep red to dismal black."

And now Captain Noah, with a voice more like that of the raven than the nightingale, most audibly yet civilly vociferated, "Ladies and gemmen of the *best* cabin! please to walk below!" At such summons we descended, where our Palinurus thus began:

"Ladies and gemmen, you are all welcome on board; and as we shall not reach London till to-morrow, in God's name let us drown old Care in the bowl.—Here's a pretty little pond of punch; and when we suck that dry, we'll fill another and another; so God prosper the vessel, and send us a pleasant passage! Long may we live, and merry be our hearts! Down with the French! and damn Buonaparte! Cheer up, lads and lasses! While we live let us *live*! We must all go at last to Davy Jones' locker—no help for it, all must go down—*fortune de la guerre!* We shall never be a day younger! May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss! Love and opportunity! Liberty and property! Come, ladies and gemmen, take your places around the old table—dip your whiskers in the nectar! Drown old Care, as I said before! A light heart and a thin pair of breeches! There's a good God over our head! Old England for ever! Come, ladies and gemmen, I'll be toast-master. Here's my chair of state, and here's my hammer. I'll be the mister Jupiter tonans of the night, as some Latin men have christened me, with your leave—so, ladies and gemmen, please to obey my orders. A toast-master, ladies and gemmen, is the greatest man in the world—no appeal from a toast-master. He is despotic—like our prime minister, scorns to give a *reason* for what he does. Ladies and gemmen, a toast-master is *allwise;* let me *wickedly* say, *omnipotent*, for the chair *must be supported;* and therefore he can command *every thing*. A toast-master may say, 'Moab shall be my washpot, and over Edom will I cast my old shoe.' A toast-master is the first man in the world.—Were his majesty of England here *now*, in this very cabin *here* (God bless him,) and refused his glass, or contradicted me, or asked a *reason*, I would order him half a dozen bumpers; if not contented with *that*, a pint of salt water; and were *his* majesty to demand of *my* majesty a *reason* for such proceedings, then should *my* majesty order *his* majesty a *pottle;* which if he refused, he should be sent to *Coventry*, before he could say '*Peas*.'"

The captain ended; when the dark solemnity, which saddens the faces of Englishmen who happen to be strangers to one another, was converted into a smile that instantaneously ran over every countenance, by a sort of happy contagion.

Thus oft it happens that the sky
Throws horrid glooms upon the eye;
Breeds clouds like malkins—old, black rags indeed!
The lands below look dismal, drear!
When suddenly, see Sol appear!
He pushes boldly through the dark his head!
At once the shadows to his glories yield,
And cheerful radiance flies from field to field.

Captain Noah now mounted his large elbow-chair, assumed his sceptre, *alias* hammer, and commanding silence, entered upon his song.

SONG.

AGAIN we begin to be Britons, my boys:
While united, success we command:
Lo! each tar on the ocean a triumph enjoys,
And laurels shall cover the land.

Though surrounded by foes that in legions arise,
And cry for our ruin aloud,
The Genius of England their fury defies,
And bursts like the sun from a cloud.

May the king live for ever, the friend of our isle,
That revolts at the name of a slave;
Whose eye for fair Merit possesses a smile,
And a tear for the tomb of the brave!

No man to his mistress or wife will return,
And say,—"I've fled from the foe;
My honour is gone, in the grave let me mourn,
A disgrace that no Briton should know."

France, the beggar shall be of the year fifty-eight,
When for mercy she put up her prayer;
With nought but her perfidy left, and her spite,
And her pride, to console her despair.

The Spaniard too late shall his folly confess,
When his Indies no longer remain;
And the Dutchman, a frog in the days of Queen Bess,
Shall croak in his ditches again.

But how needless to talk of our prowess in war,
And proclaim what a universe knows!
Let Langara, De Grasse, and De Winter, declare
What it is to have Britons for foes!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Mrs Bliss, my good old acquaintance, here's success to *you* and your pretty white legged chicken! A song if you please! Love, almighty Love, I suppose, will be the subject. All alive! nymphs and shepherds—God's lambs *will play!*

MISTRESS BLISS.

Indeed, captain, my song will be a *serious* one—nothing more nor less than an Epitaph on my poor dear girl, Corinna; the best creature in the world, as well as the most beautiful—she was cruelly used! she died a martyr to the tender passion.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

O! I recollect her. Poor Corinna!—I could *cry* for her, Mistress Bliss—a sweet creature!—So kind! so lovely! and so good natured!—she would not hurt a fly! Lord, Lord! tried to make every body happy. Gone! ha! Mistress Bliss? Gone! poor soul! Oh! she is in heaven, depend upon it—nothing can hinder it—O Lord, no! —nothing—an angel! an angel by this time—for it must give God very little trouble to make *her* an angel, even if it were a *first-rate*—she was so charming.—Such terrible figures as my Lord C—d—n, or my Lady Mary, to be sure, it would take at least a *month* to make *such ones* any thing *like* angels—but poor little Corinna wanted very few repairs.—Perhaps the sweet little soul is now seeing what is going on in our cabin—who knows? Charming little Corinna! Lord, how funny it was! for all the world like a rabbit, or a squirrel, or a kitten, playing with its tail! Gone! as you say, *gone!* Well, now for her Epitaph.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

HERE sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but plucked was its rose,
And flung like a weed to the plain.

O pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who feel the sad victim of *art!*
Even Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A tear of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh or a tear,
Can offend of all nature the God;
Lo! Virtue already has mourned at her bier,
And the lily will bloom on her sod.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very pretty! very clever! thank ye, Mistress Bliss—rather doleful—very pretty though—touching and tender—it would do for my wife Mrs Noah, very well. I wish Mrs Noah could have it. Have ye nothing a little more lively, Mrs Bliss? Come, come, something giggish—something merry—Poor, sweet Corinna! Yes, something alive. Have not you a *what-d'ye-call-it* about ye? a little bit of gaiety or so? We must not be always at a *funeral*—must have a *courtship* and a *wedding* sometimes—it would be a dismal world else. Come Mrs Bliss, let us have something in the *tol-de-roll-lollway*—funny—hang dismality—leave that to parsons. I don't admire parsons—a parson in quest of preferment too is one of the saddest dogs in the world—you never have his opinion! so sanctified too! demure as an *old bawd* at a christening! O, damn it! and then a parson on board ship is the devil! I never sailed with one but we had a *storm*. Well, Mrs Bliss! one more, and then I shall call on my little sprig of Parnassus, Master Tagg.—Silence, ladies and gemmen!

SONG.

WHEN William first wooed, I said *yes* to the swain,
And made him as blessed as a lord—
For ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
That *no* is a dangerous word!
The girl that will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doomed by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing—
And if so, for I really believe it, good me!
What joys through one *no*, might be missing!
Since the girl who will always say *no*, I'm afraid,
Is doomed by her planet to die an old maid.

Say *yes*, and of courtship you finish the toil—
Whole mountains at once ye remove—

You brighten the eyes of the swain by a *smile*,
For smiles are the sunshine of love!
Say *yes*, and the world will acquit you of *art*,
Since the *tongue* will not *then* give the lie to the *heart*.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very true, Mrs Bliss—very true song—very good—*no* is a dangerous word—and yet a *bishop* always says *no*, and is never *disappointed*. Mr Buck, you are called on—Silence!

BUCK.

Mine is "The Widow of Ephesus," captain—an *old* tale.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A good subject to work on—a widow—a nice bit of stuff—"Widow of Ephesus," ha? Ay, ay,—a Greek gentlewoman!—I have been in her country when we sailed up the *Arches*—pretty girls—Greek girls! I used to get their little sweet velvet skins *cheap*. Whip up their veils! Board their juicy lips! and give them a good British *smack*, that you might hear a mile! Oh, the Arches beat the London market all to pieces! Ladies and gemmen, "The Widow of Ephesus"—Silence!

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS;

A TALE.

Balm are the sighs for breathless husbands shed!
And pearl the eye-drops that adorn the dead!

At Ephesus (a handsome town of Greece)
There lived a lady—a most lovely piece!
In short, the charming *toast* of all the town:
In wedlock's *velvet* bonds had lived the dame—
Yes! brightly did the torch of Hymen flame,
When Death, too cruel, knocked her husband down.

This was indeed a lamentable stroke!
Prudentia's gentle heart was nearly broke!
Tears, pea-like, trickle, shrieks her face deform—
Sighs, sighs succeeding, leave her snowy breast—
Winds, called hysterical, expand her chest,
As though she really had devoured a *storm*.

Now, fainting, calls she on her poor dead love,
How like the wailings of the widowed dove!

All Ephesus upon the wonder gazed!
Men, women, children, really were amazed.
'Tis true, a few old *maids* abused the pother—
"Heavens! if one husband dies, why take another!"
Said they—contemptuous cocking up their nose:
"Ridiculous enough! and what about?
To make for a *dead husband* such a rout!
There are as fine as *he*, one might suppose.

"A body would presume, by grief so mad,
Another husband was not to be *had*;
But men are not so very scarce indeed—
More than are *good*, there are, God mend the breed!"

Such was the conversation of old maids,
Upon this husband's visit to the shades.
At length her spouse was carried to the *tomb*,
Where poor Prudentia moped amid the gloom.

One little lamp, with solitary beam,
Showed the dark coffin that contained her dear,
And gave a beauteous sparkle to each tear,
That rill-like dropped—or rather like a *stream*.

Resolved was she amid this tomb to sigh;
To weep and wail, and groan, and starve, and die—
No comfort! no! no comfort would she take:
Her friends beheld her anguish with great pain,
Begged her to try amusement, but in vain—
"No! she would perish, perish for his sake!"

Her flaxen tresses all dishevelled flowed—
Her vestments loose—her tucker all abroad,
Revealing *such* fair swelling orbs of woe!

Her lids in swimming grief, now looked on high,
Now downward drooped, and now she poured a sigh,
How *tuneful*, on her dear pale spouse below.

Who would not covet death for such sweet sighs,
And be bewailed by *such* a pair of eyes?

It happenned that a rogue, condemned to death,
Resigned (to please the law) his roguish breath;
And near the vault did this same felon swing;
For fear the rogue's relations, or a friend,
Might steal him from the rope's disgraceful end,
A smart young soldier watched the thief and string.

This son of Mars, upon his silent station,
Hearing, at night, a dismal lamentation,
Stole to the place of woe—that is, the tomb—
And, peeping in, beheld a beauteous face,
That looked with such a charming tragic grace,
Displaying sorrow for a husband's doom.

The youth most nat'rally expressed surprise,
And scarcely could he credit his two eyes:
"Good God, ma'am!—pray, ma'am, what's the matter here?
Sweet ma'am, be comforted—you *must*, you *shall!*
At times misfortunes, even the *best*, befall—
Pray stop your griefs, ma'am, *save* that precious tear."

"Go, soldier, leave me!" sighed the fair again,
In *such* a melting melancholy strain,
Casting her eyes of woe upon the youth—
"I *cannot*, *will* not live without my love!"
And then she threw her glistening eyes above,
That swam in tears of constancy and truth.

"Madam!" rejoined the youth, and pressed her hand,
Indeed you shall not my advice withstand;
For heaven's sake don't stay here to weep and howl!
Pray take refreshment!" Off at once he set,
And quickly brought the mourner drink and meat;
A bottle of Madeira, and a fowl;
And bread and beer,
Her heart to cheer.

"Ah! gentle youth, you bid me eat in vain!
Leave me! oh, leave me, soldier, to complain!
Yes, sympathizing youth, withdraw your wine!
My *sighs* and *tears* shall be *my* only food—
Thou knewest not my husband kind and good,
For whom this heart shall ever, ever pine!"

And then she cast upon the youth an eye
All tender! saying, "Soldier, let me *die!*"
And then she pressed his hand with friendship warm.
"You shall not die, by heaven!" the soldier swore;
"No! to the world such beauty I'll restore,
And give it back again its only charm!"

Such was th' effect of her delicious hand,
That *charmed* his senses like a wizard's wand!

"What! howl for ever for a breathless *clod!*
Ma'am, you *shall* eat a leg of fowl, by God!"
With that he clapped wine, fowl, bread, beer, and all,
Without more ceremony, on the pall,
"Well, soldier, if you *do insist*," quoth she,
All in a saint-like, sweet complying tone,
"I'll *try* if Grief will let me pick a *bone!*
Your health, Sir."—"Thank you kindly, ma'am," quoth he.

As grief absorbs the senses, the fair dame
Scarce knew that she was eating, or yet drinking;
So hard is it a roaring grief to tame,
And keep the sighing, pensive soul from thinking.

So that the fowl and wine *soon passed* indeed—
Quickly away too stole the beer and bread
All down her pretty little swelling throat:
And now, whate'er philosophers may think,
Sorrow is much obliged to meat and drink,
Whose soothing virtues stop the plaintive *note;*

And, says the anatomic *art*,
"The stomach's very near the heart."

Prudentia found it so: a gentler sigh
Stole from her lovely breast—a smaller tear,
Containing less of anguish, did appear
Within the pretty corner of her eye;
Her eye's dark cloud dispersing too apace,
(Just like a cloud that oft conceals the moon)
Let out a brighter lustre o'er her face,
Seeming to indicate *dry weather* soon.

Her tongue too somewhat lost its mournful style;
Her rose-bud lips expanded with a smile;
Which pleased the gallant soldier, to be sure—
Happy to think he saved the dame from death—
Yes, from his hug preserved the sweetest breath,
And to a wounded heart prescribed a cure.

Now Mars' son a minute left the dame,
To see if all went well with rogue and rope;
But ere he to the fatal gibbet came,
The knave had deemed it proper to elope.

In short, attendance on the lady's grief
Had lost him his companion, the hanged thief,
Whose friends had kindly filched him from the string.
Quick to the lady did the soldier run:
"Madam, I shall be hanged, as sure's a gun!
O Lord! the thief's gone off, and I shall swing!

"Madam, it was the royal declaration,
That if the rogue was carried off,
Whether by soft means or by rough—
No matter—I should take his situation.
O Lord! O Lord! my fate's decreed!
O Madam, I shall be hanged indeed!

"O Lord! O Lord! this comes of creeping
To graves and tombs—this comes of peeping—
This is th' effect of running from my duty!
O curse my folly! What an ape
Was I, to let the thief escape!
This comes of fowls, and wine, and beer, and beauty!
Yet, Ma'am, I beg your pardon too,
Since, *if* I'm hanged, 'twill be for *you*!"

"Cheer up, my gallant friend," replied the dame,
Squeezing his hand and smoothing down his face—
"No, no, you sha'nt be hanged, nor come to shame,
My husband here shall take the fellow's place—
Nought but a lump of clay can he be counted!
Then let him mount"—and lo! the corpse was mounted;
Made a good thief—nay, so complete,
The people never smelt the cheat.

Now from the gibbet to the tomb again,
Haste, arm-in-arm, the soldier and the fair;
T' exchange for kisses, and the turtle's strain,
Sad hymns of death, and ditties of despair.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

There was a damned jade for you! What a snivelling hussey! It was a devil of a trick, to be sure; but, "A living dog is better than a dead lion," as the saying is. The young soldier, to be sure, was not much to blame; for who would not rather be pressing a little warm, beautiful flesh and blood, and ogling lilies and roses, than gaping in the cold all night, at a dead thief? Ladies and gemmen, silence! Now, Master Tagg, make me an *extempore* on this little drunken dog of a fly, that I have just helped out of the punch—there he is, rubbing his nose with his two long arms, and rolling about like a ship in a storm! Come, fire away! and I will afterwards tip you a specimen of my Lord Salisbury's poetry, on a fly that pitched on the cheek of a pretty woman at Hampton-court. My lord's butler, who was my passenger the last trip, showed it to me as a great curiosity—The King and Queen have seen it, and admired it. All the servants agree that he is a pestilent man for a rhyme—O Lord! there's a deal of genius among the quality now—much improved of late—could not read or write formerly, I've been told—now they write verse and prose like mad—and then there's my Lord Carlisle can tip ye a hundred rhymes in half an hour—but my lady does not like his verses: for he scrawls the chairs and tables over, and walls, whenever the poetry-fit is upon him—and then he makes up such wry mouths, and grins when he is going to be delivered of verses, as though he was bewitched. My lady

watches his face like a cat, and stalks behind him, with a bit of wet sponge, to rub all out again, that the furniture mayn't be disfigured and spoiled. The servants are ordered too, by my lady, to take notice of his rhyming tantarums, and be ready to rub. But Master Tagg, the *extempore*, the *extempore* on the fly, or you shan't have your passage for nothing!

THE DRUNKEN FLY.

Poor little reeling, thoughtless soul,
To tumble drunk into the bowl!
  Death to thy thread had clapped his knife;
Go, wide thy nose, and wings, and thighs,
And brighten up thy maudling eyes,
  And thank the captain for thy life!

In future, get not *quite* so drunk!
Thy girl, perhaps a lass of *spunk*,
  May wish thy amorous powers to prove;
And should'st thou, drunk, the wanton chase,
Ebriety may bring *disgrace;*
  And *who* would look a *fool* in love?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Very well, very arch, Master Tagg—a *sly* hint—modest hint to certain young valorous, braggadocio, and tippling fornicators. Now for my Lord Salisbury's fly.

VERSES ON A FLY

That pitched on the Cheek of a most Beautiful Young Lady. By Lord Salisbury.

Happy, happy, happy, fly!
Were I *you*, and *you* were I!
But *you* will always be a fly,
And *I* remain Lord Salisbury!

Ladies and gemmen, a very pretty thought! tender, and sentimental, and touching: you see that my lord is a dab at a distich. Master Barnacle, a tale or a song!

MR BARNACLE.

Both in *one*, Captain Noah, and set to music by a charming fellow, Will Shield, whom every body knows, and on whom some queer genius wrote verses, just after poor Shield's brains were almost knocked out by the fall of the statue of an Apollo on his head, from the summit of the organ, as he was playing.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Repeat them! repeat them!

VERSES

On the fall of the Statue of Apollo from the summit of the Organ, on the Head of Shield, as he was Playing.

On a day, on Shield's crown,
  Apollo leaped down,
And lo, like a bullock he felled him!
  Now was not this odd?
  Not at all—for the god
Was mad that a *mortal* excelled him!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Funny, funny, funny! Fine man, Shield! Great at the gamut—an angel in his airs—deep—deep musician! He carried me to the opera once, and told me all about the singers—*Signor this*, and *Signor that*, who squalled away at a most cat-like rate! I was not much pleased with that; but a thought struck me that pleased me wonderfully—it was to think that the descendants of those *rogues*, the Romans, who beat us poor Britons about like so much stockfish, a thousand or two years ago, should be forced—he! ladies and gemmen—come, I must be decent—to lose, to lose—I mean, to be made eunuchs! and come a thousand miles to squall to us. Great change! wonderful change in the world! What ups and downs! Poor fellows! I pity them too—never have any children, I'm told—all dead men—blanks! blanks! cut off from the ladies—great misfortune that!—all done when young too—infants—babies! Were I served the trick, I'd go to the world's end to cut their throats, whoever did it—father or mother—uncle or aunt—godfather or godmother—I'd eunuch them, with the devil to 'em!—Horrid, horrid, horrid! Mr Pope, the great poet, hath wrote upon that Lousyweesy, or what is the young lady's name, and Ablard—very fine—but I don't understand the whole, it is so wrapped up; but I guess, guess—a very peppery poem; and yet all young ladies know it by heart—yes, yes, leave them alone to find out what's what!

Joan of Naples used to have a bath under her window for the young men, where she sat and picked out those for her pleasure that she liked best—bad, bad—she should have been put into the pillory! Ladies and gemmen, to order! A song from Mr Barnacle!

POOR TOM.

Now the rage of battle ended,
And the French for mercy call;
Death no more in smoke and thunder
Rode upon the vengeful ball.

Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
Saw the sun of morning bright—
Ah! condemned by cruel Fortune
Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter
Strewed with limbs and wet with blood,
Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
Crawled where his brave captain stood.

"O, my noble captain! tell me,
Ere I'm borne a corpse away,
Have I done a seaman's duty
On this great and glorious day?

"Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast;
Have I done a seaman's duty?
Can there aught my memory blast?"

"Ah! brave Tom!" the captain answered,
"Thou a sailor's part hast done!
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
Wounds by which our glory's won."

"Thanks, my captain; life is ebbing
Fast from this deep-wounded heart;
But, O grant one little favour,
Ere I from the world depart:

"Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm numbered with the dead,
For my dear and constant Catherine
Cut a lock from this poor head!

"Bid him to my Catherine give it,
Saying, Hers alone I die!
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And embalm it with a sigh.

"Bid him too this letter bear her,
Which I've penned with panting breath:
Kate may ponder on the writing,
When the hand is cold in death."

"That I will," replied the captain,
"And be ever Catherine's friend."
"Ah! my good and kind commander,
Now my pains and sorrows end!"

Mute towards his captain weeping,
Tom upraised a thankful eye—
Grateful then, his foot embracing,
Sunk, with Kate on his last sigh!

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature—
Pity never warmed his heart!

Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive crew,
As he dropped into the ocean,
All burst out—"Poor Tom, adieu!"

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Charming, charming! a thousand pities such a fine fellow should be meat for the sharks! Brooke-Watson-legs are good enough for them! Pity! pity! but it can't be helped—a man is no more than a sparrow with God! A strange world this! a very bad world indeed in some parts—*hogged* the moment it was launched—a number of rotten timbers! I think it must have been built by *contract*—yes! in some private dock or other, sure as fate! But we can't help it—if the ship be leaky, we must keep the pumps a-going. All's one a hundred years hence! What business have we to die? Fine fellow Xerxes, when he cried to think that in a few years not a man of all his armies would be alive. Fine thought—pretty thought—natural too; I should like to have shaken a paw with Xerxes, poor fellow—but then I should not have been here, ladies and gemmen, to enjoy your good company! To order! to order!—Master Squibb, tumble up! examine your wallet, and give us something good!

SQUIBB.

My dear friend, my hearty honest host of the Hoy, principal proprietor of the Prince of Packets, upon my soul I have nothing to offer—not a bit of a ballad—not a slice of a song—nor a tittle of a tale to enliven the evening, and conjure up conviviality.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

What! not you, Squibb? the Prince of Paragraph-makers! the Nabob of News! the Imp of Invention; the Lion of Learning! and the very Paper-kite of Politics! What, you a-ground?

SQUIBB.

Let me perish, my dear friend, if I possess a particle of power; I really, my dear friend, am as stupid as that stupid stock, my humdrum chum, Barnaby Bufflehead, who never so much as blundered on a bon-mot!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Come, come, no palavering me over, with my dear friend, and dear friend; I hate the word, there's so much hypocrisy in the world Friendship is a silent gentlewoman —makes no parade. The true heart dances no hornpipes on the tongue—a pox on palaver, say I—so give us something, Mister Modesty, if you please.

SQUIBB.

Upon my honour, captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

A bumper of salt water for Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Two bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb!

SQUIBB.

Upon my soul, Captain Noah, this is a very serious affair, damme!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Three bumpers of salt water to Master Squibb—and then hey for Coventry!

SQUIBB.

Well, I'll sing! I'll sing!

SONG.

Dearest creature,
Of all nature;
Oh! I die, I faint! &c.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Stop, for God's sake, Squibb! I excuse the rest. No pig in a gate ever made a more dismal noise—no dog ever bayed the moon so frightfully! Why, zounds! my cur Dumplin should howl more musically; and then the words, they put me in mind of that most mawkish of all mawkish stuff, The Sorrows of the Heart, baptized a novel. O the cursed trash! Poor Squibb! Why, what a difference between thee and a brother Quid-nunc that sailed with me last trip—I mean Brass Wildfire, a piece of an editor—a fine news-hunter—would spin ten paragraphs out of one. Oh! a dare-devil—he told me all the secrets of his Pandemonium. He showed me his pocket-book—rich lessons of roguery!

SQUIBB.

Then he was a rascal.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He was, he was, Squibb; but this must be said in his favour, he had candour enough to confess it. No hypocrite, no—no hypocrite. He never wanted a bit of scandal—nor a breakfast—nor a dinner—nor tea—nor supper. He was a pensioner upon almost every profession; he kept his feet dry by puffing a shoemaker; his legs warm by puffing a hosier; his rump and back by puffing a tailor and mercer; his head by puffing a hatter; and, being able to swill porter with the gullet of a whale, he had always a pot ready for his maw, by immortalizing an alehouse. Lord, Lord! he frightened all the actors and actresses out of their senses, and got half their salaries for puffs! and then for the singers, he made their notes tremble again, poor little nightingales!

SQUIBB.

A scoundrel!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He used to get away all their trinkets from them—watch-seals, rings, etwees, and sometimes a whole watch—orders for the play and opera, which he either made presents of for future dinners, or sold for ready money.

SQUIBB.

A villain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—He never wanted news at a pinch; would spring from Dan to Beersheba in a twink. To enliven the paper he would fly to Constantinople, rouse the Janissaries, hang up a bashaw of three tails, poison the Grand Mufti, set fire to the seraglio, make the ladies scamper forth in their smocks, and the Grand Seignior run like a lamplighter in his shirt.

SQUIBB.

Fie! Captain Noah.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True as the gospel, Squibb—At another time he would jump to Algiers, put out the eyes of a young Dey, step a hundred miles into the country that refused tribute, and bring home a hundred hogsheads of ears—step away into Egypt and overturn a pyramid with an earthquake—then hey for Smyrna, and kill a million or two with a plague.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah! Captain Noah!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted a piece of Indian news—presto, be gone! He murdered a whole ship's crew in the Straits of Malacca—put a ship for a fortnight on her beam ends in the Straits of Sundy—then faced about to Bengal and Madras; hopped to Seringapatam, shook down the palace about Tippoo's ears, tumbled Tippoo over the Gauts, and put out his eyes amongst the Marattas.

SQUIBB.

Shameful, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

All his own confessions, Squibb—Then he would set off for Bombay, sink the island of Elephanta in a volcano, dart through the Straits of Babelmandel, cut through the Red Sea, murder a few hordes of Arabs on the banks, demolish Suez, dash through the Desert, plunge into the Mediterranean, and set all the islands of the Archipelago in open rebellion.

SQUIBB.

O! Captain.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—If he wanted to fill up, and wished for a bit of news from Jamaica, he would conjure up his old friend, the yellow-fever, and lay you dead thirty thousand pounds worth of officers in one room—set the council, assembly, and governor, by the ears, and transfer the seat of government from Spanish Town to Kingston—hop up amongst the Blue Mountains, infect young King Cudjoe with rebellion, and give the island to the Negroes.

SQUIBB.

Captain Noah, fie!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

True, Squibb—A rare fellow! He put a fine parcel of money into the pockets of the propretors—quite a filch! Oh, a blessed babe of grace! Did a family refuse to take in the paper to which he was a hack, he would make the father a bankrupt, the mother a bawd, the sons swindlers, and the daughters bastards, big with child by the footmen or stable-boys.

SQUIBB.

Such a fellow ought to be hanged, my dear fellow.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

He did, Squibb—If an author did not advertise in his paper, he was sure to be loaded with abuse—was a dull hound—a thief;—then, as for scandal, he would invent a vile tale—put it into his paper—get the abused parties about him—"It could not be helped, he had a handsome sum for inserting it. He must live—family of children—hard times—Open to all parties—nothing could be fairer; but if an answer were wished, it should be put in." Well, an answer is inserted—he answers the answer with blacker inventions; goes to the house of the scandalized party, sympathizes, promises, dines, sups, tries to debauch the wife or daughter, empties their pockets, moves off, and laughs at them as fools for not suspecting him to be a villain!

SQUIBB.

Is it possible?

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Yes, very possible, Squibb. It is surprising that Justice Colquhoun, who has written so much upon abuse, should omit this giant of nuisances, this damned plague to society; but he was afraid, afraid, I suppose, of being stung to death by a hornet or two.

SQUIBB.

But we are not all alike, Captain!

CAPTAIN NOAH.

No, no, God forbid! God forbid! some pigeons, and many crows, I presume.—

My little lovely Lucy Languish, a song
from thy sweet lips! Ladies and gemmen,
Miss Languish's song—Silence!

THE SHEPHERD'S PIPE.

Lo! the pipe of poor Colin, mute, mute,
how it lies!
No more to be swelled by his hopes, or his
sighs!
"Go leave me!" said he, "since unprized
by the fair."
Then he wistfully flung it away in despair.

Who, like Colin, could give it of rapture the
sound,
Which the echoes with rapture repeated
around?
Or give it, like Colin, a soul to complain?
And who like the shepherd e'er gave it in
vain?

'Twas here, at the peep of the morn, that
he strayed
To sooth with its music the ear of the maid!
'Twas here that he waked its sweet voice,
to delight
(Not Philomel's sweeter!) her slumber at
night.

But vain were his vows, and the voice of
his reed;
The heart of poor Colin was fated to bleed!
See his grave! near yon tree his pale relics
are laid,
Mid the bower that he planted, of silence
and shade.

Ah! blame not the nymph who was deaf
to his tale,
Since her heart was betrothed to a youth of
the vale.
Come, virgins, we'll gather the flowers of
the grove,
And strew on the victim of sorrow and love.

CAPTAIN NOAH.

Poor fellow! poor fellow! terrible disorder, love! I think I see him now, just like Patience on a monument, *smelling* at Grief, as the Scotsman said—yes, drooping, sleeping, nodding, like the swallows in winter on the bushes of the Thames, preparing to take a journey under water. Strange! strange! that men and women *only* should die for *love!* Dogs, and cats, and other animals, never feel the passions so sensibly.—Ladies and gemmen, suppose we adjourn the court for a handful of minutes, take a peep at Mistress Moon, and put a few questions to the weather.

To this proposal we all agreed, Captain Noah leading the way up to the deck.

Thus, as the flocks amid the valley feed,
Behold! the bellweather, the rover,
Like mortals, fickle, takes it in his head
To taste a neighbouring field of clover!
He dares th' opposing hedge, he beats it
hollow—
Mounts, leaps, and all the tribes of fleeces
follow!

ODES, SONGS, LETTERS, ETC.

OF

Mr PETER PINDAR,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Little did I think, that a man of my mild and peaceable disposition, that would not hurt a cat, should be forced out to battle*—but such is the audacity of the times —(*O tempora! o mores!*) I have ventured forth to attack this Goliath of ode and impudence; and I hope, with God's assistance, like little David, to cut off his head. I communicated with my good friend Mr William Hayley, who is a constant communicant to my Gentleman's Magazine, both in verse and prose, that is to say, in rhyme and criticism;—whom I may rightly term one of the great pillars of my Gentleman's Magazine, which every gentleman in the kingdom, I hope, reads—which, if he doth not, I hope he will read, as it is not only the greatest favourite with our most gracious sovereign, who is the greatest monarch upon earth,—but also with his nobles, who are men of judgment and learning; also with foreign parts, who translate it constantly into their language:—so that, if I may be permitted to versify the praise of my monthly publication (for, indeed, I must own I have a great itch for poetry), I will do it in this poetical distich:

My Magazine all Magazines excels;
And, what's still better, too, for John, it sells.

I asked Mr Hayley, paying him the compliment first, if he would be the champion to encounter this great Mr Peter Pindar. To this, Mr Hayley replied, after some hesitation, and pondering, and blowing his nose in his handkerchief, that he did not much admire a public exhibition; that it would wear the aspect of a bruising match, too much like a set-to of Johnson and Big Ben; but added, that I might do it, if I thought proper. "But," says my good friend, "I will privately attack him, under a fictitious signature;"—which he did indeed, and gave the audacious fellow many a good thump, in verse and prose:—but this was only small shot, with deference to Mr Hayley; the grand artillery was reserved for me.

Kind reader, wilt thou permit me to say something of myself in simplicity and candour, before I go to work with this Caliban? When I first took the chair of criticism, I own that I trembled; for I am not ashamed to confess, that so great was my ignorance, that when a correspondent sent me an account of an ancient coin, I did not know a syllable about it—neither the meaning of *reverse*, *exergue*, or *legend*: but now, thank God, I know every thing appertaining to *numismata*, if I may be indulged with a Latin expression. Indeed, the legends used to perplex me much, inasmuch as I exposed myself greatly; for I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance. I thought that AUG. upon a Roman medal, meant the month in which it was struck off; and therefore I deemed it August: and G. P. R. which I now know to be *Genio Populi Romani*, I verily thought to be a coin struck by one George Peter Richardson. The figures of Romulus and Remus sucking a she-wolf, I took to be two children milking

* See a Poetical Answer to Mr Peter Pindar's Benevolent Epistle to John Nichols, p. 143.

a cow. D. M. for *Diis Manibus*, I took to be David Martin, or Daniel Musgrove. The half word HEL. signifying *Heliopolis*, I imagined to be no other than the house of Satan. JAN. CLU. that is to say, *Janum Clusit*, I took to be the name of a man. LUD. SÆC. F. I verily thought to be downright filthy, and blushed for the Romans: but, lo, I afterwards discovered it to be *Ludos seculares fecit*. COS. I thought to be Cos Lettuces, which only meaneth *Consul;* M. F. Mr Ford, which meaneth *Marci Filius*. N. C. (would'st thou think it, reader?) I translated Nincompoop; when, lo, it meaneth *Nobilissimus Cæsar*. P. P. which signifieth *Pater Patriæ*, I thought might mean Peter Pounce, or Philip Pumpkin. R. P. I also thought might mean Robert Penruddock, or Ralph Pigwiggin, or any other name beginning with those initials: but, lo, its true meaning I find to be *Respublica*, signifying, in English, the Republic.—Thus it will appear, that I am not ashamed to confess my error, which this enemy of mine dareth not.

TRIB. POT. which only meaneth *Tribunitia Potestate*, I actually imagined meant a *Tribe of Potatoes*, and that the coin was struck on account of a plentiful year of that fruit. S. P. Q. R. which meaneth only *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, unwisely, yet funnily, did I make out to be Sam Paddon, a Queer Rogue; forasmuch as I was informed that the Romans struck coins on every trifling occasion. SCIP. AS. which signifieth no more than *Scipio Africanus*, I read literally, Skip Ass; but for why, I could not say—such was my ignorance.

Many were the impositions upon me:—rings for pigs' noses were sent me for nose-jewels worn by the Roman ladies; a piece of oxycroceum, just made in a druggist's shop, for the pitch that surrounded the body of Julius Cæsar; a large brown jorden, for a lacrymatory; a broken old black sugar-basin, for a Druid urn; a piece of a watchman's old lantern, for a Roman lamp. The wig of the famous Boerhave was also sent me as a curiosity; the roguery of which I did not discover till an engraving of the wig was nearly finished, costing me upwards of thirty-shillings:—for lo! reader, this great man never wore a wig in his life.—In my Obituary, too, I made great mistakes, from imposition; as I gave the deaths of many that were not dead, and others that never existed. Sometimes the wickedness of correspondents was such, that I have perpetuated the deaths of bull-dogs, grey-hounds, mastiffs, horses, hogs, &c. in my obituary, under an idea that they were people of consequence. Indeed, I have not stuck to the letter of my assertion at the head of my Obituary, that declares it to be a record of considerable persons; forasmuch as I have sometimes put a scavenger over a member of parliament, a pig-driver over a bishop, a lamp-lighter over an alderman, and a chimney-sweeper over a duke: but as I was desired by the friends of the deceased to do it (for who is not ambitious?) and as I was paid for it too, (and who can withstand a fee?) I have in some little measure disgraced my Journal, and forfeited my word.—My present antiquarian knowledge, gratitude maketh me confess, that I owe it all to Mr R. Gough, of Enfield, who some years ago was also an ignorant and illiterate gentleman, like myself; but, by hard study, hath attained to his present perfection, as may be seen in our *Topographia Britannica*, which is not, as that arch enemy Peter Pindar hath asserted it to be, the idle production of a couple of fellows that want to make a fortune by a history of cob-walls, old chamber-pots, and rusty nails. My friend Mr Gough's zeal for the promotion of antiquarian knowledge cannot be better proved than by his running the risk of being well trounced, for borrowing one of King Edward's fingers, as he lay exposed, a few years since, in Westminster Abbey; which finger, my friend, after having gently put it in his pocket, was, by order of the Bishop of Rochester, who, unluckily seeing the deed, did, to the disgrace of the science, order him to be searched, and forced him to refund. Had it not been for this impertinent and hawk-eyed attention of the bishop, Sir Joseph Ayloffe, and other antiquarians present at the opening of the monarch's coffin,—such was the intrepidity of my antiquarian friend Gough, that he would have attempted the head, instead of a pitiful finger, as he had on a large watchman's coat for the purpose. Nor must I omit the zeal of my friend Sir Joseph Banks on the occasion; who, on hearing what was going on, and suspecting that King Edward might have been lodged in pickle, galloped off with a gallon jug, in a hackney-coach, in order to fill it with the precious liquor, as a sauce for his future Attic entertainments in Soho-square: but unfortunately no pickle was found.

I confess that an impudent fellow sent me for my Obituary the following, which was really printed off (but cancelled) before I was informed, by a friend, of the fallacy—to wit: "On Sunday night last died Mrs Margery Mouser, a widow lady, beloved in life, and lamented in death;

she was the only daughter of Roger Grimalkin, Esquire, of Ratley."—Ignorant, indeed, was I that it was an imposition; for, gentle reader, it was a dead cat!—Many a good customer have I gained by my Obituary, who liked to see themselves dead in my Magazine—I mean their relations liked to see their deaths displayed in a work of so much respectability as mine.—But enough of myself; and now for Master Peter.

In the fulness of my passion, I at first sat me down, and said to myself, *facit indignatio versus*—when, behold! in less than two hours I knocked off the following poem.* Some time after, however, after a deal of deep thought on the subject, it struck me that I might fight this poet Peter against himself; make him, like some game-cocks, cut his own throat with his own spurs. Accordingly I set about it, and collected from every quarter his manuscript verses of every denomination; some written in Cornwall, others in Devon, others in the West Indies, others in Bath, others in London; as also some of his letters, particularly those to the King of the Mosquitoes, who was sent for by the Governor of Jamaica, soon after that gentleman arrived at his government. I have also collected some of his observations, and sayings, and speeches:—I may verily say, observations on men and manners, without any manners at all, or, in plainer phrase, much ill manners. Peter must not complain of my showing him no mercy by this publication, as he is the most merciless Mohawk that ever scalped.

——Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

[Mr Peter Pindar's Apology for the variety of entertainment in his pretty Poetical Olio, is the first thing I shall present to the Public.]

PETER'S APOLOGY.

Ladies, I keep a rhyme-shop—mine's a trade;
I sell to old and young, to man and maid;
All customers must be obliged; and no man
Wishes more universally to please:
I'd really crawl upon my hands and knees,
T' oblige—particularly lovely woman.

Yet some (the devil take such virtuous times),
Fastidious, pick a quarrel with my rhymes,
And beg I'd only deal in love-sick sonnet—
How easy to bid others cease to feed!
On beauty I can quickly *die*, indeed,
But, trust me, can't *live long* upon it.

[If there is not a deal of impudent *double entendre* in this Sonnet, I do not know what purity meaneth—sweetly wrapped up, indeed, 'Squire Pindar!

Instead of a formal commentary on *every* composition, I shall make short work with them, by giving them their true character in a few words, as for example:

Impudence, egotism, and conceit.]

[The expulsion of a most excellent set of players from Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, with the asylum offered them by the author's barn, in an adjoining parish, is the foundation of the following Ode.]

ODE TO MY BARN.

Sweet haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats;
Who, whilst we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade,
And wish not for the sun's all-seeing eye,
Your mousing mysteries to spy;
Blessed, like philosophers, amidst the shade;

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dared drive the moral-menders from the land,
Called players,—friendly to the wandering crew,
Thine eye with tears surveyed the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms received the mournful throng—
Kings without shirts, and queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloomed of late around—
Monarchs and queens with halters nearly bound—
Duke, dukeling, princess, prince, consigned to jail!

* See a Rowland for an Oliver, p. 143.

And, what the very soul of Pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threatened with the stocks,
Cordelia with the cart's unfeeling tail.

Still cherish such rare royalty forlorn—
A Garrick in thy bosom may be born,
A Siddons too, of future fair renown:
For Love is not a squeamish god, they say;
As pleased to see his rites performed on hay,
As on the goose's soft and yielding down.

[The same impudence, egotism, and conceit, as in the first Ode.]

TO MY BARN.

By Lacedæmon men attacked,
When Thebes, in days of yore, was sacked,
And nought the fury of the troops could hinder;
What's true, yet marvellous to rehearse,
So well the common soldiers relished verse,
They scorned to burn the dwelling-house of Pindar.

With awe did Alexander view
The house of my great cousin, too,
And, gazing on the building, thus he sighed—
"General Parmenio, mark that house before ye!
That lodging tells a melancholy story:
There Pindar lived, (great bard!) and there he died.

"The king of Syracuse, all nations know it,
Was celebrated by this lofty poet,
And made immortal by his strains:
Ah! could I find like him a bard to sing me;
Would any man, like him, a poet bring me,
I'd give him a good pension for his pains.

"But, ah! Parmenio, 'mongst the sons of men,
This world will never see his like agen;
The greatest bard that ever breathed is dead!
General Parmenio, what think you?"—
"Indeed, 'tis true, my liege, 'tis very true,"
Parmenio cried, and, sighing shook his head.

Then from his pocket took a knife so nice,
With which he chipped his cheese and onions,
And from a rafter cut a handsome slice,
To make rare toothpicks for the Macedonians;
Just like the toothpicks which we see
At Stratford, made from Shakspeare's mulberry tree.

What pity that the 'squire and knight
Knew not to prophesy, as well as fight;
Then had they known the future men of metre;
Then had the general and the monarch spied,
In Fate's fair book, our nation's equal pride,
That very Pindar's cousin Peter!

Daughter of thatch, and stone, and mud,
When I, no longer flesh and blood,
Shall join of lyric bards some half a dozen;
Meed of high worth, and, 'midst th' Elysian plains,
To Horace and Alcæus read my strains,
Anacreon, Sappho, and my great old cousin;

On thee shall rising generations stare,
That come to Kingsbridge and to Dodbrook fair:*
For such thy history, and mine shall learn;
Like Alexander, shall they every one
Heave the deep sigh, and say, "Since Peter's gone,
With reverence let us look upon his barn."

ODE TO AFFECTATION.

Nymph of the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
And fluttering heart, of leaves of aspen made,
Who were thy parents, blushful virgin? say—
Perchance Dame Folly gave thee to the day,
With Gaffer Ignorance's aid.

Say, virgin, where dost thou delight to dwell?
With maids of honour, startful virgin? tell—
For I have heard a deal of each fair Miss;

* Held annually at those places.

How wicked lords have whispered wicked things
Beneath the noses of good queens and kings,
And sighed for pleasures far beyond a kiss!

Great is thy delicacy, dainty maid;
At slightest things thy cheek with crimson glows,
Say, art thou not ashamed, abashed, afraid,
Whene'er thou stealest forth to pluck a rose?
Or hast thou lost, O nymph, thy pretty gall;
So never pluckest any rose at all?

I'm told, thou keepest not a single male;
Nothing but females, at thy board to cram;
That no he-lapdog near thee wags his tail,
Nor cat by vulgar people called a ram.

I've heard too, that if e'er, by dire mishap,
Some ravishers should make thy favourites whores,
Staring, as stricken by a thunder-clap,
Thy modesty hath kicked them out of doors.

'Tis said, when wagtails thou behold'st, and doves,
And sparrows, busy with their feathered loves;
Lord! thou hast trembled at their wicked tricks;
And, snatching up thy blush-concealing fan,
As if it were a lady and a man,
Hast only peeped upon them through the sticks.

And yet so variously thou'rt said to act,
That I have heard it uttered for a fact,

That often on old Thames' sunny banks,
Where striplings swim, with wanton pranks,
On bladders some out-stretched, and some on corks,
Thou squinting, most indifferent girl art seen,
In contemplation of each youthful skin,
Admiring God Almighty's handy-works.

Prim nymph, thou art no favourite with the world:
I hear the direst curses on thee hurled!
Sorry am I, so ill thy manners suit:
'Tis said, that if a mouse appear to view,
We hear a formidable screech ensue,
As if some huge devouring brute:
And if beneath thy petticoat he run,
Thou bellowest as if thou wert undone,
And kickest at a cow-like rate, poor soul!
When, if thou wert to be a little quiet,
And not disturb the nibbler by a riot,
The mouse would go into his proper hole.

I've heard it sworn to, nymph, that in the streets,
When running, dancing, capering at thy side,
Thy Chloe other dogs so brazen meets,
That, wriggling, ask thy bitch to be their bride;
Quick hast thou caught up Chloe in thy arms,
From violation to preserve her charms;

And, bouncing wildly from the view
Of those same saucy canine crew,
Hast oped so loud and tunefully thy throat,
Seeming as thou had'st learnt to scream by note,
Loud as the Sabine girls that tried to 'scape,
The speechless horrors of a Roman rape.

No novels readest thou, O nymph, in sight;
And yet again I'm told, that every night,
In secret, thou art much inclined to dote
On rhymes that Rochester so warmly wrote.

Oft dost thou wonder how thy sex, so sweet,
Can fellows, those great two-legged monsters, meet,
And swoon not at each Caliban;
And wonder how thy sex can fancy blisses
Contained within the black rough-bearded kisses
Of such a bear-like thing as man.

'Tis also said, that if a flea at night,
Pert rogue, hath dared thy luscious lip to bite,
Or point his snout into thy snowy breast,
At once the house hath been alarmed—the maids
Called idle, nasty good-for-nothing jades:
Who, Eve-like, rushing to thy room undressed,

Have thought some wicked ravisher, so dread,
On love's delicious viands to be fed,
Had seized thee, to obtain forbidden joys;
Which had he done, a most audacious thief,
Of every maid it was the firm belief,
Thou would'st not, nymph, have made a greater noise.

And yet 'tis said, again, O nymph so bright,
Thou sleep'st with John the coachman every night—
Vile tales! invented to destroy thy fame;
For wert thou, fearful lass, this instant married,
At night thy modest cheek would burn with shame,
Nor would'st thou go, but to the bed be *carried*.

There, when thy Strephon rushed, in white arrayed,
To clasp, with kisses sweet, his white-stoled maid,
And riot in the luxury of charms;
Flat as a flounder, seeing, hearing gone—
Mute as a fish, and fairly turned to stone—
O damsel! thou would'st die within his arms.

[More impudence, with a lick at one of the Ten Commandments.]

TO FORTUNE.

Ah! loitering Fortune, thou art come too late:
Ah! wherefore give me not thy smiles before,
When all my youthful passions in a roar,
Rare hunters, fearless leaped each five-bar gate?

Unknown by thee, how often did I meet
The loveliest forms of nature in the street,
The fair, the black, and lasting brown!
And, whilst their charms enraptured I surveyed,
This pretty legend on their lips I read—
"Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown."

How oft I looked, and sighed, and looked agen
Upon the charms of every Phillis!
How wished myself a cock, and her a hen,
To crop at once her roses and her lilies!
Indeed, not only without paying—
But for her liberty without once staying.

"At Otaheité," I have said with tears,
"No gentleman a jail so horrid fears
For taking liberties with lasses:
Soon as they heard how love in England fared,
The glorious Otaheitans all were scared,
And called us Englishmen a pack of asses.—
"But they, indeed, are heathens, have no souls
But such as must be fried on burning coals.
But I'm a Christian, and abhor a rape;
Yet if a lass would sell her lean and fat,
I'm not so great an enemy to that—
Though that might whelp a little kind of scrape;
Since 'tis believed that simple fornication
May step between a man and his salvation."

Damned Fortune! thus to make me groan!
To offer now thy shining pieces—
For now my passions all are flown,
Gone to my nephews and my nieces.

ODE TO MADAM SCHW——G & CO.

ON THEIR INTENDED VOYAGE TO GERMANY.

Written in the Year 1789.

We wish you a good voyage to that shore,
Where all your friends are impudent and poor.
Oblige us, Madam—don't again come over—
To use a cant phrase, we've been finely fobbed,
Indeed, have very dexterously been robbed—
You've lived just eight and twenty years in clover.

Pray let us breathe a little—be so good—
We cannot spare such quantities of blood:
At least for some ten years pray cross the main;
Then, cruel, should you think upon returning,
To put us Britons all in second mourning,
We may support phlebotomy again.

To you, and your lean gang, we owe th' excise:
Pitt cannot any other scheme devise,
To pay the nation's debt, and fill your purses,
With great respect I here assure you, Ma'am,
Your name our common people loudly damn,
Genteeler folks attack with silent curses.

Madam, can you speak Latin?—No, not much—
I think you principally spew* High Dutch:
But did you Latin understand (God bless it)
I'd offer up the pithiest, prettiest line,
Unto your Avarice's sacred shrine—
"*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*"

The which translation of this Latin line
Is this—"Alas! that maw profound of thine
May like the stomach of a whale be reckoned;
Throw into it the nation's treasury,
But for a minute it will pleasure ye;
That gullet would be gaping for a second."

Madam, we wish you a long, long adieu—
Good riddance of the snuff and diamond crew.
Your absence, all, alone the state relieves;
For, hungry ladies, as I'm here alive,
A house can never hope to thrive,
That harboureth a nest of thieves.

[An insupportable apology for keeping mistresses, and a laugh at that most respectable state *matrimony*.]

ODE.

That I have often been in love, deep love,
A hundred doleful ditties plainly prove,
By marriage never have I been disjointed;
For matrimony deals prodigious blows:
And yet for this same stormy state, God knows,
I've groaned—and, thank my stars, been disappointed.

With love's dear passion will I never war:
Let every man for ever be in love,
Even, if he beats, in age, old Parr:
'Tis for his chilly veins a good warm glove;
It bids the blood with brisker motion start,
Thawing time's icicles around his heart.

Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate:
Love keeps a modest distance, is divine,
Obliging, and says every thing that's fine.

Love writes sweet sonnets, deals in tender matter:
Marriage, in epigram so keen, and satire,
Love seeketh always to oblige the fair;
Full of kind wishes, and exalted hope:
Marriage desires to see her in the air,
Suspended, at the bottom of a rope.

Love wishes, in the vale, or on the down,
To give his dear, dear idol a green gown:
Marriage, the brute, so snappish and ill bred,
Can kick his sighing turtle out of bed;
Turns bluffly from the charms that taste adores,
Then pulls his night-cap o'er his eyes, and snores.

Wedlock, at first, indeed, is vastly pleasant,
A very showy bird, a fine cock-pheasant.
By time it changeth to a different fowl;
Sometimes a cuckow, oftner a horn-owl.

Wedlock's a lock, however large and thick,
Which every rascal has a key to pick.

O love! for Heaven's sake, ne'er leave my heart:
Oh! thou and I will never, never part—
Go, wedlock, to the men of leaden brains,
Who hate variety, and sigh for chains.

[A bare-faced Apology for leaving a loving wife.]

TO CHLOE.

AN APOLOGY FOR GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

Chloe, we must not always be in heaven,
For ever toying, ogling, kissing, billing;
The joys for which I thousands would have given,
Will presently be scarcely worth a shilling.

Thy neck is fairer than the Alpine snows,
And, sweetly swelling, beats the down of doves;
Thy cheek of health, a rival to the rose;
Thy pouting lips, the throne of all the loves;
Yet, though thus beautiful beyond expression,
That beauty fadeth by too much possession.

* The author thinks this expression, though a dirty one, more descriptive than any other of the guttural German, and therefore chooses not to sacrifice truth to a little *bienseance*.

Economy in love is peace to nature,
Much like economy in worldly matter:
We should be prudent, never live too fast:
Profusion will not, cannot always last.

Lovers are really spendthrifts—'tis a shame—
Nothing their thoughtless, wild career can tame,
Till penury stares them in the face;
And when they find an empty purse,
Grown calmer, wiser, how the fault they curse,
And, limping, look with such a sneaking grace!
Job's war-horse fierce, his neck with thunder hung,
Sunk to an humble hack that carries dung.

Smell to the queen of flowers, the fragrant rose—
Smell twenty times—and then, my dear, thy nose
Will tell thee (not so much for scent athirst)
The twentieth drank less flavour than the *first*.

Love, doubtless, is the sweetest of all fellows;
Yet often should the little god retire—
Absence, dear Chloe, is a pair of bellows,
That keeps alive the sacred fire.

[In the same impudently ironical style.]

ODE TO LAIS.

O Nymph with all the luxury of skin,
Pea-bloom breath, and dimpled chin,
Rose cheek, and eyes that beat the blackest sloe;
With flaxen ringlets thy soft bosom shading,
So white, so plump, so lusciously-persuading;
And lips that none but mouths of cherubs know!

Oh, leering, lure me not to Charlotte Street,
That too, too fair, seducing form to meet:
Warm, unattired, and breathing rich delight;
Where thou wilt practise every roguish art,
To bid my spirits all unbridled start,
Run off with me full tilt, and steal my sight.

Then shall I trembling fall, for want of grace,
And die perhaps upon my face!

Ah! cease to turn, and leer, and smile,
My too imprudent senses to beguile!
Ah! keep that leg so taper from me,
Ah! formed to foil a Phidias' art;
So much unlike that leg in every part
By me abhorred—and christened *gummy*.

In vain I turn around to run away:
Thine eyes, those basilisks, command my stay;
Whilst through its gauze thy snowy bosom peeping,
Seems to that rogue interpreter, my eye,
To heave a soft, desponding, tender sigh—
Like gossamer, my thoughts of goodness sweeping.

Pity my dear religion's dread debility,
And hide those orbs of sweet inflammability!—
Abound, I say, abound in grace, my feet,
And do not follow her to Charlotte Street.

Alas! alas! you have no grace I see,
But wish to carry off poor struggling *me;*
Yes, the wild bed of beauty wish to seek!—
Yet, if you do—to make your two hearts ache,
A sweet, a sweet revenge I mean to take;
For, curse me, if you shall not stay a week.

But let me not thus pondering, gaping, stand—
But, lo, I am not at my own command:
Bed, bosom, kiss, embraces, storm my brains,
And, lawless tyrants, bind my will in chains.
O lovely lass! too powerful are thy charms,
And fascination dwells within thy arms.

The passions join the fierce invading host,
And I and virtue are o'erwhelmed and lost—
Passions that in a martingale should move;
Wild horses, loosened by the hands of Love.

I'm off—alas! unworthy to be seen—
The bard, and Virtue a poor captive queen!
O Lais, should our deeds to *sins* amount,
Just Heaven will place them all to *thy* account.

[The following Stanza, on the death of Lady Mount E——'s favourite Pig Cupid, is verily exceeded by nothing in the annals of impertinence.]

A CONSOLATORY STANZA TO LADY MOUNT E——,

ON THE DEATH OF HER PIG CUPID.

O DRY that tear, so round and big,
Nor waste in sighs your precious wind!
Death only takes a single pig—
Your lord and son are still behind.

[Superlatively impudent, and I hope, untrue; sent to me two days after my publication of my *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, one of which is now actually in His Majesty's glorious library, at Buckingham-house.]

TO MR J. NICHOLS,

ON HIS HISTORY OF THE PROGRESSES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

JOHN, though it asks no subtilty of brain
To write Queen Bess' Progress through the land,
Excuse the freedom, if I dare maintain
The theme too high for *thee* to take in hand.

On Vanity's damned rock what thousands split!
Thou should'st have laboured on some humbler matter—
On somewhat on a level with thy wit—
For instance—when her majesty made water.

TO DELIA.

WHILST poets pour their happiest lays,
And call thee every thing divine;
Not quite so lavish in thy praise,
To censure be the province mine.

Though born with talents to surprise,
Thou seldom dost those powers display;
Thus seem they trifling in thy eyes;
Thus Heaven's best gifts are thrown away.

Though rich in charms, thou know'st it not;
Such is thine ignorance profound;
And then such cruelty thy lot,
Thy sweetest smile inflicts a wound.

TO FORTUNE.

YES, Fortune, I have sought thee long,
Invoked thee oft, in prose and song;
Through half Old England wooed thee:
Through seas of danger, Indian lands,
Through Afric's howling, burning sands:
But, ah! in vain pursued thee!

Now, Fortune, thou would'st fain be kind;
And now I'll plainly speak my mind—
I care not straws about thee:
For Delia's hand alone I toiled;
Unbribed by wealth, the nymph has smiled;
And bliss is ours without thee.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, a thousand charms are thine,
That give my heart the constant sigh:
Ah! wherefore let thy poet pine,
Who can'st with ease his wants supply?

Oh, haste, thy charity display;
With little I'll contented be:
The kisses which thou throw'st away
Upon thy dog, will do for *me*.

[I cannot, however, conclude this first part of Mr Peter's lucubrations, without a severe reprehension of his want of loyalty, as well as want of respect, for that first of courts, St James': and, moreover, to prove that disloyalty and disrespect, I give the following Ode, which he, with all his impudence, dares not deny that he wrote. I suppose it was written in the last reign, since it is impossible that it should be in the present.]

TO A FRIEND IN DISGRACE.

So then, thy sovereign turns away his face!
Thank God, with all thy soul, for the disgrace.

This instant down upon thy knee,
And idolize the man who makes thee free;

No more endeavour Folly's hand to kiss:
At first I looked with pity on thy state;
But now I humbly thank the foot of Fate,
That kindly kicks thee into bliss.

I've been disgraced, too—felt a monarch's frown,
And consequently quitted town:—
But have my fields refused their smiles so sweet?
Say, have my birds grown sulky, with the king?
My thrushes, linnets, larks, refused to sing?
My winding brooks to prattle at my feet?

No! no such matter!—Each unclouded day
On dove-like pinions gaily glides away:
In short, all nature seems disposed to please—
Then pr'ythee quit thy qualms, look up and laugh,
The rural pleasures let us largely quaff,
And make our *conge* to the gods of ease.

By day, shall Nature's simple voice
Our walks and rides of health rejoice,
Far from an empty court where tumult howls;
And should at night, by chance, an hour
Be with *ennui* inclined to lower,
We'll go and listen to the owls;
Birds from whose throats 'tis said that *wisdom* springs—
How very different from the throats of kings!

ADVICE TO THE FUTURE LAUREAT.

AN ODE.

So little Cæsar's humour claims my care,
I know not if the man be black or fair.

Who shall resume St James' fife,
And call ideal virtues into life?
On tiptoe gaping, lo, I stand,
To see the future Laureat of the land!

Dread rivals, splashing through the dirty road,
With thundering specimens of ode,
The lyric bundles on each poet's back,
Intent to gain the stipend and the sack,
See Mason, Hayley, to the palace scamper,
Like porters sweating underneath a hamper!
And see the hacks of Nichols' Magazine
Rush loyal, to berhyme a king and queen;
And see, full speed, to get the tuneful job,
The bellman's heart, with hopes of victory throb.

O thou, whate'er thy name, thy trade, thy art,
Who from obscurity art doomed to start,
Called, by the royal mandate, to proclaim
To distant realms a monarch's feeble fame—
For fame of kings, like cripples in the gout,
Demands a crutch to move about—

Whoe'er thou art, that winn'st the envied prize,
O, if for royal smile thy bosom sighs,
Of pig-economy exalt the praise;—
O, flatter sheep and bullocks in thy lays!
To saving wisdom boldly strike the strings,
And justify the grazier-trade in kings.

Descant on ducks, and geese, and cocks, and hens,
Hay-stacks, and dairies, cow-houses, and pens;
Descant on dung-hills, every sort of kine,
And in the pretty article of swine:

Inform us, without loss, to twig
The stomach of a feeding calf, or cow;
And tell us, economic, how
To steal a dinner from a fattening pig:
And, bard, to make us still more blessed, declare
How hogs and bullocks may grow fat on air.

Sing how the king of Naples sells his fish,
And from his stomach cribs the daintiest dish;
Sing to his subjects, how he sells his game,
So fierce for dying rich the monarch's flame:

Sing of th' economy of German quality,
Emperors, electors, dead to hospitality;
Margraves, and miserable dukes,
Who squeeze their subjects, and who starve their cooks:—
Such be the burden of thy birth-day song,
And, lo, our court will listen all day long.

Tom proved unequal to the laureat's place;
He warbled with an Attic grace:
The language was not understood at court,
Where bow and courtesy, grin and shrug, resort;

Sorrow for sickness, joy for health, so civil;
And love, that wished each other to the devil!

Tom was a scholar—luckless wight!
Lodged with old manners in a musty college;
He knew not that a palace hated knowledge,
And deemed it pedantry to spell and write.
Tom heard of royal libraries, indeed,
And weakly fancied that the books were read.

He knew not that an author's sense
Was, at a palace, not worth finding;
That what to notice gave a book pretence,
Was solely paper, print, and binding!

Some folks had never known, with all their wit,
Old Pindar's name, nor occupation,
Had not I started forth—a lucky hit,
And proved myself the Theban bard's relation.

The names of Drummond, Boldero, and Hoare,
Though strangers to Apollo's tuneful ear,
Are discords that the palace-folks adore,
Sweet as sincerity, as honour dear!

The name of Homer, none are found to know it,
So much the banker soars above the poet;
For courts prefer, so classically weak,
A guinea's music to the noise of Greek.
Mexin aeide thea, empty sounds,
How mean to—"Pay the bearer fifty pounds!"
Angels, and ministers of grace, what's here!
See suppliant Salisbury to the bard appear!
He sighs—upon his knuckles he is down?—
His lordship begs I'll take the poet's crown!

Avaunt, my lord! Solicitation, fly!
I'll not be zany to a king—not I:
I'll be no monarch's humble thrush,
To whistle from the laurel bush;
Or, rather, a tame owl, to hoot
Whene'er it shall my masters suit.

I have no flatteries cut and dried—no varnish
For royal qualities, so apt to tarnish,
Exposed a little to the biting air:
I've got a soul, and so no lies to spare;—
Besides, too proud to sing for hire,
I scorn to touch a venal lyre.

Avaunt, ye sceptred vulgar—purpled, ermined!
The muse shall make no mummies, I'm determined.
World, call her prostitute, bawd, dirty bitch,
If meanly once she deals in spice and pitch;
And saves a carcass, by its lyric balm,
So putrid, which the very worms must damn.

Again to thee I turn, from dear digression;
To thee, ambitious of the sack-possession!
O thou, the future laureat, yet unknown,
The nightingale or magpie of a throne!
Reveal the situation of thy brain,
Or clear, or muddy is its fountain?
Of molehills can it make a mountain,
So strong the magic of its wizard strain?

Laureats should boast a bushel of invention,
Or yield up all poetical pretension—
Lo, flatteries form a monarch's first delights!
A solar microscope the bard should be,
That to a camel's size can swell a flea,
And give the guts of aldermen to mites.

PART II.

My soul assumes a loftier wing;
I'm changed, I feel myself a king!
I'm sceptered—on my head the crown descends!
To purple turned my coat of parson's gray,
Now let my majesty itself display,
And show that kings and glory may be friends.

Yet, though I feel myself a king,
I hope, untainting, that the crown descends—
Not on my people's shoulders bids me spring;
And cry, forgetful of myself and friends,
"Blood of the gods within my reins I find—
Not the mean puddle of that mob, mankind."

Low at my feet the spaniel-courtiers cower;
Curl, wheedle, whine, paw, lick my shoe, for power;
Prepared for every insult, servile train,
To take a kicking, and to fawn again!

Off, Pitt and Grenville!—you are not yet men—
Go, children, to your leading-strings agen;
Make not a hobby-horse of this fair isle:—
Yet, were no danger in the childish sway,
A kingdom might permit a baby's play,

And at its weaknesses indulge a smile.
Off, then!—once more upon your letters look—
Go, find of politics the lost horn-book.

Off with *Excise* your imp, with lengthened claws,
And fangs deep-rooted in his hydra-jaws;
That monster, damping Freedom's sacred joys,
Fed by your hands, ye pair of foolish boys!
My soul, to *Freedom* wedded, Freedom loves;
Then blast me, lightnings, when, so coldly cruel,
I to pomatum sacrifice the jewel,
Rouge, pigtail, and a pair of gloves.

Off, J——! some demon did create thee:
Oh, formed to fawn, to kneel, to lie, to flatter!
"Perdition catch my soul, but I do hate thee!
And when I hate thee not," I war with Nature.
Such reptiles dare not 'midst my radiance sport—
Cursed be such snakes, that crawl about a court.

Disgrace not, simpering sycophants, my throne!—
E——, and pigmy V——t, be gone!
Br——, thou stinkest! weazel, polecat, fly!
Thy manners shock, thy form offends my eye.
As for thy principles—they're gone long since—
Lost when a poor deserter from thy prince.

——, avaunt!—thou'rt cowardly and mean;
Thy soul is sable, and thy hands unclean.—
Yet, to minutiæ to descend, what need?
Enough, that thou art one of Charles' breed.

Out with that Salisbury!—Dundas, avaunt!
Off, water-gruel Westmoreland, and Leeds!
You, verily, are not the men I want—
My bounty no such folly feeds.

Off, Harcourt! who would'st starve my kine,
Or make them, poor lean devils, dine
On vile horse-chestnuts—'tis a cursed meal—
Instead of turnips, corn, and hay:
Thou shalt not, by this avaricious way,
Into my royal favour steal.

Off, Uxbridge!—Leeds, too, once more get along!
You shall not be lord-presidents of song;
You throw poor St Cecilia into fits:
You've ears, but verily they do not hear,
Just as you've tongues that cannot speak, I fear;
And brains that want their complement of wits.

Off, Walsingham! thou putt'st me in a sweat:
I hate a jack-in-office martinet—
For ever something most important brewing;
For ever busy, busy, nothing doing.

Thou plague of post-office, the teazer, fretter;
Informing clerks the way to seal a letter;
Who, full of wisdom, hold'st thyself the broom,
Instructing Susan how to sweep the room;
The letter-man, to hold his bag!
The mail-guard, sunk in ignorance forlorn!
To load his blunderbuss, and blow his horn:
Off, off!—of consequence thou rag!
Go to the fields, and gain a nation's thanks—
Catch grasshoppers and butterflies for Banks.

I want not fellows that can only prate;
I want no whirligigs of state—
No jack-a-lanterns, imitating fire,
Skipping, and leading men into the mire.

Thou servile copyist, West, begone!
With nought worth saving of thy own;
Phillis and Chloe, dancing dogs,
Pinetti, and the fortune-telling hogs;
Toymen and conjurors, from my presence fly!
I have no children to amuse—not I.

Off, Sw——g! thou lean, old, wicked cat;
Restless and spitting, biting, mewing, mean,
Thou shalt not in my chimney-corner squat,
Thou shalt not, harridan, be queen:
Off to thy country, by the map forgot,
Where tyranny and famine curse the spot!

Yet empty first thy bags of plundered gain,
Wages of vile political pollution;
Then vanish, thou *old fistula!* a drain
Enervating our glorious constitution!

Off, H——gs' wife!—thy diamonds bode no good;
They shall not taint us—lo, they smell of blood!

Off, off, old G——'s spawn!—now E——'s fury,
In manners coarser than the dames of Drury!
O, form'd for ugliness itself a foil!
Sprung from the church, the world might well suppose,
Thy blood with some few drops of meekness flows—
No, vitriol!—not one particle of oil!

I'll have no laureat—sacred be the ode;
Unsullied let its torrent roll!
Few merits mine, the muse's wing to load;
Small grace of form, and no sublime of soul:
And yet, whate'er the merits that are mine,
By verse unvarnished shall they shine.

The real virtues dare themselves display,
And need no pedestal to show away:
Each from herself her own importance draws,
And scorns a chattering poet's mock applause.

Have niggard Nature, and my stars, unkind,
Of sense and virtues stripped my desert mind;
My name let Silence, with her veil, invade,
And cold Oblivion pour th' eternal shade.

Obliged not to an author's rhyme,
Important, down the stream of time,
O let me sail, or not at all;
Too proud for bards to take in tow my name,
Just like the Victory, or Fame,*
That drag along the jolly-boat or yawl.

Away, the little snivelling spirit—
Away the hate of rising merit—
Thy heaven-ward wing, aspiring genius, wave;
I will not, levelling with a jaundiced eye,
The secret blunderbuss let fly,
To give thee, O thou royal bird! a grave.

I'll have no poet-persecution—no!
Proud of its liberty, the verse shall flow;
The mouth of Pegasus shall feel no curb:
If, idly wanton, poets tax me wrong,
Theirs is the infamy, for theirs the song—
Such blasts shall ne'er my soul's deep calm disturb.

But, should fair truth to satire lend an edge,
Bid with more force descend her thundering sledge,
My justice dares not break that poet's pipe;
And, like a school-boy, to the tiger's den,
Who, wanton, flings a cat, a cock, or hen,
I will not give him to Macdonald's* gripe.

Wise let me hush of prejudice the storm,
Disarm him for the future, and reform:—
Yes; 'stead of giving him a law-jobation,
Revenge the blow by reformation.

To Teos, which of yore was reckoned far,
Hipparchus really sent a man of war,
To bring Anacreon, honeyed bard, to court;
So Plato says, a man of good report.

How different monarchs of the present day!
From modern kings each bee-like minstrel sculks,
Whose love would clap the bards on board the hulks,
Or send them out to warble at Thieves' Bay.†

Come, science, and the arts, around me bloom—
Thrice welcome, half my empire claim—
The eye of genius shall not wear a gloom,
Nor Boydell dash my cheek with shame.

Historians, poets, painters, every merit,
Shall feel King Peter's fostering spirit.

Yes, men of genius, be my equals, free—
Imperious consequence you shall not feel;
For show collected, just to bend the knee,
And grace, like slaves of yore, a chariot-wheel.

Avaunt, the parasitic dedication,
A trap to catch my smile, deceive the nation,
And make the wide-mouthed million bless my name;
Ah! let my deeds alone, instead of lies,
Proclaim me open, generous, good, and wise—
Those manly heralds of a virtuous fame.

Here, from your hovels, sons of Science, come:
Oh, haste! and call King Peter's house your home:
Your huts, your solitary mountains, quit,
And make my court a galaxy of wit.

* Ships of the line.

* The Attorney-General.
† Commonly called Botany-Bay.

Come, Virtue, though a dungeon hide thy face,
(For to thy lot too oft misfortune falls)
Whose angel-form from jails can blot disgrace,
And cast a sacred splendour o'er the walls.

Thus shall our moments glide on golden wings;
Thus will we triumph with expanded hearts;
At times be merry upon thrifty kings,
And smile at majesty that starves the arts.
Ambitious, if with wisdom thus we wed,
A farthing shall not blush to bear our head!

A COMPLIMENTARY EPISTLE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

THE ABYSSINIAN TRAVELLER.

——Non Fabula mendax.
Wonders!—Wonders!!—Wonders!!!

Sweet is the tale, however strange its air,
That bids the public eye astonied stare!
Sweet is the tale, howe'er uncouth its shape,
That makes the world's wide mouth with wonder gape!
Behold our infancies in tales delight,
That bolt, like hedge-hog quills, the hair upright.
Of ghosts how pleased is every child to hear!
To such is Jack the Giant-killer dear!
Dread monsters issuing from the flame or flood,
Charm, though, with horror clothed, they chill the blood!
What makes a tale so sleepy, languid, dull?
Things as they happened—not of marvel full.
What gives a zest, and keeps alive attention?
A tale that wears the visage of invention:
A tale of lions, spectres, shipwreck, thunder;
A wonder, or first cousin to a wonder.
Mysterious conduct! yet 'tis Nature's plan
To sow with wonder's seeds the soul of man,
That every where in sweet profusion rise,
And sprout luxuriant through the mouth and eyes!

What to the vasty deep Sir Joseph* gave,
As of the world, the sport of wind and wave?
What bade the knight amid those scenes remote,
Sleep with Queen Oborea in the boat?
What, unconfounded, leap to Newton's chair?
What, but to make a world with wonder stare?
What bids a king on Wimbledon, Blackheath,
So oft rejoice the regiments of death;
While Britain's mightier bulwark slighted lies,
And, vainly groaning, for its Cæsar sighs?
What, with the vulgar pigs of Ascot taken,
Devour on Ascot-Heath his annual bacon?
What bade that great, great man, a goodly sight,
Watch his wife's diamond petticoat all night;
And what that wife of great, great, great renown,
Make her own caps, and darn a thread-bare gown?
What bade the charming Lady Mary† fly
Marchesi's squeeze for Pacchierotti's sigh?
What Master Edgecumbe deal in rhyming ware,
What, but to put all Cawsand‡ in a stare?
Sweet child of verse, who, with importance big,
Pleased its own self, and eternized a pig;§
Whilst, mad an equal weight of praise to share,
Old Mount plays Punchinello to a hair.
What makes a girl the shops for novels rove?
The sweet impossibilities of love?
Quixotic deeds to catch the flying fair;
To pant at dangers, and at marvels stare.
What prompteth Chloe, conscious of the charms
That crowd the souls of swains with wild alarms,
To give the swelling bosom's milk-white skin
A veil of gauze so marvellously thin?

* Sir Joseph Banks. † Lady Mary Duncan.
‡ A small fishing town near Mount Edgecumbe.
§ This pig, Cupid, who many years ago fell in love with the Earl, has a monument erected to his memory, with an inscription on it by Lord Valletort, the Earl's son.—It is said, that his Majesty, when at Mount Edgecumbe, happening to be gravely pondering, near his grave, the Queen who was at some distance, asked him, what he was looking at so seriously? His Majesty, with a great deal of humour, immediately replied, "The family vault, Charly; family vault, family vault."

What, but a kind intention of the fair
To treat the eyes of shepherds with a stare?
Behold! Religion's self, celestial dame,
Founds on the rock of miracle her fame:
A sacred building, that defies decay,
That sin's wild waves can never wash away:
What made John Rolle* (except for Exon's stare)
Drill-serjeant to the alderman and mayor:
Ere from the hall he led his chosen bands,
To view the King of Nations, and kiss hands?
How rarely man the haunts of wisdom seeks,
Pleased with the life of cabbages and leeks!
Though formed to plough the soil, divinely strong,
'Tis famine goads him, like an ox, along:
But Bruce, on curiosity's wild wings,
Darts, hawk-like, where the game of marvel springs;
Let envy kindle with the blush of shame,
That dares to call thee, Bruce, a thief of fame.
Pleased to thy wonder's vortex to be drawn,
A thousand volumes could not make me yawn:
And (O, accept a salutary hint)—
The world will read as fast as thou canst print.

Cursed by the goose's, and the critic's quill,
What tortures tear us, and what horrors thrill!
Thus, that small imp, a tooth, a simple bone,
Can make fair ladies and great heroes groan;
Tear hopeless virgins from their happy dream,
And bid for doctors, 'stead of sweethearts, scream;
In tears the tender tossing infant steep,
And from its eyelids brush the dews of sleep;

* Mr John Rolle's dread of failure in the etiquette of presentment to his majesty, when at Exeter, prevailed on him to take a deal of trouble with gentlemen who were to be introduced at the levee. But, in spite of all his intellectual powers, which, like his corporeal, are of more than ordinary texture, much disorder happened; indeed, the best of kings was three or four times nearly overturned. Many were the gentlemen that Mr Rolle was forced to place himself behind, to pull down properly on their knees, and many were the gentlemen he was obliged to run, after, and make them face to the right about, who uncourteously, though unwittingly, in quitting the presence, had turned their unpolished tails on majesty.

Where, with a cheek in cherub blushes dressed,
It seeks, with fruitless cries, its vanished rest.
Far different, *thou*, erect in conscious pride,
Colossal dar'st, the critic host bestride;
Like yelping coward curs canst make them skip,
And tremble at the thunder of thy whip.

How hard that thou, a busy working bee,
Should'st range from flower to flower, from tree to tree:
Fly loaded home from shrubs of richest prime,
Egyptian, Nubian, Abyssinian thyme,
And plundering drones * upon thine honey thrive,
Who never gave an atom to the hive!
Huge whale of marvel-hunters, further say,
And glad the present and the future day;
Speak! did no angel, proud to intervene,
Bear thee, like Habbakuk, from scene to scene?

Lo! moon-eyed Wonder opes her lap to thee:
How niggardly, alas! to luckless me!
Where'er through trackless woods thy luckier way,
Marvels, like dew-drops, beam on every spray,
Blessed man! whate'er thou wishest to behold,
Nature as strongly wishes to unfold;
Of all her wardrobe offers every rag,
Of which thy skill hath formed a conjuror's bag.
Thy deeds are giants, covering ours with shame!
Poor wasted pigmies! skeletons of fame!
To thee how kindly hath thy genius given
The massy keys of yonder star-clad heaven;
With leave, whene'er thou wishest to unlock it,
To put a few eclipses in thy pocket!
Nature, where'er thou tread'st, exalts her form;
The whispering zephyr swells a howling storm;
Where pebbles lay, and rivulets purled before,
Huge promontories rise, and oceans roar.
Thrice envied man (if truth each volume sings),
Thy life how happy! hand and glove with kings!

* Alluding to an abridgment of Mr Bruce's Travels.

A simple swain, a stranger to a throne,
I ne'er sat down with kings to pick a bone!
For smiles I gaped not, crouched not for assistance;
But paid my salutations at a distance:
Yet live, O kings, to see a distant date,
Because I've got a pretty good estate;
A comely spot near Helicon, that thrives;
A leasehold, though, that hangs upon your lives;
Let to George Kearsley, at a moderate rent;
Enough for me, poor swain, it brings content.
Were heaven to place a crown upon my head
So meek, so modest, I should faint with dread;
And, like some honest bishop, with a sigh,
"Pity my greatness, Lord!" would be my cry.
Poets, like spiders, now-a-days must spin,
Even from themselves, the threads of life so thin.
Nought pleaseth now the rulers of great nations,
But books of wonder, and sweet dedications.
Kings, like the mountains of the moon, indeed,
Proud of their stature, lift a lofty head;
Heads, like the mountains also, cold and raw,
That, ice-enveloped, seldom feel a thaw.
O, may the worst of ills my soul betide,
For *me* if ever love-sick lady died!
If fatal darts from these two eyes of mine,
Played havoc with fair ladies' hearts, like thine:
No, no! I ever a hard bargain drove,
And purchased every atom of my love.
O Bruce, I own, all candour, that I look
With envy, downright envy, on thy book;
A book, like Psalmanazar's, formed to last,
That gives th' historic eye a sweet repast;
A book, like Mandeville's, that yields delight,
And puts poor probability to flight;
A book that even Pontopidan would own;
A book most humbly offered to the throne;
A book, how happy, which the king of isles
Admires (says rumour), and received with smiles!

The fool, with equal gape, astonished sees,
Through Wonder's glasses, elephants and fleas;
But thou, in Wonder's school long bred, full grown,
Art pleased, indeed, with elephants alone:
Hadst thou been God, an insult to thy sight,
Thy majesty had scorned to make a mite.
Know, where th' Atlantic holds th' unwieldly whale,
My heart had panted at the monster's tail:
Had Bruce been there, th' invincible, the brave,
How had he dashed at once beneath the wave!
Bold with his dirk the mighty fish pursued,
And stained whole leagues of ocean with his blood;
Then rising glorious from the great attack,
Graced with the watery tyrant on his back!

'Midst those fair isles,* the happy isles of old,
Plains that the ghosts of kings and chiefs patrolled,
These eyes have seen; but, let me truth confess,
No royal spectre came these eyes to bless:
To no one chieftain-phantom, too, I vow,
With reverence did I ever make my bow:
Gone to make room, poor ghosts, so fate inclines,
For gangs of lazy Spaniards and their vines.
But had thy foot, illustrious traveller, trod,
Like me, the precincts of th' Elysian sod,
Full of inquiry, easy, unconfounded,
By sceptres hadst thou quickly been surrounded;
Then had we heard thy book of wonder boast,
How Bruce the brave shook hands with every ghost!
In vain did I phenomena pursue,
For Wonder waits upon the chosen few.
Whate'er I saw required no witch's storm—
Slight deeds, that Nature could with ease perform!
Audacious, to purloin my flesh and fish,
No golden eagles hopped into my dish.
Nor crocodiles, by love of knowledge led,
To mark my figure, left their oozy bed;
Nor loaded camels, to provoke my stare,
Sublimely whirled, like straws, amid the air;
Nor, happy in a stomach formed of steel,
On roaring lions have I made a meal.
Unequal mine with lions' bones to cope:
Thy jaws can only on such viands ope.
O hadst thou trod, like me, the happy isle,
Whose mountain† treats all mountains with a smile:

* The Canaries, or the Insulæ Fortunatæ of the Ancients.
† Teneriffe.

Bold hadst thou climbed th' ascent, an easy matter,
And, nobly daring, soused into the crater;
Then out again hadst vaulted with a hop,
Quick as a sweeper from a chimney-top.
O, had thy curious eye beheld like mine,
The Isle* which glads the heart with richest wine!
Beneath its vines, with common clusters crowned,
At eve my wandering steps a passage found,
Where rose the hut, and, neither rich nor poor,
The wife and husband seated at the door.
Touched, when the labours of the day were done,
The wire of music to the setting sun;
Where, blessed, a tender offspring ranged around,
Joined their small voices to the silver sound:
But had thine eye this simple scene explored,
The man at once had sprung a sceptered lord;
Princes and princesses the *bairns* had been;
The hut a palace, and the wife a queen;
Their golden harps had ravished thy two ears,
And beggared all the music of the spheres;
So kind is Nature always pleased to be,
When visited by favourites like thee!
Strange! thou hast seen the land, that, to its shame,
Ne'er heard our good king's virtues nor his name!'
I've only seen those regions, let me say,
Where his great virtues never found their way.

Alas! I never met with royal scenes!
No vomits gave to Abyssinian queens!
Drew not from royal arms the purple tide,
Nor scotched with fleams a sceptered lady's hide;
Nor, in anatomy so very stout,
Ventured to turn a princess inside out;
Nor, blushing, stripped me to the very skin,
To give a royal blackamoor a grin.
I never saw (with ignorance I own)
Mule-mounted monarchs seek th' imperial throne;
Which mule the carpet spoiled—a dirty beast!
First stalled;—then—What?—Oblivion cloud the rest.

I saw no king, whose subjects formed a riot,
And, imp-like, howled around him for his quiet.
Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas!)
Kill half a cow, and turn the rest to grass.
Where'er, great traveller, thou art pleased to tread,
The teeming skies rain wonders on thy head:
No common birth to greet thy eye appears,
But sacred labours of a thousand years.
Where'er the Nile shall pour the smallest sluice,
The rills shall curl into the name of Bruce.
And, lo! a universe his praise shall utter,
Who, first of mortals, found her parent gutter;
And, let me add, of gutters, too, the queen,
Without whose womb the Nile had never been.
Thus, many a man, whose deeds have made a pother,
Has had a scurvy father or a mother.
O, formed in arts and science to surpass,
To whom even Valour is an arrant ass;
O Bruce, most surely Travel's eldest son,
Tell, pr'ythee, all that thou hast seen and done!
I fear thou hidest half thy feats, unkind;
A thousand wonders, ah! remain behind!
Where is the chariot-wheel, with Pharaoh's name,
Fished from the old Red Sea, to swell thy fame?
Where the horse-shoe with Pharaoh's arms, and found
Where wicked Pharaoh and his host were drowned?
Where of that stone a slice, and fresh account,
Given by the Lord to Moses on the Mount?
And where a slice of that stone's eldest brother,
That, broken, forced th' All-Wise t' engrave another?
Where of the cradle, too, a sacred rush?
Where a true charcoal of the burning bush?
And, O, the jewel, curious gem, disclose,
That dangled from the Queen of Sheba's nose,
When, with hard questions, and two roguish eyes,
She rode to puzzle Solomon the Wise?
Sagacious terrier in Discovery's mine,
Shall Nature form no more a nose like thine?
No more displayed the pearls of wonder beam,
When thou, great man, art past the Stygian stream?

* Madeira.

To Afric wilt thou never, Bruce, return?
Howl, Britain! Europe, Abyssinia, mourn!
Droop shall Discovery's wing, her bosom sigh,
And Marvel meet no more the ravished eye;
Nature outstep her modesty no more;
Her cataracts of wonder cease to roar,
Forced to a common channel to subside,
And pour no longer an astounding tide?
O bid not yet thy lucky labours cease:
Still let the land of wonder feel increase:
Thy loads of dung, delightful ordure, yield,
And blossom with fertility the field:
Gates, hedges mend, that ignorance pulled down,
And bring in triumph back each kidnapped town.
Though envy damns thy volumes of surprise,
Blessed, I devour them with unsated eyes!
What though sour Johnson cried, with cynic sneer,
"I deemed at first, indeed, Bruce had been there:
But soon the eye of keen investigation,
Proved all the fellow's tale a fabrication."
But, who, alas! on Johnson's word relies,
Who saw the too kind North with jaundiced eyes;
Who rode to Hawthornden's fair scene by night,
For fear a Scottish tree might wound his sight;
And, bent from decent candour to depart,
Allowed a Scotsman neither head nor heart!
Grant fiction half thy volumes of surprise,
High in the scale of merit shalt thou rise:
Still to Fame's temple dost thou boast pretension;
For thine the *rara avis* of invention!
And, lo! amidst thy work of labouring years,
A dignity of egotism appears;
A style that classic authors should pursue;
A style that peerless Katerfelto* knew!
Thou dear man-mountain of discovery, run;
Again attempt an Abyssinian sun:
Yes, go; a second journey, Bruce, pursue;
More volumes of rich history bring to view.
O, run ere Time the spectered tombs invade,
And seize the crumbling wonders from the shade;
Crowd with fair columns, struck by Time, thy page,
And snatch the falling grandeur from his rage:

* A late celebrated philosopher and conjuror.

Give that old Time a vomit, too, and draw
More of Egyptian marvels from his maw;
Bid him disgorge (by moderns called a *hum*,)
Scratched by ten thousand travellers, Memnon's bum;
And, what all rarities must needs surpass,
The tail, the curious tail, of Balaam's ass.
Say, what should stop, O Bruce, thy grand career;
Of Fame the favourite, and no child of fear?
Danger's huge form, so dread to vulgar eyes,
Pants at thy presence, and a coward flies.
Where other travellers, fraught with terror, roam,
Lo! Bruce in wonder-land is quite at home;
The same cool eye on Nature's forms looks down;
Lions and rats, the courtier and the clown.
Whate'er thine action, wonder crowds the tale;
It smells of Brobdignag—it boasts a scale!
Fond of the lofty, Bruce no pigmy loves—
Who likes a pigmy, that a giant moves?
Again—what pigmy with a form of lath,
Lost in his shadow, likes the man of Gath?
The bowerly hostess, for a cart-horse fit,
Scorn Daphne's reed-like shape, and calls her *chit;*
Whilst on the rough robustious lump of nature,
Contemptuous Daphne whispers, "What a creature!"
Pity, pursuits like thine should feel a pause,
More than half smothered by fair Fame's applause!
I see thee safe returned from Marvel's mine,
Whose gems in every rock so precious shine;
Proud of the product of a world unknown,
Unloading all thy treasure at the throne;
While courtiers cry aloud with one accord,
"Most marvellous is the reign of George the Third!"
How like the butchers' boys we sometimes meet,
Stuck round with bladders, in a London street:
In full blown majesty who move, and drop
The bloated burden in an oilman's shop;
Whilst country bumpkins, gazing at the door,
Cry, "*They ne'er zeed zo vine a zight before.*"

I see old Nile, the king of floods, arise,
Shake hands, and welcome thee with happy eyes;

Otters and alligators in his train,
Made by thy five immortal volumes vain;
Weasels and polecats, sheregrigs, carrion-crows,
Seen and smelt only by thine eyes and nose.
"Son of the arts, and cousin of a king,
Loud as a kettle-drum whose actions ring,"
Exclaim the king of floods, "thy books I've read,
And for thy birth-place, envy brother Tweed."
O Bruce, by Fame for ever to be sung;
Job's war-horse fierce, thy neck with thunder hung;
When envious Death shall put thee in his stable,
Snipped life's fine thread, that should have been a cable;
Lo! to thy memory shall the marble swell,
Mausoleum huge, and all thy actions tell!
Here, in fair sculpture, the recording stones
Shall give thee glorious, cracking lions' bones:
There, which the squeamish souls of Britain shocks,
Rich steaks devouring from the living ox;
Here, staring on thee from the realm of water,
Full many a virtuoso alligator;
There, Bruce informing queens, in naked pride,
The feel and colour of a Scotsman's hide;
Here of the genealogy a tree,
Branching from Solomon's wise trunk to thee:
There, with a valour nought could dare withstand,
Bruce fighting an hyæna hand to hand:
Which dread hyæna (what a beast uncouth!)
Fought with a pound of candles in his mouth:
Here temples bursting glorious on the view,
Which History, though a gossip, never knew:
There columns starting from the earth and flood,
Just like the razor-fish from sand and mud;
Here a wise monarch, with voracious looks,
Receiving all thy drawings and thy books;
Whilst Fame behind him all so solemn sings
The liberal spirit of the *best* of kings.

Man says, O Bruce, that thou wert hardly used;
That our great king at first thy book refused;
Indeed, looked grimly 'midst his courtier crew,
Who, gentle courtiers! all looked grimly too!
Thus, when in black the lofty sky looks down,
The sympathizing sea reflects a frown;
Vale, cattle, reptile, insect, man and maid,
All mope, and seem to sorrow in the shade.

Steep is th' ascent, and narrow is the road,
Ah me! that leads to Fame's divine abode:
Yet thick (through lanes, like pilgrimaging rats,
Unawed by mortals, and unscared by cats,)
What crawling hosts attempt her sacred fane,
And dizzy, drunk-like, tumble back again;
Fast as the swains, whose arms the damsels fill,
Embrace of elegance down Greenwich Hill;
Whilst thou, Briareus-like, with dauntless air,
Resolved to ravish Fame, immortal fair;
Just like our London bullies with the whores,
Hast scaled the cloud-capt height, and forced her doors!
O, formed the travellers of the east to scare,
Although thy powers are mighty, learn to spare:
Dog should not prey on dog, the proverb says:
Allow, then, brother travellers crumbs of praise;
Like thee, let others reap applause, and rise
By daring visits to Egyptian skies:
But, calmly, lo! thou canst not see them pass;
"This is a rogue or fool, and that's an ass."
Thus on a tree, whene'er the weather's fine,
Jack Ketch, the spider, weaves the fatal line;
Beneath a leaf he hides, with watchful eye,
Now darts, and roping hangs the travelling fly.
Again, most tiresome, let me say, Go, go,
Proceed, and all about it let us know:
Led safely by thine enterprising star,
Hyænas shall not with thy journey war:
Un-eat by tigers, dare the forest's gloom,
To bid the barren field of knowledge bloom:
Wave o'er new pyramids thine eagle wings,
And, hound-like, scent fresh tombs of ancient kings,

Which time had buried with the mighty dead,
And cold oblivion swallowed in her shade:
And mind ('tis History's province to surprise)
That tales are sweetest, that sound most like lies.

As the confessed superiority of Mr Bruce to Mr Boswell entitles him to a more eminent mark of distinction, I have added an Ode, in my best manner, to this Complimentary Epistle, which the Congratulatory Epistle of Mr Boswell cannot boast.

ODE TO JAMES BRUCE, ESQ.

O Bruce, for this his short and sweet epistle,
Thou bidd'st, perhaps, the gentle bard "go whistle;"
Or somewhat worse, perchance, that rhymes to knight;
That is to say, knights of the blade,
One time so busy in the dubbing-trade,
That, like to silver, it was shouldered bright.

Pity by hungry critics thou should'st fall,
So clever, and so formed to please us all!
Again!—by royal favour all-surrounded,
A balm so rich, like cloves and nutmegs pounded!
Thus the bag fox, (how cruelly, alack!)
Turned out with turpentine upon his back,
Amidst the war of hounds and hunters flies;
Shows sport; but, luckless, by his fragrance dies!

Safe from the fury of the critic hounds,
O Bruce, thou treadest Abyssinian grounds:
Nor can our British noses hunt thy foil:
Indeed, thou need'st not dread th' event;
Surrounding clouds destroy the scent,
And mock their most sagacious toil:
Yes, in thy darkness thou shalt leave the dogs;
For hares, the hunters say, run best in fogs.

Of thee and me, two great physicians,
How different are the dispositions!
Thy soul delights in wonder, pomp, and bustle;
Mine in th' unmarvellous and placid scene,
Plain as the hut* of our good king and queen;—
I imitate the stationary muscle.

* A house close by the glorious castle of Windsor.

Yet, boldly thou, O Bruce, again proceed;
Of wonder ope the fountain head;
Deluge the land with Abyssinian ware;
Whilst I, a simple son of peace,
The world of *bagatelle* increase,
By love-sick sonnets to the fair:

Now to Sir Joseph, now a duke, now wren,
Now Robin Red-breast, dedicate the pen;
Now glow-worm, child of shade and light, not flame;
To whom, of wicked wits, the tuneful art,
So very apt, indeed, from truth to start,
Compares the nightly street-meandering dame.

Mild insect, harmless as myself, I ween;
Thou little planet of the rural scene,
When summer warms the valleys with her rays;
Accept a trifling sonnet to thy praise.

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Bright stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield;
To me, O nightly be thy splendour given:
Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf with liberal hand,
With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,
Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight shade?

Oh! may no feathered foe disturb thy bower,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour:
Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat;
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die!

Queen of the insect-world, what leaves delight?
Of such these willing hands a bower shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleased to dwell;
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed, through life, a lustre round thy cell.

How different man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life;
Blessed when the passions wild the soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade!

THE GHOST!

A REAL ACCOUNT OF THE APPEARANCE OF BARCLAY THE APOLOGIST TO THE BANKRUPT BANKER, ALIAS THE DEFICIENT DISCOUNTER, ALIAS THE PRIMITIVE QUAKER! FAITHFULLY REPORTED BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

"I have used Similitudes."

The cause of the Supernatural Resurrection.

The spirit of the sophistical Apologist hath arisen to reproach his collateral descendant (the Bankrupt Banker) with audacity, extravagance, and profusion, when his cash ought to be appropriated to the payment of his pillaged creditors—instead of supporting an equipage, &c. &c.—after the very miserable dividend of sixpence in the pound.—His late partners are not alluded to in this spiritual visitation, they being absolutely insolvent; while he is striding in the road to fraudulent opulence—if fame says true!

'Twas at the darksome midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In stalked sage Barclay's grimly ghost,
And stood at Tretton's feet.

His face was like a brumal morn,
Clad in December's cloud;
His withered trembling hand upheld
A solemn sombre shroud.

"Awake," he cries, "perturbed I come
From out my midnight grave,
To paint thy sins, thou pallid wretch,
Let me thy black soul save!
Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"I come to warn thee of great guilt;
In fraud hath been thy gain;
Think of thy follies, vices, crimes—
And dread eternal pain;
Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"How canst thou hope to prosper here,
And basest steps to take;
To pay with sixpence in the pound;
Awake, thou fiend, awake!
Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"And sell thy chariot, turn from fraud;
Ah! well may'st thou look pale;
Creditors wronged, and footmen kept—
To the gallows, or the jail!
Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!

"But, hark! the cock hath warned me hence,
A long, a last adieu!
Discharge thy debts, thy harlot leave!*
I groan thy end to view!
Oh! oh! degenerate quaker!"

The lark sung out, the morning smiled,
She raised her glittering head!
Pale Tretton quakes in every limb,
And Barclay shook the bed!

And vanished!—Now, all ghastly pale,
He dreads the coming night;
Neglects his twisted hair and boots,
Spruce clothes and ruffles white!
Repent and pay, apostate quaker!

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;

* See the Tete-a-tete of the town and Country Magazine for April; the Attic Miscellany for July 1791, under the article "Primitive Quaker;" "Modern Propensities," p. 39; and most of the morning prints.—Is it not a great disgrace to the quakers, not to disown such a miscreant, because he is connected with wealthy individuals?

And grant that we may warning take
By Johnny Tretton's call!

ODE TO A WELCH MOUNTAIN.

NEAR yonder solitary tower,
'Lone glooming 'midst the moony light,
I roam at midnight's spectred hour,
And climb the wild majestic height:
Low to the mountain let me reverent bow,
Where Wisdom, Virtue, taught their founts to flow.

Pale on a rock's aspiring steep,
Behold a Druid sits forlorn,
I see the white-robed phantom weep,
I hear his harp of sorrow mourn.
The vanished grove provokes his deepest sigh,
And altars opened to the gazing eye.

Permit me, Druid, here to stray,
And ponder 'mid thy drear retreat;
To wail the solitary way
Where Wisdom held her hallowed seat;
Here let me roam, in spite of Folly's smile,
A pensive pilgrim, o'er each pitied pile.

Poor ghost! no more the Druid race
Shall here their sacred fires relume:
No more their showers of incense blaze;
No more their tapers gild the gloom.
Lo! snakes obscene along the temples creep,
And foxes on the broken altars sleep.

No more beneath the golden brook
The treasures of the grove shall fall;
Time triumphs o'er each blasted oak,
Whose power at length shall crush the ball.
Led by the wrinkled power, with gladdened mien,
Gigantic Ruin treads the weeping scene.

No more the bards, in strains sublime,
The actions of the brave proclaim,
Thus rescuing from the rage of time
Each glorious deed approved by fame.
Deep in the dust each lyre is laid unstrung,
While mute for ever stops each tuneful tongue.

Here Wisdom's, Virtue's awful voice
Inspired the youths of Cornwall's plains;
With such no more these hills rejoice,
But sullen, death-like, silence reigns,
While Melancholy, in yon mouldering tower,
Sits listening to old Ocean's distant roar.

Let others, heedless of the hill,
With eye incurious pass along;
My muse with grief the scene shall fill,
And swell with softest sighs her song.
Ah! pleased each Druid mansion to deplore,
Where Wisdom, Virtue dwelt, but dwell no more.

ODES TO MR PAINE,

AUTHOR OF "RIGHTS OF MAN."

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, vel carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.— Juvenal.

ODE I.

O PAINE! thy vast endeavour I admire!
How brave the hope to set a realm on fire!
Ambition, smiling, praised thy giant wish:
Compared to thee, the man, to gain a name,
Who to Diana's temple put the flame,
A simple minnow to the prince of fish.

Say, did'st thou fear that Britain was too blessed
Of peace, thou most delicious pest?
How shameful that this pin's-head of an isle,
Whilst half the globe's in grief, should wear a smile!
How dares the wren amidst his hedges sing,
Whilst eagles droop the beak, and flag the wing?

O must the scythe of Desolation sleep,
So keen for carnage, stay its mighty sweep,
And Havoc on his hunter drop his lash;
Spurred, armed, and ripe to storm with groans the sky,
To chase an empire, and enjoy the cry,
The cry of millions—what a glorious crash!

What pity thy combustibles were bad!
How Death had grinned delight, and Hell been glad,
To see our liberties o'erturning;

And War, whose expectation tiptoe stood,
Ready for hills of slain, and seas of blood,
Who drops his death's-head flag, and puts on mourning.

Why, cur-like, didst thou sneak away, nay, fly?
Dread'st thou of angered Justice, the sharp eye?
Return, and bring Mesdames Possardes along:
And lo, with friendship's squeeze and fire to meet them;
And oaths of every hue to greet them,
The sisterhood of Billingsgate shall throng.

The jails may open all their dreary cells,
Where Horror, brooding on damnation, dwells,
And vomit forth their grisly bands;
Surrounded by this squalid host,
Paine shall their leader be, and boast;
Paine, Gordon, and Rebellion, shall shake hands.

Importance, in a nut-shell hide thy head!
I deemed myself a dare-devil in rhyme,
To whisper to a king of modern time,
And try to shake a royal foible dead;
Whilst, dauntless, thou of treason mak'st no bones,
But strik'st at kings themselves upon their thrones!

ODE II.

Hell hears our prayer!—all is not lost—
Behold a chosen few, a host,
Stand forth the champions of the glorious cause!
The jails are opening!—hark! the iron-doors!
Chains clank!—the brazen throat of Tumult roars;
And, lo, the destined victims of the laws!
Disgorged, they pour in darkening tribes along,
And mingle with our democratic throng!

Bedlam unlocks her melancholy cells!
Forth rush the maniacs grim, with joyful yells;
They tear their blankets, clap their frenzied hands;
They grind their teeth, they dance, they foam, they stare;
They rend with bursts of laughter wild the air;
And join, they know not why, our thickening bands.

Thou sun, withdraw thy hated day;
To Ethiop darkness yield thy reign;
And hide in clouds, O moon, thy ray,
Nor peep upon our spectre scene!—
Though faint thy solitary light,
We feel thy feeble beam too bright.

Ah! Peace, thy triumph now is o'er!
Thy cheek, so cheerful, smiles no more:
Thine eye with disappointment glooms!
Our music shall be Nature's cry;
Our ears shall feast on Pity's sigh—
Lo, haggard Death prepares his tombs!

Hot with the fascinating grape, we reel;
The full proud spirit of rebellion feel;—
Son of Sedition, daring Paine,
Whilst speech endues thy treason tongue,
Bid the roof ring with damned song,
And Erebus shall echo back the strain.

SONG, BY MR PAINE.

Come, good fellows all—Confusion's the toast,
And success to our excellent cause:—
As we've nothing to lose, lo, nought can be lost;
So, perdition to monarchs and laws!

France shows us the way—an example how great!
Then, like France, let us stir up a riot;
May our names be preserved by some damnable feat,
For what but a wretch would lie quiet?

As we all are poor rogues, 'tis most certainly right
At the doors of the rich ones to thunder;
Like the thieves who set fire to a dwelling by night,
And come in for a share of the plunder.

Whoever for mischief invents the best plan,
Best murders, sets fire, and knocks down,
The thanks of our club shall be given to that man,
And hemlock shall form him a crown.

Our empire hast towered with a lustre too long;
Then blot out this wonderful sun;
Let us arm then at once, and in confidence strong,
Complete what dark Gordon begun.

But grant a defeat—we are hanged, and that's all,
A punishment light as a feather;—
Yet we triumph in death, as we Catilines fall,
And go to the devil together.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, &c. &c. Hor.

The man of dove-like innocence a sample,
So sweet! so mild! *myself* now, for example,
Disdains of gossip fame the tittle tattle;
He begs no newspaper to fight his battle—
Unmoved, with equal eye on all he looks;
The Lord's anointed, and his lousy cooks.

I deemed rude Clamour, in my days of youth,
The solemn voice of all-commanding Truth;
But now, no more creating awe and wonder;
Old empty hogsheads, rumbling in a cart,
That make *some people* gape, and stare, and start,
As well may tell me, "*We're* the noble thunder."

Wide gapes the thoughtless mouth of moon-eyed Wonder,
Whilst "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,"
With Calumny's dark hounds the bard pursue:
"Bring on his marrow-bones th' apostate down,
The turncoat is a flatterer of the crown;
Burn all his verses, burn the author too."

Such is the sound of millions, such the roar
Of billows booming on the rocky shore!

"How changed his note!" they cry, "now spinning rhymes
In compliment to monarchs of the times,
Who lately felt no mercy from his rancour:
The star-bedizened sycophants of state,
Blue-ribboned knaves have bribed his pliant hate;
Behold him at St James' snug at anchor."

Thus on my ears, so patient let me say,
They pour their rough, rude peals of groundless clamour;
Battering, pell-mell, upon my head away,
Just like on anvils the smith's sledge and hammer!

Howe'er the world in scorn may shake its head,
Nor knave nor fool through me shall current pass;
Too honest yet, I thank my stars, to spread
The Muse's silver o'er a lump of brass.

I own the voice of Censure very proper:
Greatly resembling a tobacco-stopper;
Confining all the seeds of fire so stout,
And quick in growth, when left to run about:

But possibly I'm hardened—yes, I fear
Her frequent strokes have formed a callous ear.

There was a time when Peter, ghost-like stared
When Censure thundered—stared with awe profound;
With sighs, to deprecate her wrath, prepared;
So chilled with horror at the solemn sound!
But hardened, soon he gave his ague o'er,
Looked up, and smiled, and thought of her no more.

Thus, when an earthquake bids Jamaica tremble,
On Sunday all the folks to church assemble,
To soothe Jehovah, so devoutly studying—
Prostrate they vow to keep his holy laws:
Returning home, they smite their hungry craws,
And scarce indulge them with a slice of pudding—
Deeming, in earthquake-time, a dainty board
A sad abomination to the Lord!

Ere Sunday comes again, their hearts recover;
The tempest of their fears blown over,
Fled every terror of the burning lake,
They think they have no business now with church;
So, calmly leave th' Almighty in the lurch,
And sin it—till he gives a second shake.

The ladies, too, have joined the general cry:
What! those divinities in Peter's eye!

Angels in petticoats!—it ill behoves 'em:
What! bite the constant Stentor of their praise,
Who robbed the Muses of their sweetest lays,
To tell the world how much he loves 'em!

The bard, who vouches for their harmless souls,
And like another Cicero persuades,
The frenzied eye of admiration rolls—
Ready to kneel and worship 'em—O jades!

Ladies and gentlemen,
Know, that I scorn a prostituted pen:
No royal rotten wood my verse veneers—
O yield me, for a moment, yield your ears.

Stubborn, and mean, and weak, nay fools indeed,
Though kings may be, we must support the breed:
Yet join I issue with you—yes, 'tis granted,
That through the world such royal folly rules,
As bids us think thrones advertise for fools;
Yet is a king a utensil much wanted—

A screw, a nail, a bolt, to keep together
The ship's old leaky sides in stormy weather:
Which screw, or nail, or bolt, its work performs,
Though downright ignorant of ships and storms.

I knuckle not—I owe not to the great
A thimble-full of obligation:
Nor luscious wife have I, their lips to treat,
To lift me to preferment's sunny station;

Like many a gentleman whom love promotes,
Whose lofty front the ray of gold adorns;
Resembling certain most ingenious goats,
That climb up precipices by their horns.

I'm not obliged (believe my honest word)
To kiss—what shall I call't?—of any lord:
Not pepper-corn acknowledgment I owe 'em;
Nay, like the God of truth, I scarcely know 'em.

By me unpraised are dukes and earls:
At such most commonly my satire snarls—
My pride, like theirs, the high-nosed elves,
Who love what's equal only to themselves.

As for court virtues, wheresoe'er they lie,
I leave them all to *Mister* Laureat Pye,
The fashionable bard, whom courts revere;
Who trotteth, with a grave and goodly pace,
Deepladen with his sovereign, twice a-year,
Around Parnassus' old famous base:
Not only proving his great king alive,
But that, like docks, the royal virtues thrive.

But I'm not qualified to be a hack;
Too proud to carry lumber on my back;—
Too dainty is my lady muse, I hope,
Into a coal-shed to convert her shop;
Her shop, indeed, a very handsome room,
Filled with rich spices and Parnassian bloom.

Court poets must create—on trifles rant—
Make something out of nothing—Lord I can't!

Bards must bid virtues crowd on kings in swarms,
However from such company remote;—
Just as good-natured heralds make up arms
For nabob-robbers born without a coat.

I'm a poor botching tailor for a court,
Low bred on liver, and what clowns call mugget;*
Besides, what greatly too my gains would hurt,
I cannot sew gold lace upon a drugget.

Say not I'm turned towards the sceptred great;
Talk not of kings—I deem one half a cheat:
Felt is their weakness—husks, mere husks of men!
Yes, they create *nobility*—I know it;
The veriest idiot of them all can do it,
And on the falcon's perch can place the wren.

But can a king command th' ethereal flame
That clothes with immortality a name?
Oh, could the race that fire ethereal catch!
But no such privilege to kings is given:
So very low their interest lies in heaven,
They can't command enough to light a match.

No, Sirs, and therefore pray be civil;
I've not yet bargained with the devil.

* Part of the entrails of certain cattle.

Yet grant me sold—I've precedents a store;
Besides, we poets are confounded poor!
And, ah! how hard to starve, to please Morality!
For Hunger, though a favourite of old saints,
Whose pinching virtue pious history paints,
Is reckoned now a fellow of bad quality:
Not deemed a *gentleman*—can't show his face,
Even where Saint Peter's children* give the grace!

A rosy sinner Luxury ycleped,
Long in his place hath eat, and drunk, and slept.

Yes (as I've said) we bards are mostly poor,
Can scarcely drive gaunt Famine from the door!
That Helicon's a hellish stream, God knows!
Ah me! most rarely it Pactolian flows:
Though sharp as hawks, and hungry too, and thick,
Few are the golden grains that poets pick;
And yet each new adventurer of the Nine,
Think all Parnassus one mere golden mine.

All this by way of wild digression—
And now for my political confession.
Again, ye Crown-and-Anchor sinners,
I reprobate your revolution-dinners.

Nature at times makes wretched wares;
(Amongst the smiling corn like tares)
Men with such miserable souls!
Nought pleases, from the moment of their birth;
With horror for a while they blot the earth,
Then, crab-like, crawl into their burying-holes.

How like a dreary dull December day,
That shows his muddy discontented head,
Lowers on the world awhile, then moves away
In gloom and sullenness to bed.

Have not our revolution host a few,
Of souls of this same Ethiop hue?

Permit me, Sirs, to tell you, ye are mad;
Our case, although not mortal, yet quite bad;
An ugly inflammation of the brain.
Although a dull physician, I could find
Something to calm the hurry of the mind,
And bring you back to common sense again—

The stocks would do it, gentlemen, or jails;
A heavy nostrum—yet it rarely fails.

Lo, Drunkenness, a blustering, bullying blade,
The cocked-hat covering half one eye so brave,
As though dread valour were his meat, his trade,
Nature a driveller, and the world his slave:
He rants, roars, prays, howls, swears, on boldly goes,
To seize sun, moon, and planets, by the nose;

When, lo, Night's long-staffed guardian to him steals,
Squints with one eye on him, and then the other:
To pillow well his head, trips up his heels,
And lays him on old earth, our common mother—

Thence at the round-house, in about an hour,
Renews his poor debilitated power
Of comprehending, feeling, hearing, seeing—
Yet is this watchman, too, a heavy being.

Keel up lies France!—Long may she keep that posture!
Her knavery, folly, on the rocks have tossed her;
Behold the thousands that surround the wreck!
Her cables parted, rudder gone,
Split all her sails, her main-mast down,
Choked all her pumps, broke in her deck;
Sport for the winds, the billows o'er her roll!
Now am I glad of it with all my soul.

France lifts the busy sword of blood no more;
Lost to its giant grasp the withered hand:
O say, what kingdom can her fate deplore,
The dark disturber of each happy land?

To Britain an insidious damned Iago—
Remember, Englishmen, old Cato's cry,
And keep that patriot model in your eye—
His constant cry, "*Delenda est Carthago.*"

France is *our* Carthage, that sworn foe to truth,
Whose perfidy deserves th' eternal chain!

* Archbishops, bishops, &c.

And now she's down, our British bucks forsooth
Would lift the stabbing strumpet up again.

Love I the French?—By heavens, 'tis no such matter!
Who loves a Frenchman, wars with simple nature.
What Frenchman loves a Briton?—None:
Yet by the hand this enemy we take;
Yes, blundering Britons bosom up the snake,
And feel themselves, too late indeed, undone.

The converse chaste of day, and oke of night,
The kiss-clad moments of supreme delight,
To Love's pure passion only due;
The seraph smile, that soft-eyed Friendship wears,
And Sorrow's balm of sympathizing tears,
Those iron fellows never knew.

For this I hate them.—Art, all varnished art!
This doth Experience every moment prove:
And hollow must to all things be the heart,
That foe to beauty, which deceives in love.

Hear me, dame Nature, on those men of cork—
Blush at a Frenchman's heart, thy handywork;
A dunghill, that luxuriant feeds
The gaudy and the rankest weeds:
Deception, grub-like, taints its very core,
Like flies in carrion—pr'ythee, make no more.

Not but a neighbouring nation to the French
Have morals that emit a stronger stench,
That Christian noses scarcely can withstand:
The heart a dungeon, hollow, dark, and foul,
The dwelling of the toad, snake, bat, and owl,
Demons, and all the grimly spectre band.

Mad fools!—And can we deem the French profound,
And, pleased, their infant politics embrace,
Who drag a noble pyramid to ground,
Without one pebble to supply its place?

Yet are they followed, praised, admired, adored,
Be with such praise these ears no longer bored!
This moment could I prove it to the nation all,
That verily a Frenchman is not rational.

Yes, Frenchmen, this is my unvarying creed,
"You are not rational indeed;
So low have fond conceit and folly sunk ye:
Only a larger kind of monkey!"

"What art thou writing now," the World exclaims,
"Thou man of brass?"
Good World, no names, no names—I beg, no names,
Writing?—an ode to my old favourite *ass*.

Not making royal varnish—no!
My *ass'* virtues bid my numbers flow:
Peter his name, my namesake, a good beast;
A servant to my family some years—
To me is gratitude a turtle feast;
It is a virtue that my soul reveres;
And therefore I've been fabricating metre
All in the praise of honest Peter.

This Remonstrance is designed as an answer to those who have attributed his late apparent change of sentiments to the all-powerful influence of a pension. The charge he repels with pleasantry, or with indignant sarcasm.

ODE TO MY ASS, PETER.

O thou, my solemn friend, of man despised,
But not by me despised—respected long!
To prove how much thy qualities are prized,
Accept, old fellow-traveller, a song.

My great, great ancestor, of lyric fame,
Immortal! threw a glory round the horse;
Then, as I light my candle at his flame,
That candle shall illumine thee of course.

For why not thou, in works and virtues rich,
In Fame's fair temple also boast a niche?

How many a genius, 'midst a vulgar pack,
Oblivion stuffs into her sooty sack,

Calmly as Jew old-clothes' men, in their bags,
Mix some great man's laced coat with dirty rags;
Or satin petticoat of some sweet maid,
That o'er her beauties cast an envious shade!
And what's the reason?—Reason too apparent:
Ah! "*quia vate sacro carent*,"
As Horace says, that bard divine,
Whose wits so fortunately jump with mine.
Ah, Peter, I remember, oft, when tired,
And most unpleasantly at times bemired,
Bold hast thou said, "I'll budge not one inch further;
And now, young master, you may kick or murder."
Then have I cudgelled thee—a fruitless matter!
For 'twas in vain to kick, or flog, or chatter.
Though, Balaam-like, I cursed thee with a smack;
Sturdy thou dropp'dst thine ears upon thy back,
And trotting retrogade, with wriggling tail,
In vain did I thy running rump assail:

For lo, between thy legs thou putt'dst thine head,
And gavest me a puddle for a bed.
Now this was fair—the action bore no guile:
Thou duck'dst me not, like Judas, with a smile.
O, were the manners of some monarchs such,
Who smile even in the close insidious hour
That kicks th' unguarded minion from his power!
But this is asking p'rhaps of kings too much.

O Peter, little didst thou think, I ween,
When I a school-boy on thy back was seen,
Riding thee oft, in attitude uncouth;
For bridle, an old garter in thy mouth;
Jogging and whistling wild o'er hill and dale,
On sloes, or nuts, or strawberries to regale—

I say, O Peter, little didst thou think,
That I thy namesake, in immortal ink
Should dip my pen, and rise a wondrous bard,
And gain such praise, Sublimity's reward;

But not the Laurel—honour much too high,
Given by the King of Isles to Mister Pye,
Who sings his Sovereign's virtues twice a-year,
And therefore cannot chronicle small beer.

Yet simple as Montaigne, I'll tell thee true;
There are, who on my verses look askew,
And call my lyric lucubrations stuff:
But I'm a modest, not *unconnying* elf,
Or I could say such things about myself—
But God forbid that I should puff!

Yet natural are selfish predilections!
Like snakes they wreathe about the heart's affections,
And sometimes too infuse a poisonous spirit;
Producing, as by naturalists I'm told,
Torpid insensibility, so cold
To every brother's rising merit.

Wits to each other just like loadstones act,
That do not always like firm friends attract;
Though of the same rare nature, (strange to tell!)
The little hardened rogues as oft repel.

But lo, of thee I'll speak, my long-eared friend!
Great were the wonders of thy heels of yore,
Victorious, for laced hats didst thou contend;
And ribbons graced thy ears—a gaudy store.

Buff breeches too have crowned a proud, proud day,
Not thou, but which thy rider wore away;
Triumphant strutting through the world he strode,
Great soul! deserving an Olympic Ode.

Thy bravery often did I much approve;
Raised by that queen of passions, Love.
Whene'er in Love's delicious frenzy crossed
By long-eared brothers, lo, wert thou a host!
Love did thy lion-heart with courage steel!
Quicker than that of Vestris moved thy heel:
Here, there, up, down, in, out, how thou didst smite!
And then no alderman could match thy bite!

And is thy grace no more revered?
Indeed 'tis greatly to be feared!

Yet shalt thou flourish in immortal song,
To me if immortality belong;
For stranger things than this have come to pass—

Posterity thy history shall devour,
And read with pleasure how, when vernal shower
In gay profusion raised the dewy grass,
I led thee forth, thine appetite to please,
And 'mid the verdure saw thee up to knees!

How, oft I plucked the tender blade;
And happy, how thou cam'st at my command,
And wantoning around, as though afraid,
With poking neck didst pull it from my hand,
Then scamper, kicking, frolicsome, away,
With such a fascinating bray!

Where oft I paid thee visits, and where thou
Didst cock with happiness thy kingly ears,
And grin so 'witchingly, I can't tell how,
And dart at me such friendly leers;

With such a smiling head, and laughing tail;
And when I moved, how, grieved, thou seem'dst to say,
"Dear Master, let your humble Ass prevail,
Pray, Master, do not go away"—
And how (for what than friendship can be sweeter?)
I gave thee grass again, O pleasant Peter.

And how, when Winter bade the herbage die,
And Nature mourned beneath the stormy sky;
When waving trees, surcharged with chilling rain,
Dropped seeming tears upon the harassed plain,
I gave thee a good stable, warm as wool,
With oats to grind, and hay to pull:
Thus, whilst abroad December ruled the day,
How Plenty showed within the blooming May!

And lo, to future times it shall be known,
How, twice a-day, to comb and rub thee down,
And be thy bed-maker at night,
Thy groom attended, both with hay and oat,
By which thy back could boast a handsome coat,
And laugh at many a fine court lord and knight,
Whose strutting coats belong p'rhaps to the tailor,
And probably their bodies to the jailor!

What though no dimples thou hast got,
Black sparkling eyes (the fashion) are thy lot,
And oft a 'witching smile and cheerful laugh;
And then thy cleanliness!—'tis strange to utter!
Like sin, thy heels avoid a pool, or gutter;
And then the stream so daintily dost quaff!
Unlike a country alderman, who blows,
And in the mug baptizeth mouth and nose!

What though I've heard some voices sweeter,
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle Peter!
Whether a judge of music, I don't know—If so,
Thou hast th' advantage got of many a score
That enter at the opera door.

Some people think thy tones are rather coarse;
Even love-sick tones addressed to Lady Asses—
Octaves, indeed, of wondrous force;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses.

Lord Cardigan, if rightly I divine,
Would very gladly give his voice for thine:

And Lady Mount,* her Majesty's fine foil,
For whom perfumers, barbers, vainly toil,
Poor lady! who has quarrelled with the graces,
Would very willingly change faces.

How honoured once wert thou! but ah, no more!
Thus, too, despised the bards—esteemed of yore!
How rated once, the tuneful tribes of Greece!
Deemed much like diamonds—thousands worth a-piece!

How great was Pindar's glory!—On a day,
Entering Apollo's church, to pray,
The lady of the sacred fane, or mistress,
Or, in more classic term, the priestess,
Addressed him with ineffable delight—
"Great Sir (quoth she), in pigs, and sheep and calves,
Master insists upon't that you go halves:
To beef his godship also gives you right."

* Her Majesty is always happy to have Lady Mount E—— by her side, as being one of the ugliest women in England—in short, his Lordship in petticoats.

Thus did the twain most hearty dinners make;
Pindar and Phœbus eating steak and steak;
When, too, (Pausanias says), to please the god—
Between each mouthful Pindar sung an Ode!

Thus, half a deity was this great poet!
Now this was grand in Phœbus—vastly civil—
How changed are things! the present moments show it;
For bard is now synonymous with devil.

Just to three hundred years ago, I speak—
How simple scholarship was wont to rule!
A man like Doctor Parr, that mouthed but Greek,
Was almost worshipped by the sage and fool;
Deemed by the world, indeed, a first-rate star.
How different now the fate of Doctor Parr!

Unknown he walks!—his name no infants lisp—
Not only reckoned not a first-rate star;
Is this our Greek man, Doctor Parr,
But, gods! not equal to a Will-o'-Wisp!

Plague on't! how niggardly the trump of Fame,
That wakes not *Bellendenus** on the shelf!
The world so still, too, on the Doctor's name,
The man is really forced to praise himself!

"Archbishops, bishops," so says Dr Parr,
"By *alpha*, *beta*, merely, have been made;
Why from the mitre then am I so far;
So long a dray-horse in this thundering trade?
O Pitt, shame on thee!—art thou still to seek
The soul of Wisdom in the sound of Greek?"

Peter, suppose we make a bit of style,
And rest ourselves a little while?

* The preface to *Bellendenus* was a *coup d' essai* of the Doctor's for a bishopric—It was the child of his dotage. The pap of party supported it some little time; when, after several struggles to remain amongst us, it paid the last debt of nature.

IN CONTINUATION.

Thus ended Doctor Parr; and now again,
To thee, as good a subject, flows the strain.
Permit me, Peter, in my lyric canter,
Just to speak Latin—"*tempora mutantur!*"

Kings did not scorn to press your backs of yore;
But now, with humbled neck and patient face,
Tied to a thievish miller's dusty door,
I mark thy fallen and disregarded race.

To chimney-sweepers now a common hack;
Now with a brace of sand-bags on your back!
No gorgeous saddles yours—no ivory cribs;
No silken girts surround your ribs;
No royal hands your cheeks with pleasure pat;
Cheeks by a roguish halter prest—
Your ears and rump, of insolence the jest;
Dragged, kicked, and pummelled, by a beggar's brat.

Thus, as I've said, your race is much degraded!
And much, too, is the poet's glory faded!

A time there was, when kings of this fair land,
So meek, would creep to poets, cap in hand,
Begging, as 'twere for alms, a grain of fame,
To sweeten a poor putrifying name—
But past are those rich hours! ah, hours of yore!
Those golden sands of Time shall glide no more.

Yet are we not in thy discarded state,
Whate'er may be the future will of Fate;
Since, as we find by Pye (what still must pride us),
Kings twice a year can condescend to ride us.

This is a very pretty poem, full of benevolent regard to the long-eared friend of his youth, and glowing with a fond remembrance of the pleasures and pastimes of his earlier days. Ay! Peter Pindar's ass shall trot down to posterity, with his honest

brethren, the ass of Sterne, and the Dapple of Sancho Panza.

AN AFTER REFLECTION.

Now, World, thou seest the stuff of which I'm made;
Firm to the honour of the tuneful trade;
Leaving with high contempt the courtier class,
To sing the merits of the humble Ass.

Yet should a miracle the palace mend,
And high-nosed Salisbury to the Virtues send,
Commanding them to come and chat with kings;
Well pleased repentant sinners to support,
So help me, Impudence, I'll go to court!
Besides, I dearly love to see strange things.

THE MAGPIE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.

THE PROEMIUM.

How varied are our tastes! Dame Nature's plan,
All for wise reasons, since the world began:
Yes, yes, the good old lady acted right:
Had things been otherwise, like wolves and bears,
We all had fallen together by the ears—
One object had produced an endless fight.

Nettles had strewed life's path, instead of roses;
And multitudes of mortal faces,
Printed with histories of bloody noses,
Had taken leave of absence of the Graces.

Now interrupting not each other's line,
You ride your hobby-horse, and I ride mine—
You press the blue-eyed Chloe to your arms,
And I the black-eyed Sappho's browner charms:
Thus situated in our different blisses,
We squint not envious on each other's kisses.

Yet are there some exceptions to this rule:
We meet with now and then a stubborn fool,
Dragooning us into his predilections;
As though there was no difference in affections,
And that it was the booby's firm belief,
Pork cannot please, because he dotes on beef!

Again—how weak the ways of some, and sad!
One would suppose the man-creation mad.

Lo! this poor fellow, folly-drunk, he rambles,
And flings himself into Misfortune's brambles,
In full pursuit of Happiness' treasure:
When, with a little glance of circumspection,
A mustard-grain of sense—a child's reflection—
The fool had coursed the velvet lawn of Pleasure.

Idly he braves the surge and roaring gale;
When Reason, if consulted with a smile,
Had towed through summer seas his silken sail,
And saved a dangerous and Herculean toil.

Yes, as I've somewhere said above, I find,
That many a man has many a mind.

How I hate Drunkenness, a nasty pig!
With snuff stained neckcloth, without hat or wig,
Reeling, and belching wisdom in one's face!
How I hate Bully Uproar from my soul,
Whom nought but whips and prisons can control,
Those necessary implements of *grace;*

Yet altars rise to Drunkenness and Riot—
How few to mild Sobriety and Quiet!

Thou art my goddess, Solitude—to thee,
Parent of dove-eyed Peace, I bend the knee!
O with what joy I roam thy calm retreat,
Whence soars the lark amid the radiant hour,
Where many a varied, chaste, and fragrant flower,
Turns coyly from rogue Zephyr's whisper sweet!

Blest Imp! who wantons o'er thy wide domain,
And kisses all the beauties of the plain:

Where, happy, 'mid the all-enlivening ray,
The insect nations spend the busy day,
Wing the pure fields of air, and crawl the ground;
Where, idle none, the Jew-like myriads range,
Just like the Hebrews at high 'Change,
Diffusing hum of Babel notes around!

Where Health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips with a smile the breezy scenes along,
And pours the spirit of content in song!

Thus tastes are various, as I've said before—
These damn most cordially, what those adore.

———

We must congratulate Peter on his return home again: he is in his own element, pleasant, playful, and satirical—but whether these events happened in the late or the former royal tour, history is silent, and we cannot explain. We should add a word or two about decorum; but it is, we find, to no purpose; for Peter will laugh on; and as we seldom found him so entertaining on other subjects, we should be a little inconsistent, if we precluded him from one which is so congenial to his talents.

———

THE TALE.

A MAGPIE, in the spirit of romance,
Much like the famed reformers now of France,
Flew from the dwelling of an old Poissarde;
Where, sometimes in his cage, and sometimes out,
He justified the revolution rout,
That is, called names, and got a sop for his reward.

Red-hot with monarch-roasting coals,
Just like his old fish-thundering dame,
He left the queen of crabs, and plaice, and soles,
To kindle in Old England's realm a flame.

Arrived at evening's philosophic hour,
He rested on a rural antique tower,
Some Baron's castle in the days of old:
When furious wars, misnomered *civil*,
Sent mighty chiefs to see the devil,—
Leaving behind their bodies for rich mould,
That pliable from form to form patroles,
Making fresh houses for new souls.

Perched on the wall, he cocks his tail and eye,
And hops like modern beaux in country dances;
Looks devilish knowing, with his head awry,
Squinting with connoisseurship glances.

All on a sudden, Maggot starts and stares,
And wonders, and for somewhat strange prepares;
But lo, his wonder did not hold him long—
Soft from a bush below, divinely clear,
A modest warble melted on his ear,
A plaintive, soothing, solitary song—

A stealing, timid, unpresuming sound,
Afraid dim Nature's deep repose to wound;
That hushed (a death-like pause) the rude sublime.
This was a novelty to Mag, indeed,
Who, pulling up his spindle-shanks with speed,
Dropped from his turret, half devoured by time,
A la Francoise, upon the spray
Where a lone Red-breast poured to eve his lay.

Staring the modest minstrel in the face,
Familiar, and with arch grimace,
He conned the dusky warbler o'er and o'er,
As though he knew him years before;
And thus began, with seeming great civility,
All in the Paris ease of volubility—

"What—Bobby! damme, is it you,
That thus your pretty phiz to music screw,
So far from hamlet, village, town, and city,
To glad old battlements with dull psalm ditty!

"'Sdeath! what a pleasant, lively, merry scene!
Plenty of bats, and owls, and ghosts, I ween;
Rare midnight screeches, Bob, between you all:
Why, what's the name on't, Bobby! Dismal Hall?

"Come, to be serious—curse this queer old spot,
And let thy owlish habitation rot!
Join me, and soon in riot will we revel:
I'll teach thee how to curse, and call folks names,
And be expert in treason, murder, flames,
And most divinely play the devil.

"Yes, thou shalt leave this spectred hole,
And prove thou hast a bit of soul:
Soon shalt thou see old stupid London dance;
There will we shine immortal knaves;
Not steal unknown, like cuckoos, to our graves,
But imitate the geniuses of France.

"Who'd be that monkish, cloistered thing, a muscle?
Importance only can arise from bustle!
Tornado, thunder, lightning, tumult, strife,
Those charm, and add a dignity to life.
That thou shouldst choose this spot, is monstrous odd;
Poh, poh! thou canst not like this life, by God!"

"Sir!" like one thunder-stricken, staring wide—
"Can you be serious, Sir?" the Robin cried,
"Serious!" rejoined the Magpie, "ay, my boy—
So come, let's play the devil, and enjoy."

"Flames!" quoth the Robin—"and in riot revel,
Call names, and curse, divinely play the devil!
I cannot, for my life, the fun discern."
"No!—blush then, Bob, and follow me, and learn."

"Excuse me, Sir," the modest *hermit* cried—
"Hell's not the hobby-horse I wish to ride."
"Hell!" laughed the Magpie, "hell no longer dread;
Why, Bob, in France the devil's lately dead:

"Damnation vulgar to a Frenchman's hearing—
The word is only kept alive for swearing.
Against futurity they all protest:
And God and heaven are grown a standing jest.

"Brimstone and sin are downright out of fashion:
France is quite altered—now a thinking nation:
No more of penitential tears and groans!
Philosophy has cracked Religion's bones.

"As for your Saviour of a wicked world,
Long from his consequence has he been hurled,
They do acknowledge *such a man*, d'ye see;
But then they call him simple Monsieur Christ.
Bob, for thy ignorance, pray blush for shame—
Behold, thy Doctor Priestley says the same.

"Well! now thou fully art convinced—let's go."
"What cursed doctrine," quoth the Robin, "No—
I won't go—no! thy speeches make me shudder."
"Poor Robin!" quoth the Magpie, "what a pudder!

"Be damned then, Bobby"—flying off, he raved,
"And," quoth the Robin, "Sir, may you be saved!"
This said, the tuneful sprite renewed his lay;
A sweet and farewell hymn to parting day.

In Thomas Paine the Magpie doth appear:
That I'm Poor Robin is not quite so clear.

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE CANDID READER.

I really think that this tale of the Magpie and Robin ought *immediately* to have followed the Remonstrance: but as disorder, instead of order, is the leading feature of my sublime lyric brethren of old, I shall take the liberty of sheltering myself under the wing of their sacred names. The fable was written in consequence of a strenuous application of a red-hot revolutionist to a poet in the country, pressing him to become a member of the Order of Confusion.

The wicked Magpie is Mr Paine, the Prince of Democratic writers; and if the character of the Robin ("sweet Robin!") be referred to the poet himself, he will not be offended by the application; though he modestly appears to evade it, by the last couplet, or moral of the fable:

"In Thomas Paine the Magpie doth appear;
That I'm Poor Robin is not *quite so clear*."

AN APOLOGY FOR KINGS.

As want of candour really is not right,
I own my satire too inclined to bite:
On kings behold it breakfast, dine and sup—
Now shall she praise, and try to make it up.

Why will the simple world expect wise things,
From lofty folk, particularly kings?
Look on their poverty of education!
Adored and flattered, taught that they are gods,
And by their awful frowns and nods,
Jove-like, to shake the pillars of creation!

They scorn that little useful imp called mind,
Who fits them for the circle of mankind!
Pride their companion, and the world their hate;
Immured, they doze in ignorance and state.

Sometimes, indeed, great kings will condescend
A little with their subjects to unbend!
An instance take:—A king of this great land,
In days of yore, we understand,
Did visit Salisbury's old church so fair:
An Earl of Pembroke was the Monarch's guide;
Incog. they travelled, shuffling side by side;
And into the cathedral stole the pair.

The verger met them in his blue silk gown,
And humbly bowed his neck with reverence down,
Low as an ass to lick a lock of hay:
Looking the frightened verger through and through,
All with his eye-glass—"Well, Sir, who are you?
What, what, Sir?—hey, Sir?" deigned the king to say.

"I am the verger here, most mighty king:*
In this cathedral I do every thing;
Sweep it, an't please ye, Sir, and keep it clean."
"Hey? verger! verger!—you the verger?—hey?"
"Yes, please your glorious majesty, I *be*,"
The verger answered, with the mildest mien.

Then turned the king about towards the peer,
And winked, and laughed, then whispered in his ear,
"Hey, hey—what, what—fine fellow, 'pon my word:
I'll knight him, knight him, knight him—hey, my lord?"

[It is a satire-royal: and if any thing were yet wanting to convince us that Master Pindar is no turncoat, here is proof sufficient:]

Then with his glass, as hard as eye could strain,
He kenned the trembling verger o'er again.

"He's a poor verger, Sire," his lordship cried:
"Sixpence would handsomely requite him."
"Poor verger, verger, hey?" the king replied:
"No, no, then, we won't knight him—no, won't knight him."

Now to the lofty roof the king did raise
His glass, and skipped it o'er with sounds of praise!
For thus his marvelling majesty did speak:
"Fine roof this, Master Verger, quite complete;
High—high and lofty too, and clean, and neat:
What, verger, what? *mop*, *mop* it once a week?"

"An't please your majesty," with marvelling chops,
The verger answered, "we have got no mops
In Salisbury that will reach so high."
"Not mop, no, no, not mop it," quoth the king—
"No, Sir, our Salisbury mops do no such thing;
They might as well pretend to scrub the sky."

* The reader will be pleased to observe, that the verger, of all the sons of the church, was the only one entrusted with the royal intention!

MORAL.

This little anecdote doth plainly show
That ignorance, a king too often lurches:
For, hid from art, Lord! how should monarchs know
The natural history of mops and churches?

STORY THE SECOND.

From Salisbury church to Wilton House, so grand,
Returned the mighty ruler of the land—
"My lord, you've got fine statues," said the king.
"A few! beneath your royal notice, Sir,"
Replied Lord Pembroke—"Stir, my lord, stir, stir;
Let's see them all, all, all, all, every thing.

"Who's this? who's this?—who's this fine fellow here?"
"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the peer.
"Sir Sostris, hey?—Sir Sostris?—'pon my word!
Knight or a baronet, my lord?
One of my making?—what, my lord, my making?"
This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

"*Se*-sostris, Sire," so soft, the peer replied—
"A famous king of Egypt, Sir, of old."
"Poh, poh!" th' instructed monarch snappish cried,
"I need not that—I need not that be told."

"Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow there?"
"'Tis Hercules," replies the shrinking peer.
"Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?
Cleaned stables!—cracked a lion like a flea;
Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found him—
The queen, queen's coming! wrap an apron round him."

Our moral is not merely water-gruel—'
It shows that curiosity's a jewel!
It shows with kings that ignorance may dwell:
It shows that subjects must not give opinions
To people reigning over wide dominions,
As information to great folk is hell;

It shows that decency may live with kings,
On whom the bold *virtu*-men turn their backs;
And shows (for numerous are the naked things)
That saucy statues should be lodged in sacks.

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

AN ELEGY.

In which we have his prospectus, prophecy, or Pisgah-fight, of the reception which his present work would doubtless find in the world;—how criticised, be-praised, and be-damned, as party, as malignity, or approbation, might chance to hold the scale.

Child of my love, go forth, and try thy fate:
Few are thy friends, and manifold thy foes!
Whether or long or short will be thy date,
Futurity's dark volume only knows.

Much criticism, alas! will be thy lot!
Severe thine ordeal, I am sore afraid!
Some judges will condemn, and others not:
Some call thy form substantial—others, shade.

Yes, child, by multitudes wilt thou be tried!
Wise men and fools thy merits will examine;
These, through much prudence, may thy virtues hide;
These, through vile rancour, or the dread of famine.

Proved will it be, indeed, (to make thee shrink)
What metal Nature in thy mass did knead;
A melting* process will be used, I think—
That is to say large quantities of lead.

By some, indeed, will nitre's fuming spirit
Be o'er thy form so sweet, so tender thrown;
Perchance a master hand may try thy merit;
Perchance an imp by Folly only known.

* Called *eliquation*.

Now, now I fancy thee a timid hare,
  Started for beagles, hounds, and curs, to chase;
A mongrel dog may snap thee up unfair;
  For spite and hunger have but little grace.

Long are thy legs, I know, and stout for running;
  And many a trick hast thou within thy brain;
But guns and greyhounds are too much for cunning,
  Joined to the ravenous pack of Thomas Paine!

And now a lamb!—What devils now-a-days
  The butchering shop of criticism employs!
Each beardless villain now cuts up and flays!
  A gang of wanton, brutal, 'prentice boys!

Ah me! how hard to reach the dome of Fame!
  Knocked down before she gets half way, poor Muse!
For many a lout, that cannot gain a name,
  (Rebus and riddle-maker) now reviews!

Poor jealous eunuchs in the land of taste,
  Too weak to reap a harvest of fair praise;
Malicious, lo, they lay the region waste;
  Fire all they can, and triumph o'er the blaze!

Too oft, with talents blessed, the cruel few
  Fix on poor Merit's throat, to stop her breath;
How like the beauteous fruit,* that turns of dew
  The life ambrosial into drops of death!

Sweet babe, to Weymouth should'st thou find thy way!
  The king, with curiosity so wild,
May on a sudden send for thee, and say,
  "See, Charly, Peter's child—fine child, fine child:

"Ring, ring for Schwellenberg—ring, Charly, ring;
  Show it to Schwellenberg; show, show it, show it—
She'll say, 'Got dem de saucy stoopid ting,
  I hate more worse as hell what come from poet.'"

Yet will some courtiers all at once be glad!
  Leeds, Hawksbury, Salisbury, Brudenell, will rejoice;
Forget how oft thy brothers made them mad,
  And echo through the realm thy royal voice.

And then for me his majesty may send
  (Making some people grumble in their gizzards);
With Drake's new place, perchance, thy sire befriend;
  First fly-catcher to good Queen Charlotte's lizards!*

* The mortifying powers of dew or rain falling from the manchineel tree, are universally known.

* The story of the lizards is as follows:—At a Board of Green Cloth lately, which assembled, as usual, with due decorum, to deliberate on the species of food proper to be given to the lions of Buckingham-House, the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the sudden Gothic irruption, and self-introduction, of a servant of Sir Francis Drake, one of the honourable Board; which servant, a true Devonshire dumplin, opening an ell-wide pair of jaws, exclaimed thus: "Zur Vrancis, I'm a zent to ax if yow've a cort† enny‡ more vleesS—Have ye cort enny, Zur Vrancis?" The baronet hemmed, winked, nodded, knitted his brows, started, shrugged up his shoulders, blew his nose, bit his lips at poor Numps: but all the face-making hints were thrown away. "Why, Zur Vrancis, I zay," continued Numps, "Madam Schwellenberg wanth to know if yow've a nabbed enny more vlees?" The Board stood amazed!—Sir Francis blushed for the first time. At length, recovering from his confusion, and bidding the fellow, in an angry tone, go about his business, he very candidly informed the Board, that her majesty had lately received a present of lizards; that she had ordered Mistress Schwellenberg to catch flies for them; but that, to oblige Mistress Schwellenberg, who kindly invited him to dine with her three or four times a-week, he promised to assist her in her fly-hunt; in short, to be her deputy fly-catcher, and not first fly-catcher, as the elegy erroneously proclaimeth.

† For *caught*. ‡ *Any*. § *Flies*.

THE RIGHTS OF KINGS;

OR,

LOYAL ODES TO DISLOYAL ACADEMICIANS.

What demon of innovation has spread his baneful influence! The gallant Frenchmen insult their monarch; the Poissardes reign in the Thuilleries; the Polish Diet is mild and conciliating; the Polish nobility condescend to be citizens; and Peter himself—a miracle still greater—is a defender of the rights of kings!

Dii ceptis, nam vos mutastis!
Aspirate———

TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,

The foundation of the following Odes is simply this—The President of the Royal Academy, happy to be able to gratify our amiable monarch in the minutest of his predilections, reported lately to the Academicians his majesty's desire, that a Mr Laurence might be added to the list of R. A's., his majesty, from his superior knowledge in painting, being perfectly convinced of this young Artist's uncommon abilities, and consequently fair pretensions to the honour. Notwithstanding the royal wish, and the wish of the president, and (under the rose!) the wish of Mr Benjamin West, the Windsor oracle of paint, and painter of history, the R. A's received the annunciation of his majesty's wish, Sir Joshua's wish, Mr West's wish, with the most ineffable sang-froid, not to call it by the harder name, disgust. The annunciation happening on the night of an election of associates, at which Mr Laurence ought to have been elected an associate (a step necessary to the more exalted one of R. A.)—behold the obstinacy of these royal mules!—the number of votes in favour of Mr Laurence amounted to just three, and that of his opponent, Mr Wheatley, to sixteen!——Indignant and loyal reader! the lyric muse, who has uniformly attached meanness, folly, impudence, avarice, and ignorance, from her cradle, caught fire at the above important event, and most loyally poured forth the following Odes, replete with their usual sublimity.

PROEMIUM.

TO THE PUBLIC.

GENTLES! behold a poor plain-spoken man!
Modest as Addington our Speaker,
Amidst Saint Stephen's patriotic clan,
Where Innocence so meek did ne'er look meeker;

When with much palpitation, and much dread,
He turned about his pretty Speaker's head,
One leg just raised to hop into the chair;
Just like a cat in rain amid the street,
That fears to wet her white and velvet feet,
Which for a handsome gutter-leap prepare!

"I fear I am a most unworthy choice,"
Said Mister Speaker, with a lamb-like voice!
"I have but one step more," he cried,
Keeping his head coquettishly aside.

How much like Christie, with his hammer raised
(Christie, a public speaker, too, so praised),
Looking around him, simpering, smiling, bowing,
Then crying, "Gemmen, going, going, going!"

Yes, gentles all, a modest bard, and shy,
With dove-like mien, and ground-exploring eye;
Modest as Mister Speaker at the Lords,
When lowly he did majesty beseech
T' allow his humble Commons use of words;
That is to say, a liberty of speech:

Also to have at times a *tête-à-tête*,
Because a confab royal is a treat;
Indeed, for subjects much too rich,
As wise King James asserted of the itch:

Likewise to have the privilege of tick,
Because a bailiff is a meddling rogue,
Who, with a hand of iron, or a stick,
Stoppeth the travels of our men of vogue!
Barbarian act, that men of worship frets!
Who think of loftier things than idle debts;
Deep pondering ever on the nation's good,
Not on great greasy butchers, tailor knaves,
Mercers, and clammy grocers—compter slaves,
Who by their stinking sweat procure their food.

Tradesmen! a set of vulgar swine;
Crutches for Fortune in a deep decline;
Lo what a tradesman's good for, and lo all—
A wooden buttress for a tottering wall!

With tears have I beheld full many a 'Squire
Most brutally by bailiffs dragged along;
For turnpike, furniture, or house's hire,
Horse, wages, coach, or some such idle song!

Now 'Squire's a title of much reputation—
Belongs to people of no—occupation;
Who cannot (in their looks we read it)
Get, for a mutton-chop, a little credit!
Poor gentlemen! how hard, alas! their fate,
To knuckle to such nuisances of state!

Gentles, to you, well pleased, I turn again,
Quitting my favourite rambling strain;
Leaving beloved, admired, adored digression,
So practised by us men of ode-profession,
When we have scarcely aught to sing or say,
And sneaking Fancy quits the lyric lay.

I do remember!—What?—That thus my pen,
Licentious, slandered crown-and-sceptre men.
"Readers, one moment look me in the face;
A poet not quite destitute of grace;
And answer one not bred in Flattery's schools—
Are you, or are you not, a set of fools?
Pinning your faith on Grandeur's sleeve—
Say, do you, in your consciences, believe
That monarchs never can be weak nor mean;
And that a monarch's wife, ycleped a queen,
May not (and why not?) be a downright slop,
Formed of the coarsest rags of Nature's shop?
I read the answer in each visage"—"No."
"O Jesu! can it be? and is it so?
Put down thy book—
Give it not one contaminating look:
I stare on you with pity—nay, with pain—
Kearsley shall toss your money back again:
Get your crowns shaved, poor souls—I wish you well—
And hear me—Bedlam has a vacant cell."

Such were the stanzas that I wrote of yore,
When tainted by a king-deriding clan;
But now I curse those tenets o'er and o'er—
A convert quite—a sweet and altered man:

The sacred force of Sovereignty I feel—
To Royalty's stern port I learn to kneel:
For royalties are deemed most sacred things;
So sacred by the courtiers, that the Bible
May be informed against, and proved a libel,
For saying—"Put no confidence in kings!"

Though this, indeed, may be interpolation,
As much was coined by Popish priests and friars;
For ah! how hard 'tis for imagination
To fancy monarchs hypocrites and liars!

ODE TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

Am I awake, or dreaming, O ye gods?
Alas! in waking's favour lie the odds!
The devil it is! ah me! 'tis really so!
How, Sirs! on majesty's proud corns to tread!
Messieurs Academicians, when you're dead,
Where can your impudencies hope to go?

Refuse a monarch's mighty orders?—
It smells of treason—on rebellion borders!
'Sdeath, Sirs! it was the queen's fond wish as well,
That Master Lawrence* should come in!
Against a queen so gentle to rebel!
This is another crying sin!
What, not oblige in such a trifling thing!
So sweet a queen, and such a goodly king!

A queen unused to opposition-weather—
At disappointment so unused to start—
So full of dove-like gentleness her heart,
As if the dove had lent its softest feather,
That heart of gentleness to form,
Unused (as I have said) to opposition-storm.

O let me just inform you, one and all,
That kings and potentates, both great and small,
Born to be humoured, for obedience battle:
Most instantaneous too must be compliance;
Refusal is most damnable defiance;
They struggle for't, like children for the rattle.

But in our simile some difference lies—
We whip a bantling, when it kicks and cries,
Fully determined not to please it:
But lo! the children that possess a crown
(Young Herculeses) knock us down,
And, angry for the bauble, seize it.

Each of you, Sirs; has kept a cur, perchance:
Poor wretch, how oft his eyes with lightnings dance;
How he looks up to master for a smile;
Shakes his imploring head, with wriggling tail,
Now whining yelps, now pawing to prevail,
Eager with such anxiety the while;

* A young portrait-painter of some merit.

And if a pat should bless the whining scraper,
Lord, how the animal begins to caper!

Thus should it be with subjects and great kings—
But you are strangers to these humble things.
For shame! upon the courtier's creed go look—
And take a leaf from humble Hawksbury's book;
Or sweet neck-bending water-gruel Leeds,
Who majesty with pap of flattery feeds;
Which pap, if highly relished, will, of course,
Rewarded, make him master of the Horse.
Where was Prerogative?—asleep?
A blockhead, not a better watch to keep
In this most solemn, most important hour!
Why heard we not the thunder of his voice;
Saw down your gullets crammed the royal choice,
So easy to the iron arm of power?

Why slept his sledge, the guardian of a crown,
So formed to knock unruly rascals down?
Ah me! Prerogative seems nearly dead!
Behold his tottering limbs and palsied head;
Sunk in their orbits his dim eyes;
His teeth dropped out; and, hark! his voice so weak;
A mouse behind the wainscot—eunuch squeak!
"Ah! *non sum qualis eram*," now he sighs.
To every body's call, ah! now so pliant!
Sad skeleton of once a sturdy giant!

Poor bending shrivelled form, but just alive,
Art thou that bully once—Prerogative?
Where is the mien of Mars, the eye's wild stare,
A meteor darting horror with its glare?
How like a brandy-drinker, who on flame
Feeds with a rosy beacon-face at first;
But, by his enemy Intemperance curst,
Yields to that victor of mankind with shame;
Pale, hobbling, voiceless, crawling to decay,
Just like a passing shadow, sinks away!

Bed chamber lords are all in ire—
The maids of honour all on fire;
Nay, though despotically shaved, the cooks,
Bluff on th' occasion, put on bull's-beef looks:

And really this is very grand behaving,
So nobly to forgive the famous shaving!

See Madam Schwellenberg most cat-like stare;
And though no favourite of the king,
She cries, "*By Got, it shock and make my hair*
Upright—it is so dam, dam saucy ting."

Stanhope, perchance, will clasp you in his arms;
And Price's ghost, with eloquence's charms,
Will, from his tomb upspringing, sound applause:
But know, I deem not so of Edmund Burke:
He nobly styles the deed "a damned day work;"
Superior he to cutting royal claws.

Mun very justly thinks the human back
Should be to kings a sort of humble hack;
That every subject ought to wear a saddle,
O'er which those great rough-riders, kings, may straddle.

ODE II.

The famed Assembly of the French will smile,
At this disgrace of our fair isle:
Messieurs Fayette the Great and Co.
With tears of joy will overflow,
And order the assembly of the nation
To send you sweet congratulation.

What hast thou to complain of each, thou imp?
Compared to kings, a grampus and a shrimp!

Lo! when from Windsor mighty kings arrive,
Like London mackerel, all alive!
Turenes of flattery are prepared so hot
By courtiers—a delicious pepper-pot:
Which, to be sure, the royal maw devours,
Kings boasting very strong digestive powers.

A pointer, thus, locked up a week,
Half starved, and longing for a steak;
Behold him now turned loose, so wild, to eat—
Gods! how he gobbles down the broth and meat!

Yes, flattery-soups are all prepared so hot,
As I have hinted, a fine pepper-pot:
Side-dishes, too, of courtesies, bows, and scrapes,
With stare and wonder in all sorts of shapes;
Attentions darting from the full-stretched eye,
That not a royal glance may pass unheeded by:
Attentions sharp as those of Lumpy, Small,
At cricket skilled to catch the flying ball;
Whilst you survey (an abominable thing!)
With cold contempt the character of king!

Think by what royal bounty you are blessed!
Think of the patronage to painters all!
Not a poor shallow rill confined to West,
But torrents that like Niagara fall.

Yes; George is generous—watches all your wants—
And pours his fostering rains upon his plants.
Then, meeting such a friend, you ought to cry,
"Glory be to George on high!"

Thus, when two clouds approach, a wandering pair,
As oft it happens, 'mid their walks in air;
Though one be rich, the other poor
In rare electric matter, how they greet!
With what delight they seem to meet;
And, pleased, with all the fire of friendship roar;

George, O ye raggamuffins, loves you dearly;
Sends you rare pictures for improvement yearly;
Buys up your works, and much commission gives
To history, portrait, landscape-men—
Careful as of her chicken a good hen:
Thus like an alderman each limner lives.

Yes; a good hen—I see her wing displayed,
To warm, protect you with parental shade;
But you, a flock of vile rebellious chicken,
Are all for mounting on your mother's back,
With threatening beak and noisy saucy clack,
Her eyes out trying to be picking;

Against her blasphemously swearing;
This is undutiful beyond all bearing.
Where'er the plaintive cry of want appears,
Cocked, like a greyhound's, are the king's two ears;

Ready for such poor wights to bake and brew!
A circumstance believed by very few!
Thus, to Philosophy's surprise,
A pin can lead the lightning of the skies!

ODE III.

Behold, his majesty is in a passion!
Tremble, ye rogues, and tremble, all the nation!
Suppose he takes it in his royal head
To strike your Academic idol dead;
Knock down your house, dissolve you in his ire,
And strip you of your boasted title—'Squire!

To bend a piece of iron to your will,
You always make that iron hot;
For then it asks but little force and skill—
Its sturdiness is quite forgot:

But lo! it is quite otherwise with man!
Make him red-hot, and bend him as you can:
So widely different are the metals,
Composing man, or kings indeed, and kettles!

Oft has he left his queen and Windsor towers,
Oft from the fascinating dairy flown,
To raise the arts with all his mighty powers,
And hold high converse with the folks of town:

From lofty Carthage, thus, by Jove's decree,
On nobler works than those of love intent,
Æneas from the widow Dido went,
And, full of piety, put off to sea!

Vain of your Academic honours, vain,
I say again,
Idly you deemed yourselves the first of men;
And then
You spurned the hand that raised you into notice—
By all the gods, unfortunately, so 'tis!

Full oft, by Fortune, man is played a trick:
Too often ruined by her glittering toys,
Just like the candle's luckless wick
Surrounded by the lustre that destroys.

ODE IV.

Resistance turns me, like a napkin, pale;
Rebellion chills me into stone;
"Tell not in Gath the tale,
Nor publish in the streets of Ascalon."

Copy the manners of a court;
There (thanks to education for't)
Submission cowering creeps, with fearful eye,
Unceasing bends the willowy neck to ground,
In reverence, abject and profound,
Too humbly modest to behold the sky:

There, all alive too, hawk Attention sits;
To study royal Humour's various fits;
With wings expanded, ready to fly post,
To east, to west, to north, to south,
To cater for a monarch's mighty mouth,
To get him baked, or grilled, or broiled, or roast:

Now scampers to pick up each bit of news,
Which full-fed London every moment spews:
Then to the palace the rich treasure bears,
And pours the whole into the royal ears.

There Adulation, with her silver tongue,
Sweeter than Philomela's sweetest song,
Says unto majesty such things!
Tells him that Cæsar won not half his fame;
That Alexander was a childish name,
Compared to his—the King of Kings!

Now smiling, staring huge surprise,
With such a brace of wonder-looking eyes,
On all the words from majesty that dart;
As if bright gems, as large as eggs of pullet,
Flowed from the king's Golconda gullet,
Enough, indeed, to load a cart:
Her mouth so pleased the treasures to devour;
Wide as the port-hole of a seventy-four.

Such is the picture of a palace scene,
Drawn by an amateur, I ween:
The outline chaste, and easy flowing;
The colouring not a whit too glowing.
Such, such is Adulation, charming maid!
Whose conduct you won't copy, I'm afraid.

There is no wanton severity in the preceding lines, no bitterness of sarcasm (such as this poet is wont to indulge when

royalty comes in his way); and we here gladly give him credit, though a satirist, for his humanity and tenderness.

ODE V.

At opposition, lo! the soul demurs!
At such the royal mind revolts;
Hates it as much as sticks, the cats and curs,
Or curbs, and whips, and spurs, high-mettled colts.

Too well I know that you the great despise;
Molehills, instead of mountains, in your eyes:
'Tis wrong!
I often reverence grandeur in my song.

Go, Sirs, to court upon a gala day:
Soon as the soldiers cry aloud, "Make way!"
How gloriously the courtiers strut it by,
In gorgeous clothes of silk and gold,
With such an elevated front, and bold,
With such state-consequence in either eye;

So much above the ground on which they strut,
So stiff, so stake-like, all the pompous pack,
As though Dame Nature had forgot to put
The joints of manners to the neck and back.

O glorious sight! this no one dares deny:
And lo! I'd lay considerable odds,
That man who ne'er divinities did spy,
Would really take them for a pack of gods!

Grant that the great are ignorant—what then?
Still are they folks of worship—still great men;
Though flogged through schools, and banished from a college,
Although not one inch broad their minds, I ween:
The utmost boundary of all their knowledge,
The game-act and John Nichol's Magazine.

Still men of worship, must they all appear
Beings we little people should revere:
'Tis natural to revere the folk on high;
To reverence, lo! our infancies are led!
Well do I recollect how oft my eye
Adored the kings and queens of gingerbread:

King David, Solomon, and that brave queen*
Who rode so far to see, and to be seen:
Though hungry as a hound, with pence in store,
When in their glory on the stalls I met 'em;
Though longing to devour them, o'er and o'er,
I deemed it sacrilege to eat 'em.

A king, a painter, an architect, a poet-laureat, a printer, a reviewer, or even a smaller object than any of these, a poor, little, crawling louse, for instance, will serve Peter for a theme, or, rather, for a title-page, when he has a mind to treat the world with a new poem; and it matters not whether the contents of the piece bear much, or little, or no relation to its title.

ODE VI.

The light of Reason is a little ray,
But still it shows us the right way:
Indeed, the gentlewoman makes no blaze,
No bonfire tempting a fool's eyes to gaze—
A modest dame, remote, and calm, and coy,
And never playeth gambols to destroy.

But Error, what a meretricious jade,
Amidst her trackless wilds immersed in shade,
To tempt the silly and unwary!
Her meteor, lo, she lights—here, there,
Up, down, she dances it—now far, now near,
In mad and riotous vagary.

On the fools wander, in pursuit so stout,
And love of this same garish light;
All on a sudden goes this meteor out;
And caught, like badgers, in the sack of night,
Blundering and trying to get back again,
They roll about in vain, poor men.

Thus you Academicians all proceed;
You are those badgers, gentlemen, indeed.

There seems an ardent spirit, to my mind,
A revolution spirit, 'mongst mankind:

* Her Majesty of Sheba.

A spark will now set kingdoms in a blaze,
That would not fire a barn in former days;
So lately turned to touchwood is each state—
So whimsical, indeed, the ways of Fate.

Pray, Sirs, both old and young, ye bright and muddy,
Did ever you make cuckoldom your study?
P'rhaps not, if rightly I divine—
But, gentlemen, I've made it mine.

This state of man, and let me add, obscenity,
Is not a situation of *betweenity*,
As some word-coiners are disposed to call't—
Meaning a mawkish, *as-it-were-ish* state,
Containing neither love nor hate—
A sort of water-gruel without salt.

Know then, that Cuckoldom's all eye, all ear,
All smell, all taste, and, faith, all feeling—
His senses sharp as those of cats appear,
To right, to left—as quick as soldiers wheeling,
To catch a wife's bad fame, alas! not praise;
Thus setting traps to squeeze his future days;

Watering with one eternal tear the eye,
And making lovely life one lengthened sigh:
A pair of antlers his—he sits on thorns—
He nothing sees but horns, horns, horns!

Nay, to the cuckold in idea, lo,
On either side his head a horn appears
Tremendous, but which all his neighbours know
Are only one huge pair of ass' ears.

Then pray dismiss your jealousies and frights;
Our monarch means not to invade your rights:
It never, never was a royal plan—
"For Brutus is an honourable man!"
Greater from Chambers should be all your fears,
Whose house is tumbling fast about your ears.

If truth, as has been asserted, is a cold unpoetical virtue, and bards universally succeed best in fiction, it may perhaps furnish a criterion, by which we may try our author's loyalty. From a sincere regard for the facetious Peter, and as the only return we can make for the frequent entertainment we have received from his writings, we have adopted this method of distinction; and it has enabled us to add, which we do with pride and pleasure, that we are convinced he is truly loyal at heart. In his Satire on Kings, there is a vein of true poetry, equal sublimity, and ardour, the *os magna sonaturum*, and the vivid blaze of genius. When he praises them, there is often a tameness, an apparent labour, the Sisyphean toil of rolling up the steep ascent, a rough round stone, a spirit and an animation only when he escapes from his subject into pure description, or a few sly disloyal allusions. Could Aristotle himself, could his descendant, the great Scriblerus, or the united bands of all the reviewers, *haud passibus æquis sequentes*, wish for a more certain proof that disloyalty is assumed, and that the spirit and the knee bow, with equal flexibility at the name of king? Let it be no longer insinuated, then, that Peter is disloyal, for the Rights of Kings is written with the tameness of truth, the labour of sincerity, without one animating spark of fiction.

ODE VII.

The king (God grace him) wishes you to shine:
He raised the building with your cash and mine:
But what is wealth? what thousands? trifling things!
To swell the mighty volume of its fame,
He called it royal—thus he gave the name;
Which proveth the munificence of kings—
Heavens, what a present! ah, well worth possessing!
Lo! on a level with a bishop's blessing!

Domitian (so says History, with a sigh)
Would quit affairs of state, to hunt a fly:
But we have no such trifle-hunting kings—
Europe knows no such miserable things!
Her princes gallop on a larger scale;
No flippant minnow, but the floundering whale.

George wishes not to give the dome a grave;
Not to destroy he cometh—but to save:
Not like Dame Nature, who composes forms
The fairest for the fascinated eye;
Then send her lightnings, floods, and storms,
To bid the beauteous flowerets die!

When once a woman's handsome, smart, and clever,
In God's name let her bloom for ever!
Ah! could I snatch Time's ploughshare from his hand,
Who, with that ease a farmer skirts his land,
Furrows so cruelly o'er the fairest face!
Relentless as a Mohawk, on he goes,
Cuts up the lily and the rose,
Roots up each wavy curl, and bends the neck of grace—

Ah! could I simply do but this,
The sweetest lips would give me many a kiss.

By raising, then destroying like a Turk,
It seems as though Time did not like his work;
As though he wanted something better still,
Than e'er was manufactured at his mill.

And yet how exquisite, of charms the crop
In Mesdames Johnson's, Kelly's, Windsor's* shop,
Or rather hot-house!—Lord, if fond of billing,
What grace, for guineas, we may find;
Nay in the streets, if cheapness suits our mind,
We purchase Cleopatras for a shilling.

O Beauty, how thou stealest me away!
Born, thou sweet witch, thy poet to beguile;
Thy fool, idolater, by night, by day,
He feels a chain in every smile.
Thou tyrant of my heart, let go my pen—
I must, will speak to Academic men.

Sirs! should the Royal Eagle, from his height,
Dart on your puny forms his eye of flame,
And wanton, jest to exercise his might
(Deeming you no ignoble game)
Should pounce on your owl-backs, so stout,
How would a cloud of feathers fly about!
The thunder of his beak, for falling, ripe—
What figures you would cut within his gripe!

This can the King of Isles perform—I know it—
Yet, though of power so full, he will not show it.

Too soon your band its weakness would deplore:
A crab in a cow's mouth—no more!

Say, don't you tremble at th' affronted name?
Where lurks the burning blush of shame?
Alas! that symptom of remaining grace
Knows not to tinge an Academic face!
Sons of the devil like you, rebellious, hear—
It is for kings to burden—us to bear.

I own I've said (and glory in th' advice)
"Be not, O king, as usual, over-nice;
Dread Sire (to take a phrase from Caliban)
'Bite 'em'—
To pour a heavier vengeance on the clan,
Knight 'em."

ODE VIII.

The modern French deem monarchs much like fire,
Which a good looking-after doth require—
Too much inclined to prove an evil;
A fire that needeth to be well secured,
Well ironed, pinioned, and immured,
Which otherwise would play the devil:
Yet if on politics a bard may prate,
I deem their monarch's jacket rather strait.
Mesdames Poissardes, 'twas shockingly ill bred,
To fling your flounders at your monarch's head.
Though Venus-like, descended from the flood,
'Twas base, ye sweet divinities of mud.
To this great truth a universe agrees,
"*He who lies down with dogs, will rise with fleas.*"

How applicable! lo, you took advice,
I'm sure, from that arch-devil, Doctor Price,
And Stanhope—who so praise the French and clap,
For catching kings, like pole-cats, in a trap.

O may I never be—but were I king,
Like ropes should I consider laws;
Preventing, when I wished it, a good spring—
Hand-cuffs to bind my lion-claws.

A set of articles implies mistrust—
How can the Lord's Anointed be unjust?
We never should believe such things
As doubt the wisdom of the King of kings;

* The priestesses of the Cyprian goddess.

What the Lord chooses must be good,
Although he sent us but a piece of wood.
Even Chesterfield,* that Atheistic dog,
Declares he has a reverence for King Log.
"When will that lucky day be born, that brings
A bridle for the arrogance of kings?
Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour.
When will those tyrants cease to fancy man
A dog in Providence's levelling plan,
To crouch, and lick the blood-stained rods of Power?"
Such is your most unkingly cry—
And lo, I tell it with a sigh!

Rank is in man the itch of opposition,
Which wanteth a good whip for a physician.
You keep bad company that turns your head—
So hungrily you every thing devour,
That tends to clip the wings of royal power,
Which like the eagle's pinion ought to spread;
So greedily suck in Rebellion's breath,
That wafts the seeds of Impudence and Death.

Thus, hound-like, at a Lord-Mayor's feast,
A common-councilman, a beast,
On every seasoned dish so hungry stuffs—
Unbuttons, wipes the sweat away, and puffs.

Poor fool! he swallows rheumatism and gout,
Asthma and apoplexy—and more ills
Than doctors, with their knowledges so stout,
Can vanquish with their bolusses and pills!

But, Sirs, you must be cautious how you act;
Attorney-General is no reasoning thing!
'Tis an indubitable fact,
This fellow is the creature of a king;
His eagle—thunder-bearer—loud his cry—
And "Instant vengeance" is his sole reply.
'Tis dangerous to shake hands with such hard claws,
His gripe enough to make the bravest pause.

Then be not at your midnight orgies seen,
Buzzing opinions upon king and queen.

Ah! should he sally forth so strong,
Amidst your wantonness of speech and song;
Unlined by mercy, you will feel his gripe,
Stopping the melody of many a pipe.

Thus, at the solemn, still, and sunless hour,
When to their sports the insect nations pour:
In airy tumult blessed, the light-winged throng,
Thoughtless of enemies in ambuscade,
Hums to night's listening ear the choral song,
And wantons through the boundless field of shade;
When, lo! the mouse-faced demon of the gloom,
Espying, hungry meditates their doom!
Bounce, from his hole so secret, bursts the bat,
To honour, mercy, moderation, lost!
Behold him sally on the humming host,
And murderous overturn the tribes of gnat;
Nimbly from right to left, like Tippoo, wheel,
And snap ten thousand prisoners at a meal!

The facetious Peter Pindar, whose pointed ridicule so frequently excites a laugh against his neighbours, has himself been occasionally threatened with retaliation. It so happens, however, that, although the rod of satire has been held by several different hands, yet Peter has not, as yet, been whipt out of that dry humour, peculiar to himself.

ODE IX.

How pleasant 'tis the courtier clan to see!
So prompt to drop to majesty the knee;
To start, to run, to leap, to fly,
And gambol in the royal eye;
And, if expectant of some high employ,
How kicks the heart against the ribs, for joy!

How rich the incense to the royal nose!
How liquidly the oil of flattery flows!
But should the monarch turn from sweet to sour,
Which cometh oft to pass in half an hour,
How altered instantly the courtier clan!
How faint! how pale! how woe-begone, and wan!

* "I confess I have some regard for King Log."—*Vide* his Letters.

Thus Corydon, betrothed to Delia's charms,
In fancy holds her ever in his arms:
In maddening fancy, cheeks, eyes, lips devours;
Plays with the ringlets that all flaxen flow
In rich luxuriance o'er a breast of snow,
And on that breast the soul of rapture pours.

Night, too, entrances—slumber brings the dream—
Gives to his lips his idol's sweetest kiss;
Bids the wild heart, high panting, swell its stream,
And deluge every nerve with bliss:
But if his nymph unfortunately frowns,
Sad, chapfallen, lo! he hangs himself, or drowns!

Oh, try with bliss his moments to beguile:
Strive not to make your sovereign frown—but smile:
Sublime are royal nods—most precious things!—
Then, to be whistled to by kings!

To have him lean familiar on one's shoulder,
Becoming thus the royal arm upholder,
A heart of very stone must grow quite glad.
Oh! would some king so far himself demean,
As on my shoulder but for once to lean,
The excess of joy would nearly make me mad!
How on the honoured garment I should dote—
And think a glory blazed around the coat!

Blessed, I should make this coat my coat of arms,
In fancy glittering with a thousand charms;
And show my children's children o'er and o'er;
"Here, babies," I should say, "with awe behold
This coat—worth fifty times its weight in gold:
This very, very coat your grandsire wore!

"Here"—pointing to the shoulder—I should say,
"Here majesty's own hand so sacred lay"—
Then p'rhaps repeat some speech the king might utter;
As—"Peter, how go sheep a score? what? what?
What's cheapest meat to make a bullock fat?
Hæ? Hæ? what, what's the price of country butter?"

Then should I, strutting, give myself an air,
And deem my house adorned with immortality:
Then should I make the children, calf-like stare,
And fancy grandfather a man of quality:
And yet, not stopping here, with cheerful note,
The muse should sing an ode upon the coat.

Poor lost America, high honours missing,
Knows nought of smile, and nod, and sweet hand-kissing;
Knows nought of golden promises of kings;
Knows nought of coronets, and stars, and strings;
In solitude the lovely rebel sighs!
But vainly drops the penitential tear—
Deaf as the adder to the woman's cries,
We suffer not her wail to wound our ear:
For food we bid her hopeless children prowl,
And with the savage of the desert howl.

ODE X.

"Man may be happy, if he will:"
I've said it often, and I think so still:
Doctrine to make the million stare!
Know then, each mortal is an actual Jove;
Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here's the mischief—man's an ass, I say;
Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;
He hides the charming, cheerful ray
That spreads a smile o'er hill and plain!
Dark, he must court the scull, and spade, and shroud—
The mistress of his soul must be a cloud!

Who told him that he must be cursed on earth?
The God of Nature?—No such thing;
Heaven whispered him, the moment of his birth,
"Don't cry, my lad, but dance and sing;

Don't be too wise, and be an ape:
In colours let thy soul be dressed, not crape.

"Roses shall smooth life's journey, and adorn;
Yet mind me—if, through want of grace,
Thou mean'st to fling the blessing in my face,
Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn."

Yet some there are, of men, I think the worst,
Poor imps! unhappy, if they can't be cursed—
For ever brooding over Misery's eggs,
As though life's pleasure were a deadly sin;
Mousing for ever for a gin
To catch their happinesses by the legs.

Even at a dinner some will be unblessed,
However good the viands, and well dressed:
They always come to table with a scowl,
Squint with a face of verjuice o'er each dish,
Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-load, lo, their stomachs steal,
Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
O let me Nature's simple smile pursue,
And pick even pleasure from a straw.

ODE XI.

Treat sovereigns, Sirs, with more respect, I beg:
To thrones, with due decorum, make a leg:
Even those are sacred, though but empty chairs:
There lurks in thrones a something, though but wood,
That thrills with awe the vulgar mass of blood,
And fills the mouth and eye with gapes and stares:
Wishing by no means to affront,
I wonder what's the meaning on't!

Louis Quatorze was quite the Frenchman's god;
Who made all nations tremble at his nod;
Married Scarron's old widow, dry and frowsy;
Got deep in debt, the constable outran;
And, to complete the farce, this godlike man
Died—*lousy!**

The crown, so powerful, made him every thing!
There's somewhat marvellous in it, I must own:
For folly is not folly on a throne;
For whiting's eyes are diamonds in a king!

I dare not say that no exception springs
Against this mighty magic power of kings:
Not all a monarch's smiles, and powers of place,
Can wipe vulgarity from Brudenell's face;
Nor, though a whole eternity they try,
Blot art, infernal art, from Hawksbury's eye;
Blot beast from Salisbury, who no legend needs,
Pertness from D———k, and vacancy from Leeds.

ODE XII.

Lo! majesty admireth yon fair dome;†
And deemeth that he is admired again;
The king is wedded to it—'tis his home—
He watches it—and loves it, even to pain:
And yet this lofty dome is heard to say,
"Poh! poh! pox take your love—away; away!"

To this, with energy, I answer—"Shame:"
Such bad behaviour puts me in a flame:
This is unseemly, nay, ungrateful carriage,
And brings to mind a little ode to marriage.

ODE TO HYMEN; OR, THE HECTIC.

God of ten million charming things,
Of whom our Milton so divinely sings,
Once dove-tailed to a devil of a wife—
Hymen, how comes it that I am so slighted?
Why with thy mysteries am I not delighted,
Which I have tried to peep on half my life?
God of the down-clad chains, dispel the mist—
O put me speedily upon thy list!

* He had actually the *morbus pediculosus.*
† The Royal Academy.

A civil list, like that of kings, I'm told,
Bringing in swelling bags of glorious gold!

What have I done to lose thy good opinion?
Against thee was I ever known to rail;
And say (abusing thus thy sweet dominion),
"Curse me, if this boy's trap shall catch my tail?"
No, no!—I praise thy knot with bellowing breath,
Which, like Jack Ketch's, seldom slips till death.

Lo! 'midst the hollow-sounding vault of night,
Deep coughing by the taper's lonely light,
The hopeless hectic rolls his eye-balls sighing:
"Sleep on," he cries, and drops the tenderest tear;
Then kisses his wife's cherub-cheek so dear:
"Blessed be thy slumbers, love! though I am dying:
Ah! whilst thou sleepest with the sweetest breath,
I pump, for life, the putrid well of death!

"I feel of Fate's hard hand th' oppressive power;
I count the iron tongue of every hour,
That seems in Fancy's startled ear to say—
Soon must thou wander from thy wife away.

"Dread sound! too solemn for the soul to bear,
Murmuring deep melancholy on my ear:
And sullen—lingering, as if loath to part,
And ease the terrors of my fainting heart.
Yet, though I pant for life, sleep thou, my dove,
For well thy constancy deserves my love."

And, lo! all young and beauteous, by his side,
His soft, fresh-blooming, incense-breathing bride,
Whose cheek the dream of rapturous kisses warms,
Anticipates her spouse's wish so good;
Feels Love's wild ardours tingling through her blood,
And pants amidst a second husband's arms;
Now opes her eyes, and, turning round her head,
"Wonders the filthy fellow is not dead!"

ODE XIII.

You quarrelled with Sir Joshua some time since;
Of painters, easily allowed the prince—
The emperor, let me say, without a flattery,
Yet wantonly against this emperor, lo!
An overflowing tub of bile to show,
You foolish planted an infernal battery.

The mind of man is vastly like a hive;
His thoughts so busy ever—all alive!
But here the simile will go no further;
For bees are making honey, one and all;
Man's thoughts are busy in producing gall,
Committing, as it were, self-murder.

But let the spirit that surrounds my frame
Sit easy on it, just like an old shoe—
When Disappointment sets my house in flame,
Let Reason all she can to quench it do:
Reason has engines plentiful and stout,
With water at command to put it out.

I hate to hear men quarrelling through life,
Themselves the fabricators of the strife;
For ever hunting, with a hound-like nose,
Into that hornet's nest, the tribe of woes:
And when the woes invited greet 'em,
They wonder how the devil they meet 'em.

ODE XIV.

Ah! could you wish your president* to change?
Ah! could you, Pagans, after false goods range?
Swop solid Reynolds for that shadow West?
In love affairs variety's no sin—
Travellers may change at any time their inn—
Here 'tis paint-blasphemy, I do protest.

In Love's warm regions I should like, I own,
'Midst different climes to fix my throne;

* The author has some reason to imagine, that a part of the Academic rebellion was meant to attack the president; the disappearance of whose works, in the present exhibition, has been fatal.—One picture from Sir Joshua's hand would have atoned for a host of daubs.

David's physicians ordered change of dame*—
And, lo! t' improve our cows, we bid 'em pass
Into variety of grass—
With bulls, I guess, th' advantage is the same.

And as I Monsieur Cupidon employ,
To manufacture pieces of my joy,
I would not mad run counter to the fashion;
A little Sylvia, with the sweetest smile,
Possesses power some moments to beguile,
And in Elysium lap the prettiest passion.

But not *toujours perdrix*—the vulgar thing!
Then Pleasure soon would spread her wanton wing;
No! no! Variety the game must start—
Come oft, and make her courtesy to my heart;
And, like the orange-girls, my taste to suit,
Cry, "Choice of fruit—fine fruit, Sir—choice of fruit."

Dull Constancy is quite a quaker's hat,
So formal!—changeless in its great broad brim:
Variety's a fine young playful cat—
A hopeful imp of spirit, sport, and whim:
Who, when all other objects fail,
Runs after its own tail.

ODE XV.

Dead is idolatry, and faint the praise
That sceptred people meet with now-a-days!
All unmolested, lo! the Virtues sleep!
Their roof with fair applause but rarely rings—
Sweet Panegyric moves with snail-like creep,
And Defamation on the lightning's wings!

Too pleased to pluck the soaring plume of Power,
You bless an opposition hour;
Too fond, alas! of roasting harmless kings;
Too well I know what freedoms you would take—
Beat the dear creatures just like bears at stake:
Just like a poor tame gull's, would clip his wings!

Poor bird! whom Fate oft cruelly assails;
Forced from his bold aerial height,
Sweeping the sun amidst his flight,
To hop a garden, and hunt snails!

Such is the fate of Louis Séize,
Whom Pity, with a sigh, surveys,
Whom Frenchmen daringly have laid a curb on;
Who now no more full royally indites,
No more "*sic volo*" to his kingdom writes,
But, "I'm your humble servant, Louis Bourbon."

Lettres-de-cachet, now no longer known,
Shall lull no more an empire's idle groan:
Bastiles, those schools of peace and sweet morality,
Instruct no more the mob, and men of quality:

Bastiles, the haunt of philosophic gloom,
Surround the imps of liberty no more:
In dust each iron and colossal door,
Which closed in thunder on a rebel's room:

That pealing, with reverberated sound,
Rung through the caverns of the dread profound;
Where Meditation pondered, pensive maid!
And Horror, death-like, paused upon the shade.

Oh, let us cherish, then, the royal race,
The fount of honour, freedom, pension, place!
On me would kings their treasure fling away,
Most humbly grateful would I say,
"Thus Lybia's forests a kind shade supply,
And for the meanest savage form a den;
And thus the mountains that invade the sky,
Kind, in their shaggy bosoms warm the wren."

Peter, like Antæus, rises with an elastic rebound, when borne down by the weight of his subject, sinking from a frigorific torpor, or from a fear of melting his waxen wings, he has, for a moment, touched the ground.

ODE XVI.

Amid the deepening gloom of time,
Your puny name shall scarce appear;
While those of kings, in characters sublime,
Shall, blazing, bid a world revere:

* Abishag, the fair Shunamite.

Their peerless acts, with every virtuous quality,
Shall grace the pyramid of Immortality.

There shall their glorious names be seen so bright,
As on a birth or coronation night,
Amidst the evening's honoured shade,
Fast by the grocer's, or the chandler's shop,
Or lace, or pinman, or the man of mop,
By loyal thumb-bottles displayed!
That, burning with a rival glow,
Beam on the gaping multitude below.

Know, when we slumber, not so sleeps the king—
He watches!—yes, he ponders through the night!
To buried Genius lends a fancied wing,
And lifts him from his darkness into light:

Thus, nightly on the Mevagizzy* shore,
When Horror breathes upon the heaving deep,
Amid the wild and solemn roar;
These eyes have seen the crafty heron creep,
Now dart his beak so sharp for fish's blood,
And snatch a wriggling conger from the flood!

Here differeth this comparison of ours—
The king preserveth—but the fowl devours.

ODE XVII.

Go, Sirs, with halters round your wretched necks,
Which some contrition for your crime bespeaks,
And much-offended majesty implore;
Say, piteous, kneeling in the royal view—
"Have pity on a sad abandoned crew,
And we, great king, will sin no more:
Forgive, dread Sir, the crying sin,
And Mister Laurence shall come in."

Your hemp cravats, your prayer, your Tyburn mien,
May pardon gain from our good king and queen,
For they are not inexorable people;
Although you thus have run their patience hard;
And though you are, to such great folk compared,
Candle-extinguishers to some high steeple.

For kings (I speak it to their vast applause)
Can pardon, if you let them gain their cause;
So gracious, they will give you such kind looks,
As fell upon the shaved and humbled cooks;
Kind as a gardener's charitable eye
On some crushed snail, or bird-limed fly;
Kind as the epicure's, who, fond of mites,
Mingleth compassion with his bites.

How vile to make the front of monarchs lower!
I see him, all like vinegar so sour,
Look black!—but, still good-humour's in his soul;
And now I mark it, stealing forth so sweet—
Stream of forgiveness, what a treat!—
I see his eye, with love re-kindling, roll.

Thus, when the Demon of the storm has driven
The Sun, that youth of splendour, from his heaven,
Drowned every vale, and blasted every bloom;
Cast o'er poor Nature's smile a sable shroud,
Each beauty blotted with his inkiest cloud,
And given a cheerful world to gloom;

Lo! through the giant shade, a lonely ray
Peeps from the opening west with timid air,
(Till forced by shouldering clouds away),
Informing man, "To-morrow will be fair."

Oh, had you reverenced a great king's commands,
What trouble he had taken off your hands!
For Art you had not ranged the realm around!
His keener eye the precious gem had found!
Then, what an honour to have seen appointed,
Your very Nightman, by the Lord's Anointed!

---

* A fishing-town in Cornwall.

ODE XVIII.

A LITTLE more, and I have done—
The muse's tittle-tattle must go on.—

The world is very fond of calling "fool;"
It looks with rapture on a simple head,
Of puerilities the rich hot-bed,
So pleasing to the taste of Ridicule;
Rare crops! that, thickening into life,
Start, like asparagus, to tempt the knife.

And, should the head belong to some great duke,
Hawk-satire eyes it with the keenest look:
Still, should the owner hap to be a king,
Sharp for her quarry, how she prunes her wing!
Such is the proneness to assail great folk,
And make high birth and state a standing joke.

Oh, for an ointment to destroy the scab
Called Envy, which, alas! too many know!
The heart shall be a medlar, not a crab;
Milk, and not verjuice, from its fount should flow:
But Greatness, sun-like, from the muddy stream,
Draws the foul vapour that obscures its beam!

Indeed, the people are a lawless crew—
Why strive I then, Quixotic, to reform?
As soon a feather may the waves subdue,
And spiders bind the pinions of the storm.

Yes, 'tis not strange, that kings should lose repute,
Considering man's so great a brute.—
Even saints themselves have lost their reputation:
Rome formerly had thirty thousand gods;
And now, I warrant ye, 'tis odds,
They own scarce one through all the Romish nation.
Alas! who now believes in sticks and stones,
Old rags, and hair, and marrow-bones?

Saint Agnes, that sweet lady, void of sin,
Was stripped, poor gentlewoman, to her skin;
And, for religion, carried to the stews;
When, as the lady was so bare,
God gave her such a quantity of hair,
As reached unto her very shoes.

When to the bawdy-house arrived the dame,
An angel from above commissioned came,
And spread around her such a heavenly light,
As dazzled every body's sight.

However, a young officer, a buck,
Wishing prodigiously to have a look,
Dashed forth, to pierce the middle of the light,
Meaning to violate the dame so good;
Which meaning, when the devil understood,
He choked the wanton rogue outright.

Such is the tale! true every crumb;
Now no more heeded than Tom Thumb.

TO MR PITT.

DEAR as a diamond to the best of queens,
Dear as to cormorants, of fish a shoal;
Dear to a German hog, as beds of beans;
Dear as a sixpence saved, to Misery's soul:

Dear as the doctor's bill to this good nation,
Which parliament, with tears of joy, surveyed;
Which brought about a much-desired salvation,
For which the doctors have been poorly paid:

Dear as the royal message* to the nation,
By which more money humbly is implored—
"More money for the children's education—
Hard time! more money for the children's board:"

Dear as to valiant Glo'ster sword and gun;
Dear as a dock-leaf to a hungry ass;
Dear to the famed George Selwyn, as a pun;
Dear as to legs of mutton, caper sauce;

* What a niggardly set of representatives we send to parliament! To suffer his majesty so frequently to be begging for a little money, is shameful in the extreme.—In God's name, let him have the treasury at once. Had he been worth ten or eleven millions, an economy would have been pardonable.

Dear as the voice of flattery to the proud;
Dear as to hackney-coachmen signs of rain,
Who count their shillings in a coming cloud,
And, pious, pray for Noah's flood again;

So dear to monarchs is that idol Power!
So dear is prompt obedience to a king!
Far, of resistance be the trying hour!
God bless us! what a melancholy thing!

Yet opposition fraught to royal wishes,
Quite counter to a gracious king's commands,
Behold! th' Academicians, those strange fishes,
For Wheatley* lifted their unhallowed hands.

So then, those fellows have not learned to crawl,
To play the spaniel, lick the foot, and fawn—
Oh, be their bones by tigers broken all!
Pleased, by wild horses could I see them drawn.—

O Pitt! with thee I'm sorry, very sorry!
Not make a poor associate!—such a thing!
Who tried to tarnish thus the royal glory?
What rebel balloted against his king?

Then, Sir, he is so bountiful a man!
A cataract of charity, I'll say—
Inform me, any body, if you can,
Unmarked by liberality a day!

Where'er he walks, where'er his wild career,
Through Cheltenham, Weymouth, Exon, Plymouth, lo,
With joy his staring subjects all, so dear,
See from each step a stream of glory flow.

Thus, when that pretty animal, an ass,
At night, on pavement gallops like the wind;
Fire kindling at his heels, behold him pass!
How bright the sparkles that hop out behind!

Nursed on the dunghill of the smiles of kings,
What mushrooms daily, to surprise us, start!
So nimbly the fair vegetable springs!
Such warmth prolific can a smile impart!

* The rival candidate of Mr Laurence.

Such is of royalty the envied power!
Then perish every Academic plant;
Oh, may they feel nor sun, nor fostering shower!
Blow round them, O ye cold, cold winds of want!

What nabob structures rise, with wings out-spread,
Whose owners' necks well merit to be lopped?
With what sublimity they lift the head,
By Death, and Ruin's Atlas-shoulders propped!

But such thy master's purity of soul,
His eyes upon the sword of justice feast:
"Curse on the pearl," he cries, "by Rapine stole;
Curse on the diamonds of the bleeding east!

"Curse on the villains that whole realms despoil!
Curse on the cruel hand," we hear him cry,
"That steals the fruit of Labour's honest toil,
And draws the tear of blood from Pity's eye!"

O Pitt! what punishment shall we contrive,
To suit this saucy, self-important crew?
How shall we smoke this Academic hive,
That stinging makes us look so very blue?

Oh, bid our monarch draw his purse-strings tight;
Contract his open heart, of giant stature;
Use every species of little spite,
And violate for once his noble nature.

Oh, bid our sovereign take it not to heart;
For downright brutes are Britons, nine in ten:
At curbs and whips behold us asses start,
And insolently claim the Rights of Men.

And yet, I moderation wish to kings;
Yes, yes, they should be merciful, though strong.
As sceptres have been found in France with wings,
One would not lose an empire for a song.

This Mr Pindar is surely a most unreasonable man! He would monopolize the

kings of the earth, and appropriate them solely to his own use and emolument! "I must have kings," quoth he, in one of his former publications. Let him, say we, have his kings, and emperors too, and empresses into the bargain, if he wishes for them, and welcome—but wherefore grasp at all? Why not let a brother satirist, or a democratic politician, have a mouthful of royalty with him? Why, churlishly, consign Mr Paine, and all the merry fellows who met to laugh down and drink down despotism, at the Crown and Anchor, to Old Nick, as he here does, for having, peradventure, the same high flavour, taste, and relish, for soup-royal, with himself? This unfair dealing reminds us of the late Dr Kenrick, of audacious memory, who, after having attacked the Newtonian philosophy, in various publications, for several years together, was so unreasonably enraged at a contemporary writer, for daring to embark in the same cause, that, [declaring, "no man should abuse Sir Isaac Newton but himself,"] he fell furiously on the luckless heretic in science, and worried him most unmercifully, in a periodical work, in which Dr K. had then some concern. Thus it fares with respect to poor Mr Paine, and other speculators on reformation; no one may make free with kings, and crowns, and sceptres, and "such like things," but Peter Pindar, Esquire!—but wherefore is our heretofore pleasant friend in such a fearful passion? Why has he, thus unfortunately, abandoned his happier style? Return, pleasant bard! return to thy wonted good humour, that we may again "laugh and shake" with thee, as heretofore! *Vive la bagatelle*, as long as thou likest,—but, no more national politics, good Master Pindar!

MORE MONEY;

OR,

ODES OF INSTRUCTION TO MR PITT;

WITH

SOME OTHER CHOICE MATTERS.

ODE I.

More money wanted!—'tis a brazen lie;
'Tis Opposition's disappointed cry;
A poisoned shaft to wound the best of kings—
More money! 'tis a poor invented story,
To cloud with dire disgrace the king of glory—
Damned shears to clip his Fame's exalted wings.

More money!—'tis a little dirty tale,
To sink of popularity the gale,
That wafts the name of George to utmost earth;
A snake that should be strangled in its birth.
More money! tis a party-trick so mean,
To make us sick of our good king and queen:
We have no more to give—a truce to grants,
That make the state a field devoured by wants:*
The rust that eats the cannon—the rank weed
That dares the vessel's course sublime impede;
The worm that gnaws its native keel, th' ingrate,
And opes the world of waters for its fate;
A spreading cancer that demands the knife;
That, wolf-like, preys upon the nation's life.

* Another word for a mole.

More money!—what a sound!—the solemn bell
That tolls the constitution's knell.

Clap a hot iron on the patriot tongues,
For loading spotless majesty with wrongs:
Nay, tear those tongues, th' offenders, from their holes,
Foul pumps, that pour the froth from poisoned souls.
The monarch scorns to ask a penny more—
Taxed to the eyes, his groans the state deplore;
Away, then, Defamation's baleful breath,
That blows on Virtue's bud the blight of death.

Yet, should it happen that the *best* of kings
Should whisper to his minister strange things,
And bid thee money ask, the tempting curse;
Then firmly thou, the nation's steward, say,
(With reverence due to royalty, I pray)
"Dread Sir, have mercy on your people's purse.
O king, your calculations have misled ye:
Millions on millions you have had already.
Oh! let Discretion* from the virtue band
Be called to court, to take you by the hand.

"You really do not know how rich you are:
Your wealth, so wondrous, makes your subjects stare—
Squeezed from great cities, towns, and hovels:
Hawksbury and Coutts can show such heaps of treasure,
Such loads of guineas for the royal pleasure,
Heaved into iron chests with shovels!
Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers, Sir, are running o'er."

ODE II.

Say to the king (but with profound respect,
For who would manners unto kings neglect?)
"Dread Sir, to hospitals you little grant,
Your magic name supplying every want—
And then how seldom 'tis you give a treat!
And then your mutton, veal, and beef, you kill,
The stomachs of your favoured few to fill—
And butchers swear 'tis very pretty meat.

"And lo, you kill your own delightful lambs:
And beat old Bakewell* in the breed of rams,
And never wish to keep a thing for finery:
Thus are the parterres of Richmond and of Kew
Dug up for bull, and cow, and ram, and ewe,
And Windsor-Park, so glorious, made a swinery.

"And lo, your dairy thriving, let me say,
As not one drop of milk is given away—
So says your little dairy maid so sweet,
Whose beauties many a smile so gracious meet;
And smiling like the blooming May,
Who shows the milk-score every day,
How then can majesty be poor?
Your chests, Sir, must be running o'er.

"Your oratorios that expenses bred,
And Duke of Cumberland†, so dear, are dead,
That gave (*'tis said*) your majesty much pain—
The nation kindly paid your doctors' bills,
I mean the Willisses, for toil and pills,
That brought you to your wisdom, Sire, again—
Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers must be running o'er.

"Cabbage and carrot without end,
The Windsor gardners‡ daily send;
Proud that their vegetables load the board
Of Britain's high and mighty lord.

"Of this their glad posterity shall boast;
For such an honour never should be lost—
Thus shall they cry in triumph to their neighbours,
Crowned were our great great great forefathers' labours;
Whose praise through Fame's long trampet ever rings,
For giving cabbages to kings.

* This is fruitless advice, I fear—The passions are too powerful for the gentle virtues.

* We have more reverence than to say, a *brother* grazier of the North.

† By the death of the Duke, a large annual income reverted to his majesty.

‡ Not now.—See the Progress of Admiration.

"Presents of every sort of thing are made,
Without the slightest danger of offending,
Either from gentlemen, or men in trade;
Your majesties are both so condescending—
Folks for acceptance never beg and pray;
For presents never yet were turned away.

"People meet much encouragement, indeed,
For sending rarities and pretty things;
Although such rarities you do not need—
Such is the sweet humility of kings.
Then how can majesty be poor?
Your coffers must be running o'er.

"Card-entertainment 'tis you chiefly give,
By which the chandlers scarce can live—
For soon as e'er you leave the little rout,
The candles are immediately blown out!

So quickly seized on by some candle-shark,
Ladies and gentlemen, are in the dark.*
Where, what has happened, Heaven alone can tell,
As darkness oft turns pimp t' undo a belle."

ODE III.

Say to thy king, (but, as I've said before,
With due respect), "By God, you can't be poor,
Sometimes a little concert is made up,
Where nought is given to eat or sup—
Where Music makes an economic pother;
Where, with a solitary tweedle tweedle,
A pretty melancholy fiddle
Squeaks at the absence of his little brother,
Whose presence would be much enjoyed,
But costs too much to be employed!
Where Fischer's instrument (a frugal choice)
Serves both for hautboys and for voice—
As Billington and Mara, to the king,
And that perverse Storace would not sing.†

"Lo! by some woman's order (fie upon her!)
The pretty, harmless, modest maids of honour
Are forced to furnish for their beds, the sheet:
The pillow-cases, too, says Fame,
By order of some high commanding dame,
To whose sweet soul economy is sweet.

"Dear maids of honour! what a sin of sins,
That Britain can't accommodate your skins!
Poor Generosity is sadly lamed;
And yet the noble beast was ne'er rode hard—
Pale, cold Economy seems quite ashamed,
Who never plays an idle card:
Nay, Avarice, her mother, with surprise
Turns up the whites, so sad, of both her eyes.

"To wit you nothing give—to learning nought:
Lo, in his garret, Mathematics pines,
Where, hungry, after bread and cheese and thought,
He forms with brother spiders useless lines.

"Th' expense of new-year's ode is felt no more!
Thus is that needless, tuneless hubbub o'er:
All praise must centre in the birth-day song:
The virtues must be lumped together—yes!
And then (if subjects may presume to guess)
The Laureat need not make it very long.

"A load of praise is nauseous stuff—
Sire, don't you think, at times, one line enough?
What's christened merit, often wants a crutch—
Thus, then, a single line may be too much.

"In vain the first of poets tunes his pipe;
His whistle ne'er squeezed sixpence from your gripe—
Vain all epistles, vain his heavenly odes:
No, no! poor Peter may his strain prolong:
The devil a farthing will reward his song,
The song that should have celebrated gods!

"In vain for royal patronage he sighed:
In vain (some say) the modest bard applied

* At the breaking up of a royal card-party, this is constantly done;—the poor maids of honour, and the gentlemen, may grope their way how they can.

† When Monsieur Nicolai, his majesty's first favourite, first fiddler, and first news-monger, went with his majesty's commands to Madam Storace, to assist at a sort of concert at Buckingham-House, the songstress, smiling on him with the most ineffable contempt, asked him, "What, Nicolai, I am to sing at the *old price*, I suppose?" meaning *nothing*—"My compliments to your master and mistress, and tell them I am better engaged."

To gain his book your patronizing name—
And if this bard, whom all the Nine inspire,
Instead of generous oil to feed his fire,
Finds cold, cold water flung upon his flame:
If he, ah! vainly signs for dedication,
Woe to the *witlings* of the nation!

"What though uncouth his shape, and dark his face;
Whose breeding mother might for charcoal long;
Still may the Bard abound in verse and grace,
And love for majesty, divinely strong.

"Then heed not, Sire, a clumsy form so fat,
And *sombre* phiz, Dame Nature's work, unkind:
Great mousing qualities, with many a cat,
Of perfect ugliness, a lodging find.

"Observe a fat, black, greasy lump of coal;
Lo, to that most ungraceful piece of earth,
A warm and lively lustre owes its birth;
A flame in this world, pleasant to the soul.

"To shapeless clouds, that, wagon-like, along
Move cumbrous, scowling on the twilight heaven,
At times, behold, the purest snows belong!
To such, of rain the lucid drops are given:
Nay, 'mid the mass so murky and forlorn,
Behold the lightning's vivid beam is born!"

Say—"Mighty monarch, modest merit pines,
Hid like the useless gem amid the mines.
Your gracious smile, which all the world reveres,
Your wealth had opened her pale closing eye,
Which Hope once brightened with a spark of joy,
And cruel Disappointment quenched with tears."

ODE IV.

Then unto majesty shalt thou repeat
The lines that are to majesty a treat,
Proverbs that economic souls revere;
To wit—"A pin a-day's a groat a-year"—
"A little saving is no sin"—
"Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin"—
"A penny saved, a penny got"—
"'Tis money makes the old mare trot"—
Then say, "With such wise counsellors, I'm sure,
No monarch ever can be poor."

Say, too, "Great Sir, your queen is very rich—
Witness the diamonds lodged in every stitch
Of madam's petticoat,* of broad effulgence;
Where flame such jewels on its ample field,
As only to her charms and virtues yield,
So very noble, God's and man's indulgence!"

Now may'st thou raise thy tone a little higher—
Not 'Squire, for that's impertinent, but "Sire,"
Firm shalt thou say, "The realm is not a wizard,
Quick with a word, to make the guineas start,
To please a monarch's gold-admiring heart—
In short, Britannia grumbles in her gizzard.

"Sire, let me say, the realm will smell a rat,
And cry, 'Oh! oh! I know what you are at—
Is this your cunning, Master Billy Pitt?
What, Master Billy! try to touch his grace?
To keep your most, most honourable place?
Is this your flaming patriotic fit?'

"Thick as may be the head of poor John Bull,
The beast hath got some brains within his skull;
A pair of dangerous horns, too, let me add;
Dare but to make the generous creature mad."

Thus may'st thou decently thy voice exalt—
And add, "Soft fires, O monarch, make good malt;
The kiln, much forced, may blaze about our ears,
And then may Fate be busy with his shears—
For then, with all his fame, your daring 'Squire
May, rat-like, squeak unpitied in the fire."

* The story of this petticoat affords the pleasing consideration of its being watched all night by a popular peer.

Proclaim that reputation is a jewel,
And life, without it, merely water-gruel—
Say, that a king who seeks a deathless name,
Turns not to newspapers to find a fame;
Where paragraphs (a ministerial job)
Report the half-crown howlings of a mob.

Inform the monarch, when he goes to heaven,
Verse to his parting spirit may be given;
Even Peter's verse, for which a thousand sigh—
Verse which the poet even to brutes* can give,
To bid their lucky names immortal live,
Yet to a king the sacred gift deny!

Say, "Sire, we've crippled the poor people's backs;
Dread Sir, they are most miserable hacks—
How 'tis they bear it all, is my surprise!
I cannot catch another tax, indeed,
With all your fox-hound noses, and my speed,
Your humble greyhound, though all teeth and eyes.

"The state, Sir, you will candidly allow,
Has been t' ye a most excellent milch-cow;
For you, ah! many a bucket has been filled—
But trust me, Sir, the cow must not be killed.

"So numerous are your wants, and they so keen,
That verily a hundred thousand pounds
Seem just as in a bullock's mouth a bean—
A pound of butter 'midst a pack of hounds!
Have mercy on us, Sir—you can't be poor—
Your coffers really must be running o'er."

Say, "Sire, your wisdom is prodigious great!
Then do not put your servant in a sweat—
He hates snapdragon—'tis a game of danger—
The sound, *more money*, the whole realm appals,
Still, still it vibrates on Saint Stephen's walls;
Our beast, the public, soon must eat the manger."

* This is literally true. I, the lyric Peter, assert, that I have written a most beautiful elegy to an old friend, a dying ass, with more feeling than I could compliment the deaths of half the kings in Christendom.

Say, "Good my liege, indeed there's no more hay—
Kind-hearted king, indeed there's no more corn—
Our hack, Old England, sadly falls away;
Lean as old Rozinante, and forlorn."

Say, "Sire, your parliament I dare not meet;
For verily I've some remains of grace—
If forced with money-messages* to greet,
Your majesty must lend me H——ry's face.

"I know what parliament will say, so mad—
'More money, Master Billy! very fine!
The impudence of highwaymen, my lad,
By God! is perfect modesty to thine.'
Sire, Sire, the moment that I mention money,
I'm sure the answer will be 'ninny nonny.'"

ODE V.

Now, Pitt, put forth a small prophetic sound;
Say, "Kings should keep their state, but not be rich"—
Yes, say, "They never should with wealth abound,
As money might the royal mind bewitch."

* The cry of "More money, more money," brings to recollection a little dialogue, amongst the many, that happened between the King of the Mosquitoes and myself, in the Government-house at Jamaica, during the administration of the late Sir William Trelawny.—His majesty was a very stout black man, exceedingly ignorant, nevertheless possessed of the sublimest ideas of royalty; very riotous, and grievously inclined to get drunk. He came to me one day, with a voice more like that of a bullock than a king, roaring, "Mo drink for king, mo drink for king!"

P. P.

King, you are drunk already.

KING.

No! no! king no drunk—king no drunk—Mo drink for king—Broder George love drink—(meaning the King of England.)—

P. P.

Broder George does not love drink: he is a sober man.

KING.

But King of Mosquito love drink—me will have mo drink—me love drink like devil—me drink whole ocean.

Say, "Gambling monarchs possibly may spring,
And stocks be at the mercy of a king—
And if for boroughs sigh their great affections,
Rare business for the devil at elections!
A monarch offering his own heads and notes—
A king and cobbler quarrelling for votes!"

Then lift thine head, and also lift thine eyes,
And drawing of thy mouth the corners down,
Exclaim (as stricken with a deep surprise),
"Not that I think a man who wears a crown
Would act so meanly, Sir, or ever did—
No! God forbid, dread sovereign—God forbid!"

Such are my counsels, Pitt.—Thy king, perchance,
May, smiling, hear the oracles advance;
And, pitying thee for hinting reformation
To such a king of such a nation,
May stun thee with two proverbs all so pat—
"What, what, Pitt—'Play a jig to an old cat?'
What, preach—what, preach to me on money-wit!
'Old foxes want no tutors,'* Billy Pitt."

THE ROYAL BULLOCKS.

A CONSOLATORY AND PASTORAL ELEGY.

The following Elegy was written on the royal scheme of fattening cattle solely on horse-chestnuts, which (had it succeeded) must have been attended with prodigious savings. The bullocks tried what they could do, but were forced to give up the point, and nearly the ghost!

Ye horned inhabitants of Windsor Park,
Where reigned sweet hospitality of yore,
Why are you not as merry as the lark?
Why is it that so dismally you roar?

Ah me! I guess the cause!—our glorious king
Would fatten cattle in the cheapest way—
It is, it is horse-chestnuts!—that's the thing
Which gives each face the cloud of dire dismay.

Say, do the prickles stab each gentle beard?—
You wish t' oblige the king; but, ah! with pain;
You turn them round and round, to bite afraid,
And, faintly mumbling, drop them out again.

Fain would I comfort ye with better meat—
God knows I pity every plaintive tone—
Gladly your gums with turnips would I greet,
And give the fragrant hay to sooth each groan.

Say, are the nuts too solid to be chewed?—
Of want of nut-crackers do ye complain?
Ye make up awkward mouths upon your food;
But 'plaint of every sort is poured in vain.

Condemned on such hard fare to sup and dine,
And often by its stubborn nature foiled,
Perhaps you wish it roasted, gentle kine,
Or probably you wish it stewed or boiled.

But coals cost money—labour must be saved—
Know, this would prove a great expense, indeed:
Ah! kine, by such economy close shaved,
Your bellies grumble, and your mouths must bleed.

Your leanness mortifies the king of nations:
Displeased, he wonders that you won't grow fat:
Your high back-bones employ his speculations,
Much your poor bellies exercise his chat.

The man whose lofty head adorns a crown,
That stoutly studies bullocks, pigs, and books,
Wants much to see you knocked by butchers down,
And hung in fair array upon their hooks.

Yet, murmuring creatures, life is vastly sweet—
For life, were I a bullock, should I sigh:
Much rather make a sacrifice to meat;
Live on horse-chestnuts, than on turnips die.

* Reformation is a most difficult and dangerous subject.—Hazarding a *critique* on the work of a very eminent artist, some years ago, what was the consequence?—See the Ode.

A MORAL REFLECTION ON THE PRECEDING ELEGY.

How can the eye, in Nature's softness dressed,
So hardened, see the different tribes around;
Behold the grazing cattle all so blessed,
And lambkins mingling sport with sweetest sound;

Then glistening, in a strain of triumph cry,
"Your throats, young gentlefolks, will soon be cut—
You, sweet Miss Lamb, most speedily shall die—
Soon on the spit, you, Master Calf, be put."

How can the tongue, amid the mingled noise
Of goose, duck, turkey, pigeon, cock, and hen,
Exclaim, "Ay, ay, good fowls, your cackling joys
Soon cease, to fill with mirth the mouths of men?"

I cannot meet the lambkin's asking eye,
Pat her soft neck, and fill her mouth with food,
Then say, "Ere evening cometh, thou shalt die,
And drench the knives of butchers with thy blood."

I cannot fling with liberal hand the grain,
And tell the feathered race so blessed around,
"For me, ere night, you feel of death the pain;
With broken necks you flutter on the ground."

How vile!—"Go, creatures of the Almighty's hand,
Enjoy the fruits that bounteous Nature yields;
Graze at your ease along the sunny land;
Skim the free air, and search the fruitful fields—

"Go, and be happy in your mutual loves;
No violence shall shake your sheltered home;
'Tis life and liberty shall glad my groves;
The cry of murder shall not damn my dome;"

Thus should I say, were mine a house and land—
And lo, to me a parent should you fly,
And run, and lick, and peck with love my hand—
And crowd around me with a fearless eye.

And you, O wild inhabitants of air,
To bless and to be blessed, at Peter's call,
Invited by his kindness, should repair;
Chirp on his roof, and hop amidst his hall.

No schoolboy's hand should dare your nests invade,
And bear to close captivity your young—
Pleased would I see them fluttering from the shade,
And to my window call the sons of song.

And you, O natives of the flood, should play
Unhurt amid your crystal realms, and sleep:
No hooks should tear you from your loves away;
No net surrounding form its fatal sweep.

Pleased should I gaze upon your gliding throng,
To sport invited by the summer beam;
Now moving in most solemn march along,
Now darting, leaping from the dimpled stream.

How far more grateful to the soul the joy,
Thus cheerful, like a set of friends to treat ye,
Than, like the bloated epicure, to cry,
"Zounds! what rare dinners!—Gods! how I could eat ye!"

ELEGY ON MY DYING ASS, PETER.

Friend of my youthful days, for ever past,
When whim and harmless folly ruled the hour;
Ah! art thou stretched amid the straw at last?—
These eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blessed, would I soften thy hard bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life supply.—

O Peter, blessed would I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish?—Thy lot is that of all—
Thy friend who mourns must yield to Nature's law—
Like thee must sink—and o'er each darkening ball,
Will Death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,
And mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu—
And thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,
"Faint is thy servant, and his moments few—

"With thee no longer blessed, the lanes I tread—
Those times, so happy, are for ever o'er—
Ah! why should Fate so cruel cut our thread,
And part a friendship that must meet no more?

"Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of Fate),
Oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid—
'Mid that loved field which saw us oft of late,
Beneath our favourite willow's ample shade.

"And if my master chance to wander nigh,
Beside the spot where Peter's bones repose;
Oh! let your servant claim one little sigh—
Grant this—and, blessed, these eyes for ever close."

Yes, thou poor spirit, yes—thy wish is mine—
Yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom—
There shall the sod, the greenest sod, be thine;
And there the brightest flower of spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as Health my footstep draws,
Thy turf shall surely catch thy master's eye;
There on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet is remembrance of our youthful hours,
When Innocence upon our actions smiled!—
What though Ambition scorned our humble powers,
Thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild?

Pleased will I tell how oft we used to roam;
How oft we wandered at the peep of morn;
Till Night would wrap the world in spectred gloom,
And Silence listened to the beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy;
The various trophies by thy fleetness won;
And boast that I, thy playfellow, a boy,
Beheld the feats by name-sake Peter done.

Yes, yes (for grief must yield at times to glee)
Amidst my friends I oft will tell our tale;
When lo, those friends will rush thy sod to see,
And call thy peaceful region Peter's Vale.

AN ACADEMIC ODE.

This Ode was written some years since, and was mislaid; but it is fortunately recovered.—It hinteth at the universal rage for reputation, and attacketh painters who pitifully wince at the gently-reforming touch of criticism.

Alas! who has not fondness for a name?
Lo, Nature wove it in our infant frame!
From ear-delighters, down to ear-confounders,
Each vainly fancies he possesses killing tones;
Even from the Maras and the Billingtons,
Down to the wide-mouthed rascals crying flounders—
Nay, watchmen deem their merits no way small,
Proud of a loud, clear, melancholy bawl;
Nay, proud, too, of that instrument the rattle,
That draws the hobbling brotherhood to battle.

Yes, yes! much vanity's in human nature—
Like mad dogs, that abhor the water,

The painters hate to hear their faults displayed—
And though I sing them in the best of rhymes,
Such are the reformation-cursing times,
The foolish fellows really wish me dead.

Now this is great depravity, I fear—
My tale, too, proveth it, as noon-day, clear.

THE TALE OF VAN TRUMP.

Mynheer Van Trump, who painteth very well,
Flamed at my gentle criticisms, like hell—
"Poor vretch," cried Trump, "I'm much dat rogue's superiors—
Ven he, poor lousy dog, be ded an rot,
Van Trump by peepels vil not be forgot,
But lif in all de mouths of my posteriors"—
Meaning, indeed, by this severity,
His name would live to all posterity.

Upon a day, some goodly folks and fine,
Arrived, to barter praise for beef and wine;
Academicians were the wights, I trow,
The very men to dine with Van and Vrow.

To Madam Trump did fall the carving work—
So, sticking in a fowl's sweet breast her fork—
"I wish this fork," quoth angry Madam Trump,
Wriggling from side to side her angry rump,
"Were now as deep in Peter Pindar's heart."
"Vell zed—dat's clever—jantelmans, dat's vit,"
Quoth Van—"spake it vonce more, my dear, a bit—
Now don't you tink, Sirs, dat my vrow's dam smart?

"Now, jantelmans, I ax you if you please,"
Roared Van, upstarting—catching fire like tinder—
"Will drenk von dam goot bumper 'pon our knees—
Come, Sirs, 'Damnation to dat Peter Pindar!'"
Plump down the great Academicians fell,
And hearty drank th' immortal bard to hell!

Such, I'm ashamed to say, 's the devilish mind,
Contaminating poor mankind.

Here, too, a little moral may be seen—
Reformers are good folks the million hate;
And who, if hanged, or shot, or burned, I ween,
Repentant, find their folly out too late.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO

A GREAT DUKE AND A LITTLE LORD.

Full many a wight hath suffered for a song,
And cursed his volubility of tongue.
That Peter may not thus have cause to say,
With Juvenal, poor fellow, let us pray!—
——— *Torrens dicendi copia multis,*
Et sua mortifera est facundia!——

ODE I.

Most noble peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime favourites of an honest court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications—
Hunting, like bloodhounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting naturally supposes
The bard dares satirize the king of nations.

Ye sharp state mousers, with your watering jaws,
God keep me from the vengeance of your claws:
An Asiatic fight may be renewed;
What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
The largest, fattest of the eastern wave!

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watched my note,
And wished to squeeze my tuneful throat;
When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
A linnet or canary-bird, so sweet;
The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
Contriving how the warbler's back to greet:

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round and round,
Twinkling with mischief fraught his tiger tail;
Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
Looks up with hungry wishes to assail;
When sudden enters master with a roar,
And kicks the scheming murderer to door.

ODE II.

Right honest watchdogs of the state,
I like to smile at kings, but treason hate—

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
A praise that stamps a character divine!
Believe not thus the poet can offend;
Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter perpetrate so foul a thing!
I offer mischief to so good a king!
Now be it known to all the realms around,
I would not lose my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,
I beg you will not let suspicion loose—
If so—of history I'll turn compiler—
Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C-yl-r:
So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heavens! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the Muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Armed with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple poet down?

Lo! into life against my will I tumbled,
And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter,
Kicked, sprawled, and sputtered, gaped, and cried, and grumbled,
Quite angrily, seemingly, with Mother Nature;

Who, queen-like, thinking all she does is right,
Against my wishes, lugged me into light;
And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to suit;
And since its drama pleases, I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute;
Inclined to say, like Beckford,* undeterred,
"By God I'll speak, and damme I'll be heard."

My lords, I fain would live a little longer,
For lo! desire, as to a bosom wife,
Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would he who made the world look down and say,
"Peter, wilt live on earth a thousand years?"
"Lord, Lord," I should delighted roar away,
"Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears."
"So long! what for?" the Deity might cry,
"O great Divinity," quoth I,
"A thousand reasons; principally one,
To see the present Prince of Wales,
Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
Aloft on Britain's envied throne.

"Where half the monarchs that have sat before
Have only sat to eat, and drink, and snore;
To damn the credit of the age,
And load with folly History's blushing page."

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold
A George the Fourth upon the throne,
Adieu at once thy age of gold!
Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyself an earldom quick, quick, quick,
For fear of Fortune's wild vagaries;
Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,
Rise Lady Joans and Madges, Nells and Marys.

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr Johnson) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

ODE III.

I own I love the prince—his virtues charm—
I know the youth received from heaven a heart:
In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,
That maketh certain folk with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,
Immersed in mammon, and by misery got;
Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,
And wishes to have every thing for nought:

Who, if he gamed, the dice would meanly cog;
Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—
And that there are such wretches near a throne,
Degraded Nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch;
Who sighing, vents on Charity a curse,
That asks for want a penny from his purse:

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
For money feels the hunger of the shark;
Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,
Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare
Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
With mirth and sallies of the soul resound:
When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
Till morning eyes the board with plenty crowned;
Behold the Virtues that sublimely soar,
Instead of meanly damning, cry "Encore."

ODE IV.

With you, my lords, I'm every thing that's evil;
There's scarce a crime I've not committed;
The very essence of the devil;
Deserving by the demon to be spitted:

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
Prepared by Joan the cook to go to fire;
So wanton have you both been pleased to pluck
The swan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of every quality I am bereft,
Not even the shadow of a virtue left;
Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of kings.

My lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may damn me into fame:
By letting thus your spleen on Peter loose,
He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darkened eyes:
In vain to printers and to printers' devils
I fly, and advertise to cure king's evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My nostrums curse, and call the bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
They fear to speak their sentiments of kings,
Till those same kings are dead, and then the crowd,
Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
With throats of thunder run his memory hard,
And try to tear him piecemeal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a monarch to reclaim,
In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
By staying till the fates have cut his thread:
After this operation of their knife,
I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest king when dead,
When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
And low he lies beneath the stone?
The man who millions called his own,
Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling!

ODE V.

Your taunting voices now, my lords, I hear,
And thus they grate the poet's loyal ear:
"Bard, we are both superior to thy lays—
Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

"Know that our monarch lifts his head sublime,
Beyond the reach of groveling rhyme,
An Atlas hiding 'midst the thickest clouds;
Whilst thou, a beetle, doomed to buz below,
In circles, envious rambling to and fro,
Survey'st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

"Thy rhymes, insulting kings with pigmy pride,
Are like the sea's mad waves that make a pother,

Wild rushing on some promontory's side,
One noisy blockhead following another.

"The stately promontory seems to say,
Aspiring fools, go back again, go home:
At once the shouldered bullies dashed away,
Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

"Thou, with rabscallions like thyself,
A poor opiniated elf,
Letting on kings thy pen licentious loose,
Art like an impudent lane goose,
Who, as the traveller calmly trots along,
Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,
Waddling with poked-out neck, and voice so coarse,
As if to swallow up the man and horse:
With rumpled feathers to the steed he steals,
And, like a coward, he snaps him by the heels;
Then to his gang, with out-stretched pinions hobbling,
The fool erect returns, *Te Deum* gobbling,
And from each brother's greeting gullet draws
The mingled triumph of a coarse applause,
As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
And man and palfrey killed and eaten.

"Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
To own thy king e'er did one act of merit."

My lords, with great submission to your sense,
Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
An act is his my heart with rapture hails—
George gave the world the Prince of Wales;
A prince, who when he fills Old England's throne,
The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
He left it as unsullied as he found it.

ODE VI.

Great was the bard's desire to sing the queen,
Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
But fierce George Hardinge,* swore if pens or pen
Of woman, women, man, or men,
In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
Dared mention that superior lady, lo!
The law should deal them such a blow!—
Hang, pillory, or confine for life in jail!

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
That towering critic of the air,
Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
Amidst the crystal fields of heaven;
By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to gentle kite are given;

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
Named Westminster, the gentle bard
Might of the sable legions taste the gall:
He therefore wisely means to play his card:
The poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old companion saves.

Ah, me! the legislators of Parnassus,
In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us!
What's sound at Hippocrene, the Poet's Spa,
Is not Westminster sound law!

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars;
But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars:
At Westminster how different is his fate?
Where, if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
The sheers of law, like Fates's, shall snip his wings,
And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchance law neckcloths, formed of deal or oak,
Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
And stop his Apollinian note;
The empire of fair Poetry o'erturning,
And putting every muse in mourning.

ODE VII.

You tell me both, with grievious malice carping,
On one dull tune eternally I'm harping—
You would have said to Milton just the same;
Who through twelve books the head of Satan mauled—
Such names the prince of darkness called,
As must have made you rear out shame.

* Solicitor to the Queen.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,
"What! Milton, always plaguing the poor devil,
For ever beating Nick about the head;
How canst thou be so devilishly uncivil?

"Was not one book sufficient for thy spleen,
But must thou to a mummy beat him,
And, like a pickpocket, so barbarous treat him
Through books a dozen or fourteen?"

Suppose these things you could have muttered,
And glorious Milton, like a ninny,
Had answered, "There is sense and reason in ye—
Thank ye, kind gentlemen, for all you've uttered;
The hint you offer not amiss is:
I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?
Believe me, something to the world's sad cost—
By such civility to spare the devil,
My lords, a second Iliad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the *great* away;
Of fun you rob him of cart-loads—
What would his customers all do and say?
P'rhaps curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, "Let satire meaner subjects look."
Well, Jenky,* grant my satire flies at you,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?—
Adieu fair Fame, and Fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we daring trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphosed bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who just before, in piteous chop fallen plight,
Looked of the woful face, La Mancha's Knight!

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap?
But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo! the whole world is out to see him snap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin!

Cut off the head of a great lord,
Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
Tower Hill at once with gapers will be stored,
As if the world was all broke loose:

But when a little villain haps to swing,
What a poor solitary string!
How few by curiosity are fetched
To see the rope of justice stretched!

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
To do their duty at the culprit's side,
With hemp and prayers his neck and soul assist,
And wish the lonely traveller a good ride.

* Here seemed to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that Jenky cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the *great*, the mystery stands explained.

ODE VIII.

Hark! hark! I hear yon courtier pair exclaim,
"This Peter is the most audacious dog;
The fellow hath no reverence for a name—
A king to him is scarce above a log,"
Sometimes below* a log, Sirs, if you please;
A bold assertion, to be proved with ease.

But, goodly gentlemen, I do desire ye,
T' avoid in this affair minute inquiry
Concering their respective merit;
I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit;
Logs universally are useful things;
A *postulatum* not allowed to kings.

"For us, on Honour's pinnacle," you cry,
"Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
High basking in the blaze of regal power;
This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
Calls us with scowling eyes of fixed contempt,
A pair of jackdaws perched upon a tower.

"Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,

* A few foreign monarchs justify the poet's assertion.

With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
No more by him, the scorner, are accounted
Than sweepers on their chimneys mounted,
That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter."

True, my dear lords—for merit only warm,
Rank and fine trappings long have ceased to charm—
And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
For barely getting sights of rank and dress!

When judges a campaigning go,
And on their benches look so big,
What gives them consequence, I trow,
Is nothing but a bushel wig:

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
See learning lodged in every hair.
But heads, not hair, my admiration drew;
Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes my soul with awe.

ODE IX.

The man who printeth his poetic fits,
Into the Public's mouth his head commits;
Too oft a lion's mouth, of danger full,
Or flaming mouth of Phalaris' bull!
He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For lo! our world, so savage in its nature,
Would rather see a fellow under water,
Or, from the attic story of a house,
Fall down souse
Upon a set of cursed iron spikes;
Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
Blessed on a yielding bed of down or roses,
Where Love's fond couples often join their noses.

Upon me what a host I've got!
Who by their black abuses boil their pot;
Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouthed hunger calls,
And from the bellows of each stomach bawls!

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
Whilst for the shivering world the robe they spin,
In every ring a thousand insects find,
Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs, whose useful fleeces treat
With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
Harbouring whole stinking nations;
Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.
Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble kings and times!

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright rancour;
He was a first-rate man of war to me,
Thundering amidst a high tempestuous sea;
I'm a small cockboat bobbing at an anchor;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—
A sugar hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge.

And then that Junius! what a scalping fellow!
Who dared such treason and sedition bellow!

Compared to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!
My humour of a very different sort is—
Their satire's horrid hair-cloth, mine is silk—
I am a pretty nipperkin of milk:
They two enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compared to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves—
I, zephyr, whispering, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it—
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
"In him the courtly Horace lives again—
Circum præcordia Petrus ludit."

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render—
No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten.
Like lambkins bleats the bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his similes, so soft his style,
That even his bitterest enemies should smile;
He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar—
His lines perpetual summer—sunshine weather—
He tickles only—how can he do more,
Whose only instrument's a feather?

ODE X.

Like children, charmed with Praise's sugared song,
How much the great admire the cringing throng;
And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
Who to the stubbornness of conscience born,
Tenacious of the rights of Nature, scorn
To hold the censer to the nose of State!

Too many a weak-brained man, and silly dame,
Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame;
Raised on high pedestals in rich attire,
For half the globe to laugh at—not admire.

You bid the bard in panegyric shine;
With courtly adulation load the line:
Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing—
Rank poison for a subject, or a king.

My lords, I do declare that it requires
A brain well fortified to bear great flatteries,
Such very dangerous masked batteries,
That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires!—
I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the general weakness of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange—
The love of flattery is the soul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys:
Just as the mange to lapdogs' skins applied,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flattery spiced a little, does no harm—
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my muse's art,
By admiration swelled, hath soared too high:
But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the bard hath struck the lyre;
And when the enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow;
By Truth's delightful dictates solely swayed,
Ought of his favourite Cynthia to have said,
"She triumphs only o'er the world below."

ODE XI.

My lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
To batten in the royal rug,
And on the backs of monarchs meanly crawl,
And more, my lords, I hope I never shall.
Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it.
You know the miserables that can prove it.
I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to kings)
Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place—
Ceylon I think it is—yes, yes, I'm right;
There kings are deemed of heavenly race,
And blasphemy it is their power to slight.

Like crouching spaniels down black lords must lie,
Whene'er admitted to the royal eye,
And say, whene'er the mighty monarch chats,
To those black lords about their wives and brats,
That happen in the world to tumble;
"Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
Hath brought to bless your dog so humble,
One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;

All subject to your godlike will and power,
To hang or drown in half an hour."

This is too servile, I must dare confess—
'Twixt man and man the difference should be less.

I own I brought two wondering eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To see the mighty man who wore a crown—
To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which certes some time since is,
My Bible so replete with kings and princes,
And thought kings taller than my parish steeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their skins of very different stuff
From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by staring, gaping every day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubbed against a stone;
Kings ceased to be such objects of devotion,
I saw the beings soon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a soul and body shop—
Like mercers had variety of stuff,
For such whose turn it was to be made up;
And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
In short, the choicest of celestial goods:

But on the lower classes when employed,
It struck me, that he worked with much *sang froid*,
Not caring one brass farthing for the chaps;
Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
In making workbags, pincushions, and shoes—
Videlicet—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimblefull of praise,
Even to an emperor, if uncrowned by merit;
A starving principle, 'faith, now a-days,
And unconnected with the courtier's spirit—
You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

ODE XII.

So much abused, I lose my lyric merit—
Evaporated half its spirit;
Reduced from alcohol to phlegm:
From solid pudding to whipped cream!

There was a time when, not one bit afraid
Of aught the people roared, or sung, or said;
I carelessly my favourite trade pursued;
Invoked Apollo, and the Muses wooed:
And with the stoicism that soothes a stone,
I sat me down and picked my mutton bone.

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
The cloud-wrapped Genius of the tempest raves,
And 'midst the hurrying mass of spectred gloom,
Fate mounted on the wild wing of the blast,
Shouts desolation through the twilight waste,
And, thundering, threats a system's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows sweeps,
Sports on the storm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
Now on the mountain surge composed he squats,
Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for sprats.

I now may say with righteous David,
"Lord,
With foes I'm sore encompassed about;"
And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verse adored,
"I wote not when I shall get out;
So craftily the heathen me assail,
My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almost every one at Peter's head
Levels his blunderbuss, and takes a pop—
Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
But harmless yet, thank God, I've seen it drop:

Yet by and by some luckless shot
May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter—
Thousands will smile to see him go to pot,
And mock him in his grave with shameless metre:

Not so our gracious king and queen, I knew it—
They've pity, if not pence, to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan, all so vile,
Betting his skin against the Lord's,
Adding a most contemptuous smile,
As well as most indecent words,
Covered the man of Uz with boils,
At which with horror every heart recoils:

Yes, patient as the man of Uz am I,
Though forced on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—lords, lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,
Turned their gay backs when there I show my head;
As happened at St James' t'other day,
When up the stairs I took the solemn way,
And filled the fine-dressed gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing;
Off flew the frightened Sir John Dick, so stout,
Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
By manufacturing sour crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
Thomson and Salisbury, Harcourt and gold-stick;
Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
As though he entered to divulge their crimes.

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skinned;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A sly old alligator pokes his nose;
P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

ODE XIII.

Deserted in my utmost need by fate,
Like famed Darius, great and good;
Fallen, fallen, poor fellow, from a large estate;
Forced, forced to browse, like goats, the lanes for food!

Alas! deserted quite by every friend;
And what than friendship can be sweeter?
Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
Lo! every puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
Where midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol raves;
Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
And rolled on by the rushing world of waves!

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
I scarce can point against the gale my nose—
A storm more violent was never seen!
So dread the war!—indeed it must be dread,
When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artillery ne'er was played:—
And yet, not all the artillery is his own;
Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will Hayley for his 'squire,
Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh—
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
Of this intrepid Hudibras and Ralph.

You too, my lords, combined with those dread foes
To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
Is very cruel, heaven well knows,
And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
Though mauled so terribly about the head:
By printers' devils and allies surrounded:
P'rhaps, like the Prussian monarch, I may rise
Herculean, to the world's surprize,
And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
Though seeming dead, stretched out amidst the pit—

Leaped up, and given his foe a fatal wound—
Then why not mine, ye gods, the lucky hit?

ODE XIV.

With your good leave, my lord, I'll now take mine,
Not deemed, perchance, a poet quite divine—
Perchance with beasts at Ephesus I've warred,
Like that prodigious orator St Paul,
And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
You kindly wish me feathered well, and tarred.

You think I loathe the name of kings, no doubt—
Indeed, my lords, you never were more out:
I am not of that envious class of elves:
Though Dame M'Auley turns on kings her tail;
With great respect the sacred names I hail;
That is, of monarchs who respect themselves:

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
The muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.

Stubborn as many a king, indeed, I am—
That is, as stubborn as a haltered ram:
A change in Peter's life you must not hope:
To try to wash an ass' face,
Is really labour to misplace;
And really loss of time, as well as soap.

ODE XV.

Pray let me laugh, my lords, I must, I will—
My lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still:
Unpolished in the supple schools of France,
I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry, drows one out:
I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
And think that risibility was given
For human happiness, by gracious Heaven,
And that we came not into life to cry;

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
The God of goodness, were an undertaker,
Well pleased to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
"Fools, how you plague me! go, be wise, be gay;
No tortures, penances, your God requires—
Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
And know that Heaven hath not one angel more
In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
Heaven never took a pleasure or a pride
In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipped hide.

"Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart!
Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things:
And if their follies happen to divert,
I shall not quarrel at a joke on kings."

ODE XVI.

If monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heavenly chattels,
To purchase swords and guns and souls for battles:

In spite of all the world may say and think,
If empresses will punk-like kiss and drink:

If kings will sell the hares and boars they kill,
And snipe and partridge blood for mammon spill,
Denying thus themselves a dainty dish,
And go themselves to market with their fish:

Pleased with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
Instead of mending empires, make horseshoes:

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great princes, pleased, a patronage extend;
Whilst modest Genius pines without a friend:

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
If on bob wigs, slouched hats, and threadbare coats,
Upon vulgarity a monarch dotes,
More pleased to look a coachman than a king:

If with their bullocks kings delight to battle;
On hard horse chesnuts make them dine and sup,
Resolved to starve the nice-mouthed cattle
Until they eat the chestnuts up;
Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,
And think it devilish hard they can't have hay:

If kings will mount old houses upon rollers,
Converting sober mansions into strollers,
Heraclitus' gravity can't bear it—
I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

ODE XVII.

Just one word more, my lords, before we part—
Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art;
'Tis very dangerous to attack a poet—
Also ridiculous—the end would show it.
Though not to write—to read I hear you're able;—
Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.*

PETER'S PROPHECY;

OR

THE PRESIDENT AND POET.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
A scavenger and king's the same to me.

The bard who filled with Friendship's purest fire,
Tuned to a mighty king the moral lyre;
With all the magic of the Muse's art,
Smiled at his foibles and enlarged* his heart—
Ungrateful prince! like most of modern times,
Who never thanked the poet for his rhymes:

The bard with Wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
Who scared the maids of honour with his song,
Turned courtiers pale, and turned to silent wonder
Ambassadors at Truth's deep tone of thunder;
Who in their country, (such a timid thing!)
Was never known to whisper to a king:
The bard who dared undaunted thus to tower,
And boldly oracles to princes pour,

* Here the lyric bard hath cause of triumph—by means of a few hints, the close fist of royal economy hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace, and the poet's good health, greater things are likely to be accomplished; such is the power of song!

* See the Pig and Magpie, p. 68.

Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
To give instruction to a simple knight.

To Cæsar, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
"Beware the Ides of March," a conjuror said.
More reverenced let a greater conjuror say,
"Beware, Sir Joseph Banks, St Andrew's Day."
Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
When of your plumage stripped, and favourite power,
You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
That awe-inspiring hammered fist to rear,
Like scoptered Jove, and Squib the auctioneer!

SIR JOSEPH.

Well! what's November's* gloomy month or hour?
The day which ravishes, restores my power.

PETER.

Perchance Ambition may be doomed to mourn!
Perchance your honours may no more return!
Think what a host of enemies you make!
What feeling mind would be a bull at stake?
Pinched by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn:
Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn?
Who'd be a bear that grasps his club with pride
With which his dancing-master drubs his hide?
None, dear Sir Joseph, but the arrant'st fool
Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine!

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair—resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! with contempt the grinning world I see,
And always laugh at those who laugh at me.

* On the thirtieth of November the president is annually elected.

PETER.

To steal a point then, may I never thrive
But you must be the merriest man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good!—but, my friend, 'twould be a black November,
To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member;
Sit on a bench mumchance without my hat,*
Sunk from a lion to a tame tom cat:
Just like a schoolboy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
When Mr President, with mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
And more than flesh and blood can well endure!
Then to your turnip fields in peace retire:
Return like Cincinnatus, country 'squire:
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the boors
With appletree, and shrub, and flower amours;
And tell them all, with wide-mouthed wonder big,
How gnats can make a cuckold of a fig;†
Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please,
And proudly reign the president of these:
Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm;
With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm;
And tell them how, like ours, the females wooed,
By kissing, people all the realms of mud:
Thus, though proud London dares refuse you fame,
The towns of Lincolnshire shall raise your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid Sir Joseph on their signposts swing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
Till Fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

* The president always wears his hat.
† See the Natural History of the Fig, by Van Stroom.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joseph, Fame reports you stole
To Fortune's topmast through the lubber-hole.*
Think of the men, whom Science so reveres!
Horsley, and Wilson, Maskelyne, Maseres,
Landen, and Hornsby, Atwood, Glenie, Hutton.—

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
Fools, who to mathematics would confine us,
And bother all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they search the philosophic mine,
To bid the journals with their labours shine,
And yield a glorious splendour to the page,
Such as when Newton, Halley graced the age!
Retired, those members now behold with sighs
The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
And you, the Pharaoh too without remorse,
The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude control;
Jove's eagle murdered by a mousing owl.†

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've stargazers enough;
I now look round for different kind of stuff:
Besides—untitled members are mere swine;
I wish for princes on my list to shine;
I'll have a company of stars and strings;
I'll have a proud society of kings!
I'll have no miserable squeal tomtit,
Whilst Fortune offers pleasants to my spit!
For me, the devil may take a nameless fry—
No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
Old women show of gingerbread their ware!
King David, and Queen Bathsheba behold,
Strut from their dough majestic, graced with gold!
King Solomon so great in all his glory,
The Queen of Sheba, too, renowned in story!
The grannies these display with doting eyes;
Delighted see them all the louts surprise;
Whilst no poor baked plebeian, great or small,
Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall!

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by Fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate!
I grant that pride and insolence appear,
Where purblind Fortune thousands gives a-year,
Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffling, fluttering butterflies!
Weak imps! on whom their planets all so kind,
In pity to their poverty of mind,
Around them treasure bountifully shed,
Convinced the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
Philosophers my soul with horror rend;
Whone'er their mouths are opened, I am mum—
Plague take 'em, should a president be dumb?
I loathe the arts—the universe may know it—
I hate a painter, and I hate a poet—
To these two ears, a bear Marchesi* growls,
Mara* and Billington* a brace of owls.
To circles of pure ignorance conduct me;
I hate the company that can instruct me;
I wish to imitate my king, so nice,
Great prince, who ne'er was known to take advice!
Who keeps no company (delightful plan)!
That dares be wiser than himself, good man!

PETER.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
Look in debate a little like a ninny,

* A part of the ship well known to seamen, just above the futtock shrouds.
† Vide Shakspeare.

* Celebrated singers upon the Stage and at the Opera.

Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
And with the philosophic speaker rise;
Just like a spider brushed by Susan's broom,
That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,
Poor sprawling reptile, but with humbled air
Condemned to sneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let fellows make;
My power is too well fixed for such to shake;
My sure artillery hath o'ercome a host.

PETER.

I own the great past powers of tea and toast!
Venison's a Cæsar in the fiercest fray:
Turtle an Alexander in its way:
And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,
Mutton's a most successful mediator!
So much superior is the stomach's smart
To all the vaunted horrors of the heart;
Even Love, who often triumphs in his grief,
Has ceased to feed on sighs to feed on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and buttered rolls
Have found an easy pass to people's souls:
My well-timed dinners (certain folks-revere)
Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
The turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind;
Besides, whilst thus I boast my sovereign's smile,
Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

Alas! Sir Joseph, grant the king you please,
Which every courtier's eye with envy sees;
A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
Though no man ever got a sixpence by it;
Yet of our lucky island, certain kings,
Far from *all*-mighty, are not mighty things:
And though with many a wren you make him blessed,
And many a tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
And many a monkey stuffed to make him grin,
And many a flea and beetle on a pin:
And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
To make his butcher member, and his hind;
It is not he, with Polephemus stare,
And stern command, perpetuates the chair;
I know that disaffection taints the throng,
And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly, without more delay,
What 'tis the blackguard world hath dared to say;
Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtrayed;
The world's free brush deals damnably in shade.

PETER.

Thus, then, "How dares that man his carcass squat,
Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
Whose eye could nature's darkest veil pervade,
And, sun-like, view the solitary maid;
Pursue the wanderer through each secret maze,
And on her labours dart a noontide blaze?
When to the chair Banks forced his bold ascent,
He crawled a bug upon the monument."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them!—

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
I have not mentioned half the people say:—
Thus then again: "He beats the bears so rude,
With bull-dog aspect, and with brains of mud;
His words, like stones for pavements, make us start;
Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
Who for importance all his lungs employs,
And thinks that words, like drums, were made for noise.
A fellow so unqualified to shine!
Who never to the Journals gave a line;
But into Sweden cast a fox-like look,
And caught Goose Dryander to write his book.*

* A most important birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

Such is the *mania* for the claps of fame,
So sought by many a 'squire and gentle dame;
Resembling beggars that on alms grow fat,
Who, if too weak themselves to make a brat,
Buy children up to melt the traveller's eye,
And from his pocket call the charity.

"Through him each trifle-hunter that can bring
A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle's wing,
Shall to a Fellow's dignity succeed!
Witness Lord Chatham and his piss-a-bed!*
How had he powers to muster up the face
To ask a president's important place!
How with a matchless insolence to dare
Abuse and jostle Pringle from the chair?†
A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
That owes its sole existence to a gnat!
A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
A fool that crosses oceans for a weed!

"Once towering Science made Crane Court‡ her home,
And heaven-born wisdom patronized the dome;
With awful aspect at the portal shone,
And to her mansion wooed the wise alone:
Now at the door see moon-eyed Folly grin,
Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in:
Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
And furbish up a folio on a wren."
You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter—

SIR JOSEPH.

By God! I think it hath not minced the matter.
Yet, by the Power who made me, Peter, know,
I'm honoured, stared at, wheresoe'er I go!
Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir Joseph Banks!—

PETER.

And then sit down again, I do suppose:
And then around the room a whisper goes,
"Lord, that's Sir Joseph Banks!—how grand his look!
Who sailed all round the world with Captain Cook!"

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! what the devil's fame, if this be not?

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pr'ythee don't be such a sot—
Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of fresh imported, staring, country cousins;
To London come, the waxwork to devour,
And see their brother beasts within the Tower:
True fame is praise by men of wisdom given,
Whose souls display some workmanship of heaven;
Not by the wooden million—Nature's chips,
Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse;
Puppies! who, though on idiotism's dark brink,
Because they've heads, dare fancy they can think.

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unlettered,* I can lead the herd,
And laugh at half the members to their beard.
Frequent to court I go, and 'midst the ring,
I catch most gracious whispers from the king—

* Vulgarly called Dandelion. Something of this kind (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great Pitt, for which he was created F.R.S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines, to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, which would best succeed, blunt or pointed conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks and his party roared loudly for the blunts.—The dispute ran so high, that his majesty took a part in it; and being rather partial to blunt conductors, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *nobs*. To confirm his great and wise opinion, *nobs* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham House. This, however, was not all. On the birth-day, his majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society that Dr Franklin was wrong. The president replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of nature. The sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teased by the king from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he resigned the chair, and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is!

‡ The Royal Society's rooms are removed from Crane Court to Somerset Place.

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a president, we allow his candour in acknowledging himself unlettered, as he really was refused his degree at Cambridge, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
In sentiment sublime, and language rich;
"What's new, Sir Joseph? what, what's new found out?
What's the society, what, what about?
Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,
Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir Joseph Banks?
Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks, more thanks?
You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper, bat,
Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what, what?"

Such is the language of the *first* of kings,
That many a sighing heart with envy stings!
And much I'm pleased to fancy that I hear
Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear;
Yet if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse you for an owl,
And bent the great Sir Joseph Banks to humble,
Behold the giant president must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the great ones to my whistle come;
I have 'em every one beneath my thumb.
Electors, Margraves, Princes, grace my list,
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
Because (a flock of astronomic gulls),
The cobweb mathematics cloud their skulls?
The great, when beckoned to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with thanks o'erpaid:
These shall arise, and with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of Opposition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the showman at the Tower
Exerts on brother savages his power;
Bids Nero, Cæsar, Pompey, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heavens! I've merit, say whate'er you please!
Can name the vegetable tribe with ease—
What monkey walks the woods, or climbs a tree,
Whose genealogy's unknown to me?

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great;
Yet say, should monkeys give you Newton's seat?
Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club.

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new found fibre of some grassy blade,
Well suits the idle hour of some old maid,
(Whose sighs each lover's vanished sighs deplore)
To murder time when Cupids kill no more;
Not men, who, labouring with a Titan mind,
Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend—
Bon mots, and wondrous stories without end;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies,* noddies, with such luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat;
To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks
Sublime, for scurvy-grass and lady-smocks,†
Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
And such as Fame's fair volume should secure:
Yet, to my mind, it is not such a feat,
As gives a man a claim to Newton's seat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
Proud of my friendship, see Sir William court me!

* "Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals," says Dr Hawkesworth's most miserable account; which might more properly be christened "The History of Sir Joseph Banks," so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the hero of the tale.

† See Hawkesworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
Who sent you once the sumen of a sow!*
Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
Whipped, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.

Sir William hand and glove with Naples' king!
Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
Who when Vesuvius foamed with melted matter,
Marched up and clapped his nose into the crater,
Just with the same *sang froid* that Joan the cook
Casts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
That half Sir William's mugs and gods are new;
Himself the baker of the Etrurian ware,
That made our British antiquarians stare;
Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
And at his Naples' oven sweat again;
And, by his late successes rendered bolder,
To bake new mugs, and gods some ages older!

SIR JOSEPH.

God bless us! what to Herschel dare you say,
The astronomic genius of the day,
Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
And with more *Geordium Sidusses* surprise?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the moon—more cinder loads?
Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
By some great Lunar Palmer taught to fly,
To gain the gracious glances of the eye
Of some penurious prince of high degree,
And charm the monarch with a postage free;
Such as to Chelt'nam waters urged their way,
Where Cloacina holds her easy sway;
Where paper mills shall load with wealth the town,
And every shop shall deal in whitish brown;
Where for the coach the king was wont to watch,
Loaded with fish, fowl, bacon, and despatch;*
Eggs and small beer, potatoes, too, a store,
That cost in Chelt'nam market two-pence more;
Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
With two rare geldings, to a sutler's cart—
But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast—
The fame of Herschel is a dying blast:
When on the moon he first began to peep,
The wondering world pronounced the gazer deep:
But wiser now the *un*-wondering world, alas!
Gives all poor Herschel's glory to his glass;
Convinced his boasted astronomic strength,
Lies in his tube's,† not head's prodigious length.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on Herschel fame bestow,
So curious a discoverer?—

PETER.

No! man, no!
Give it to Mudge,‡ whose head contains more *news*
Than (trust me) ever lodged in Herschel's house.

* Sir W. Hamilton, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

* Mr Palmer very generously offered his sovereign a mail coach to carry letters and despatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was too great to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: His most economic majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a sixpence.

† We would not detract from Mr Herschel's real merit.—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr Mudge's method of constructing mirrors: such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of Fame—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the shadows of science

‡ Dr Mudge, of Plymouth.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call the noble Marlborough's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimneys wonders spies—
The daily advertiser of the skies:
Who equals his great ancestor in head;
A hero* who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal formed, to all the world's surprise;
As one swept earth, the other sweeps the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hunter† with fish intrigues our house regales—

PETER.

The tender history of cooing whales!—

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding sows!—

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren spouse!
Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,
That age converts hen pheasants into cocks!‡
And why not, since it is denied by no man,
That age hath made John Hunter an *old woman?*

Believe me, full as well might Papists bring
Quills from a seraph's tail, or cherub's wing;
Saint Dunstan's crab stick, which the saint, uncivil,
Broke on the back of our great foe, the devil;
Saint Andrew's toe, Saint Agatha's old smock,
And stones that rattled round Saint Stephen's block;
Saint Joseph's sighs so deep, preserved in bottles,
Amounting, legends say, to many pottles;
Caught as the saint, with all his might and main,
Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain;
Or bones* from catacombs to form new saints,
To cure, like all quack medicines, all complaints!
Such might the journals of the house record,
As well as Hunter's wondrous cock-hen bird.

SIR JOSEPH.

Like Blagden who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like him on iron moulds and ink?†—
See shirts and shifts by iron moulds that rot,
By Blagden's wisdom lose each yellow spot!
For this shall laundry virgins lift their voice;
Napkins and damask tablecloths rejoice;
Robins, and caps, and sheets, and pillow cases,
Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
Did Doctor Blagden in an oven‡ bake,
Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,
Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
Unsavoury flowed like hartshorn streams from stills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great duckweed Thompson,§ all my soul reveres!
And Mulgrave charms me with his arctic bears.

* The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a headpiece for the arts and sciences, and a headpiece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

† John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz. on sowgelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; proving incontestably, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were, *bona fide*, of the same species; and on the loves of whales.

‡ See Article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a pheasant with three legs, that by age changed from a female to a male.

* In 1762, four hundred saints were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the catacombs at Rome. See "Religious Rites and Ceremonies."

† Vide Article 39, 1787, of the Philos. Trans.

‡ The doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

§ Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

My eyes with shells, lo! limpet Davies greets!
And Doctor Lettsom with his rare horse beets!
Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm!
Beets, in whose just applauses we are hoarse all;
Such are the wondrous powers of *mangel worzal*.*

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt Famine to his east,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast;
Whilst every lucky Briton that one meets,
Shall strut a Falstaff, such the power of beets!
Beets, that must bring the quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a blush!
Beets, that shall form an epoch in our times,
And thus by Peter praised, embalm his rhymes!

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of Aubert† think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span?

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The fatal errors of each London clock.
Thus Lubin from his solitary down,
Leads little Lubin to a neighbouring town,
The lad with ecstacy surveys the scene:
Then home returning with triumphant mien,
Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.
Aubert who meriteth, indeed, applause!
Full of high-sounding phrases and wise saws;
Who from his cradle learned the stars to lisp,
And to a meteor* turned a will-o-wisp!

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous Daines?

PETER.

Think of a man denied by Nature brains!
Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces:
Who knows not jordens brown from Roman vases!
About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for truffles muzzling:†
Who likewise from old urns to crotchos leaps,
Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps.‡

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise—

PETER.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most uncommon of their kind:
The greatest monsters of the land and water—

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature!
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckless eggs,
Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise:
Chopsticks and backscrapers are curious things:
Scalps, and tobaccopipes, and Indian strings,

* The more pompous name of the beet.

† A silk merchant and F. R. S., who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian!—such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at Loampit-Hill, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds' worth of astronomical instruments.

* One fortunate evening, 'as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silkman, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted it into an amazing meteor, with which the royal Journal soon after blazed.

† There are pigs kept expressly for hunting truffles in some parts of England.

‡ Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr Daines Barrington,—at several of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the lyric Peter seen the antiquarian in seeming musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

Such, as to charm the wondering cits we see,
Where Don Saltero* gives his Sunday tea:
Great Don Saltero, name of high renown,
Who treats, too, with immortal rolls the town!

Rare are the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches:
Rare is each cracked, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish;
Rare are the talismans that drove the devil,
And rare the bottles that contained old snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserved in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits;
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! Parkinson knows full as well as you;
As did Sir Ashton famed, whose mental power
Just reached to tell us by the clock the hour.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! pox, don't laugh—such things are rich and scarce—
Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joseph, I must laugh when things like these
Beyond sublimities have power to please:
To crowd with such-like littleness your walls,
Is putting Master Punch into St Paul's.
Yet to the point—the place on which you dote
Hath been for ever carried by the vote—
Know then, your parasites begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow:
In vain to favouring majesty you fly,
'Tis on the many that you must rely:
Even blockheads blush, so much are they ashamed—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and their modest blushes may be damned;
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their insolencies mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my venison like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To say I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
Even be my house a tavern in Soho!
Of daily venison let me try the force,
And keep an open house for man and horse.
Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!—
To keep that honour every thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds—
A man's a god whose hogshead freely bleeds;
Champagne can consecrate the damned'st evil:
A hungry parasite adores a devil:
In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
And smooths him with the gossamer of praise!
Stuffed to the throat till repetition tires,
And Gluttony's huge greasy wish expires;
Apostate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your gormandizers and your drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank free-thinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
And truth no longer sacrificed to paunches:
Ashamed, at length, the sad, repentant sinners
All blush to barter flattery for good dinners:
No charms surround the knocker of your door,
That beamed with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betrayed by those on whom my all depends!

PETER.

Betrayed, like Cæsar, by his bosom friends!

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
The Power whose wisdom rules yon lofty sky,
May grant his gracious and protecting power,
And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your prayers,
Most pious president, won't mend affairs:

* At Chelsea.

The Power you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
Well knows your little reverence for his skies.*
Thus may your prayers be vain, however hearty;—
Besides, Heaven oftenest joins the strongest party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practised every art in vain!
Undaunted faced the dangers of the main?—

PETER.

And faced Queen Oborea in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
But providentially preserved your breeches!
For unknown weeds, dared unknown paths explore,
And frightened Cannibals from shore to shore;
On each new island clapped King George's seal,
A sharp impression too of hardest steel;
Whilst Witness Pistol, and his Brother Gun
Looked with a pointed approbation on.

A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the British nation!
True, you have tried to be as great as he,
The venturous Trojan, sport of wind and sea,
Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome;—
Yet are those feats what vulgars term a bore:
Stale stuff—the members look for something more.
I grant you naked with your servants pranced,
To show how folks at Otaheite danced:
And much the smiling audience you amused,
Though decency, indeed, the dance abused:
She, blushing damsel, turned her head aside,
And wished a whip to every hopping hide.
Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian stones,† that formed for hogs a sty;
With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That proved unfortunately pigs'-feet traces:
Yet, lo! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in every blockhead's face;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

PETER.

Thus when a host of grasshoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabashed by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours;
Lo, armed with prayers to thunder in their ears,
A bishop boldly meets the buccaneers;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives, and damns them, in the name of God!*

You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
By boldly spitting in each member's face!
Where, sweet Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
Since what would float the Albion† were too little.

With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
I see you through the streets of London go,
With poring, studious, staring, earth-nailed eye,
As heedless of the mob that bustles by;
This was a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And let me tell you, what I've urged before,
The restless members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'n't I swallowed raw flesh like a hound?
On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?

* The poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

† Sir Joseph sent some curious Egyptian stones to the British Museum; such was his zeal for the honours of hieroglyphics; but as that building possesses already as much of the antique as it can well authenticate, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grasshoppers; one for the grasshoppers, the other for the people: but it is the fate of the grasshoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always anathematized, and ordered to be excommunicated if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first rates.

Eat every filthy insect you can mention;
Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
Frogs, tadpoles by the spoonful, long-tailed imps;
And munched cockchaffers just like pawns or shrimps?

PETER.

In troth, I've seen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules surpass—devour your snake;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mackerel or a piper;
And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry "murder!" in your jaws:
Yet, hear, Sir Joseph, what I've said before,
The blushing members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell sieze the pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tadpoles, frogs,
All swallowed to display what man can do,
And must the villains still have something new?—
Tell, then, each pretty president creator,
God damn him, that I'll eat an alligator!

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an alligator—
Go swallow somewhat of a softer nature;
Feast on the arts and sciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifles to discern:
With shells, and flies, and daisies, covered o'er,
Let pert Queen Fiddlefaddle rule no more:

Thus shall Philosophy her suffrage yield,
Sir Joseph wear his hat,* and hammer wield;
No more shall wisdom on the Journals stare,
Nor Newton's† image blush behind the chair.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

"Qui veut peindre pour l'immortalite,
Doit peindre des sots." Fontenelle.

SCENE —The Royal Academy.

PEACE and good-will to this fair meeting!—
I come not with hostility, but greeting—
Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—
I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,
To slash, and act as journeyman to Time—
The god himself is just arrived to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,
I come not with the shafts of satire sporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs' staring horse,
With terror on the approaching lion snorting:
I come to bid the hatchet's labour cease,
And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,
And like some long-eared creatures, bray, "what art?"

* The president has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the regalia, to command silence, and rouse the members from their happy slumbers; whilst their secretary, Dr Blagden, proclaims rare news from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the president.

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of such as dared employ the building brain,
And criticise an economic error.*

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
Or copy heaven, who formed thy head so thick,
To give stability to stone and brick;
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout—
The very stones already have cried out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
For putting clever Academic men,†
Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
To see the King of England and his dame,

'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot;
'Midst peopled windows, chimneys and old walls;
'Midst marrowbones and cleavers, fife and flute,
Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's;

Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery from the sky,
Dribbled on every academic nob,
And washed each pigtail, smart, and powdered bob:

Washed many a visage, black, and brown, and fair,
Giving to each so picturesque an air;
Resembling that of drooping, rain-soaked fowls,
Or, what's a better picture, parboiled owls;

Whilst thou, great Jove, upon Olympus, aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.

O West! that fixed and jealous eye forbear,
Which, scowling, marks the bard with doubt and fear,
Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine;
'Twere cruel to attack such crippled creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep decline!

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,
Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed:
No—peace and happiness attend 'em;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of overdealing in the true sublime;
I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and shade
Were ever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expression, spirit,
Too strongly from the canvass blaze;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise:
Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush;
The world no'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
"Here lies below a painter's clay,
Who worked away most furiously for kings,
And proved that fire of inclination,
For pleasing the great ruler of a nation,
And fire of genius, are two different things."

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
That limbs in spasms, and cracked and goggling eyes,
With grandeur cannot well exist.

Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St Vitus, might be virtuous to romance—
Peace to the manes of that capering saint!
Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expense, fell to the ground lately; but as the knight is a favourite at court, no harm is done. The nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

† Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the royal procession to St Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half a dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Wide saucer eyes, and dire distortion,
Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold streams sleep—
Sleep, golden skies and bulls, and golden cows,
And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
And golden goats, the golden grass that browse.

Which with such golden lustre flame,
As beat the very golden frame.
Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school!
Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool!

Awed I approach, ye sovereigns of the brush,
With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
And hesitation natural to her tongue;
And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smiled,
And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,
To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, Love's delicious seat.

Yes, sober, trembling, quaker-like, I come To this great dome,
To offer subjects to the sons of paint:
Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of knight and lord, and commoner and king,
Sweeter than history of embowelled saint;
Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fired like turpentined poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
Or wind and rain to powdered wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking,
Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,
Why springs the man of history, Master West,
And cries, "Off, off! your tales and hints are shocking;
Inventions—fabrications—lies—damned lies;
Kings, and the world besides, thy spite despise.

"Sir, you're a liar, every body knows it;
Sir, every stupid stanza shows it:
Sir, you know nothing of a king and queen:
In spheres too high their orbs superior roll
By thy poor little grovelling, mole-eyed soul,
Thou outcast of Parnassus, to be seen.

"Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,
The two first luminaries of the nation,
So meek, good, generous, virtuous, humble, wise;
Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
Cursed with a conscience blacker than my hat,
Art rival to that fiend the prince of lies.

"Go, pour thy venom on my Lear*—
A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear:
King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
Where majesty delights with West to prate,
Much more than ministers of state,
Where thou shalt never show thy nose.

"Where pages fancy it a heinous crime,
Thou foul-mouthed fellow, to repeat thy rhyme!
Where every cook, it is my firm belief,
Would nobly make it a religious point,
Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
To let the fire consuming burn the beef.

"There's not a shopkeeper in Windsor town
That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee, drown,
That doth not damn thy stuff, thy odes, and tales;
That doth not think thy odes would give disease
To every thing they wrapped—to bread, to cheese,
Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.

"The very Windsor dogs and cats,
The very Windsor owls and bats,
Would howl and squall, and hoot and shriek, to meet
Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

"The servant maids of Windsor from each shop,
Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,
Their loyal sentiments would disembogue,
And taunting cry, 'There goes a lying rogue.'

* A pretty iron-staring sketch now in the Exhibition.

"Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire;
Consummate insolence thy verse provoke!
Foul! to believe thy muse a muse of fire,
A chimney-sweeper's drab, a muse of smoke.

"The very bellman's rhymes possess more merit;
Nay, Nichol's Magazine exceeds in spirit:
A printer's devil with conceit so drunk,
Who publishes for gentleman and trunk;

"Who sets up author on old Bowyer's scraps;
Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
That hungry authors gave to Bowyer's door,
To swell the curious literary store:

"Who on a purblind antiquarian's back,
A foundered, broken-winded hack,
Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones—
On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,
On traceless copper sees imperial heads,
And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

"Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
A Druid altar from a pigsty rise,
Yes, Nichols, aping wisdom through his glasses—
Thee, thee, Apollo's scavenger, surpasses.

"Soon shall we see the Fleet thy carcass wring,
Mean through the prison grate for farthings angling,
Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
Or glove or nightcap, for our bounty dangling;

"Whilst issuing from thy mouth begrinned with beard,
Thy pale nose poking through thy prison hole,
The hollow voice of misery will be heard,
'Kind ge'mman, pity a poor hungry soul:
Have pity on a prisoner's case so shocking—
Good lady, put a farthing in the stocking!'

"What impudence, thus bold a face to push!
Armed with a winking light of paltry rush,
As if with Truth's bright torch, into our room,
To dart on ignorance the fancied rays—
To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
And kind illumine Error's midnight gloom.

"Get out, and pertly don't come troubling me;
A dog is better company than thee."

I thank ye—much obliged t'ye, Master West,
For thoughts so kind, and prettily expressed;
Yet won't I be refused, I won't indeed;
You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint!
This memory of mine contains a mint;
And thus, in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet, mind me, as to our bright king and queen
Their names are sacred from the poet's spleen—
Peace to their reign; they feel no more my jokes!
Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleased in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I sigh not for the venison of a throne:
Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree;
A toadeater's an imp I don't admire:
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire—
I've seen my sovereigns—that's enough for me.

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame:
Lo! Hodsell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,
Where Love o'er garlic waves his purple wings,
Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans;
And, armed with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans;

Close by whose side the haymakers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions skaiting.

A mighty warrior in the House of Lords,
Swallowing, alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own sad words,
Exceedingly against his noble will;

Whilst Rawdon by his side, with martial face,
Commandeth him to swallow with a grace;
Would make an interesting scene indeed,
And show the courage of King Charles' breed!

How like a doctor, forcing down the throat
Of some poor puling child a dose of salts,
At which its little soul revolts,
With wriggling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forced to take the formidable purge,
Or taste a bitter dose—the threatened scourge!

Or Richmond,* watchful of the state's salvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation;
Now buying leathern boxes up by tons,
Improving thus the nature of great guns:
Guns blessed with double natures, mild and rough,
To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
Or Richmond,† at th' enormous reckoning struck,
At Portsmouth battling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty duchess,
Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;

* The duke absolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a snuff-box maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the second day of May, 1789, were seriously tried, and, like many a nobleman, found too *soft*.

† At Portsmouth his grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master-General of the Ordnance, Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Sussex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, &c. thought it a most grievous imposition, and consequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen-pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive sound,
Like animals that furnish man with veal;

Would make another pleasing scene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant queen;
Longing to shine a first-rate star at court,
For satire's pen, a subject of rare sport;
Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stained, and smelling of its native mud.

The valiant Glo'ster at the army's head,
Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
Would glow with such an air of truth!—
Not on a jackass mounted, but a steed
Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Salisbury examining the iron hands
Of Fame's and sweet St Giles' blackguard bands,
That clap our kings to parliament and play—
Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
That money may'nt be thrown away:

Resolved from those same legions of vulgarity,
To get full pennyworths of popularity;
Resolved his master shall be fairly treated,
And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.

Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
A pretty opportunity to smile,
You' paint the Solomon of yon famed place,*
Where fair Philosophy, the heavenly dame,
By barbarous usage covered deep with shame,
No longer shows her exiled face;
Where cent per cent in value rise,
Toads, tadpoles, grasshoppers, and flies.

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blessed,
With many a parasitical dear guest,
Swollen by their flatteries like a bladder big,
Throwing away of learning such a waste,
And proving his superior classic taste,
By swallowing the sumen of a pig.

* The Royal Society.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
Imploring money for a king;
Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
The lady's tender heart to wring;
Tales of expense in doctors' bills,
High price of blisters, bolusses, and pills,
Long journey to St Paul's t' oblige the nation,
And give God thanks for restoration:
Britannia, with an arch look the while,
Partaking strongly of a smile,
Pointing to that huge dome,* the nation's wealth,
Where people sometimes place their cash by stealth,
And all so modest with their secret store,
Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudenell and Symonds† with each other vying,
Sweet youths! for little Norman's‡ favours sighing,
A picturesque effect would form;
That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
Taking the citadel by storm;
That running with the girl in triumph off,
This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

TO THE ACADEMICIANS.

Suppose you paint the devil with smiling mien,
Whispering deceit to any king or queen,
'Tis what the Prince of Soot hath often done—
For, lo, with many a king and many a queen,
In close confab the gentleman is seen—
With such hath Satan oft a world of fun—
More fun, or diadems are much belied,
Than all the little under world beside!

The devil's a fellow of much sterling humour,
If we may credit public rumour;
And all so civil in each act and look,
That whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a nicer cook.

* The Bank of England.
† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera House.
‡ A pretty black-eyed figurante at the Opera.

Who, too, so generous, disdains,
To take a sixpence for his pains—
Nay, at our money would be vexed;
Happy to please us gratis with his art,
Provided, when from this world we depart,
We join his fireside in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I joined his corps so hearty,
Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fired by the subject in my rhyming mode,
I complimented Satan with an ode,
Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

The devil is not so black as he is painted.

Ingratum Odi.

Prince of the dark abodes! I ween
Your highness ne'er till now hath seen
Yourself in metre shine;
Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
Of potent verse afraid!
And yet I vow, in all my time,
I've not beheld a single rhyme
That ever spoiled thy trade.

I've often read those pious whims—
John Wesley's sweet damnation-hymns,
That chant of heavenly riches.
What have they done?—those heavenly strains,
Devoutly squeezed from canting brains,
But filled John's earthly breeches?

There's not a shoeblack in the land,
So humbly at the world's command,
As thy old cloven foot;
Like lightning dost thou fly, when called,
And yet no pickpocket's so mauled
As thou, O Prince of Soot!

What thousands, hourly bent on sin,
With supplication call thee in,
To aid them to pursue it;
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
"The Devil made me do it."

Behold the fortunes that are made,
By men through roguish tricks in trade.
Yet all to thee are owing—
And though we meet it every day,
The sneaking rascals dare not say,
This is the Devil's doing.

As to thy company, I'm sure,
No man can shun thee on that score;
The very best is thine:
With kings, queens, ministers of state,
Lords, ladies, I have seen thee great,
And many a grave divine.

I'm sorely grieved at times to find,
The very instant thou art kind,
Some people so uncivil,
When aught offends, with face awry,
With base ingratitude to cry,
"I wish it to the devil."

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell—
The fellow cries out coarsely, "Zounds,
I'd give this moment twenty pounds
To see the jade in hell."

Should heaven their prayers so ardent grant,
Thou never company wouldst want
To make thee downright mad;
For, mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But every thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffling, long-faced, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desperate prayers thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters.

To seize one day in every week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other six,
With every joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed!

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduced my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy—
The charms of beauty have been mine;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who brought'st the lovely toy.

No, Satan—if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, through the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But say, "'Tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since truth must out—I seldom knew
What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till thou hadst won my heart—
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in every weather,
I never wished to part.

Yet when a child—good Lord! I thought
That thou a pair of horns hadst got,
With eyes like saucers staring!
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I used to dread the devil,
And trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
They sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chase my fright.

And every night I went to bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug;
There panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou slily in the dark wouldst creep,
And eat me, though so snug.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,
With sins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both man and maid:
Thy wares they buy, with open eyes;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade!

To speak the truth, indeed I'm loath—
Life's deemed a mawkish dish of broth,
Without thy aid, old sweeper:
So mawkish, few will put it down,
Even from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus form shall choose to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis ordered (to deaf ears, alas!)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And damn it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking;
O prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays, operas, masquerades, destroy:
Lock up each charming *fille de joie;*
Give race horses the glander—
The dice box break, and burn each card—
Let virtue be its own reward,
And gag the mouth of slander;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
That will not glad agree,
If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
To show their nose at church no more,
But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode should end:
And now I tell the like a friend,
Howe'er the world may scout thee;
Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
And folks so very fond of sinning,
They cannot do without thee.

AN ODE TO EIGHT CATS,

BELONGING TO ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE.—The Street in a Country Town.

TIME.—Midnight.—The Poet at his Chamber Window.

SINGERS of Israel, Oh ye singers sweet,
Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
And to the sleepless wretch, the night endear!

Lo, in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks!
Your friskings, crawlings, squalls, I much approve;
Your spittings, pawings, high-raised rumps,
Swelled tails, and Merry-Andrew jumps,
With the wild minstrelsy of rapturous love.

How sweetly roll your gooseberry eyes,
As loud you tune your amorous cries,
And, loving, scratch each other black and blue!

No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel, you no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord;
You call the matrimonial service cant—
Like our first parents, take each other's word:
On no one ceremony pleased to fix—
To jump not even o'er two sticks.

You want no furniture, alas!
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle!
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass:
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
Which custom for our Christian babes, enjoins,
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on madam:
No fears of cuckoldom, heaven bless ye,
Are ever harboured to distress ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,
No nightcaps snug, no trouble in undressing,
Before you seek your strawy nest,
Pleased in each other's arms to rest,
To feast on love, heaven's greatest blessing.

Good gods! Ye sweet love-chanting rams,
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney top;
And peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour in a tuneful cry, th' impassioned soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
Answers your invitation note with joy,
And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
Lo! borne on Love's all-daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
Singers of Israel sweet, adieu, adieu!
I do suppose you need now to be told
How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG TO DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?—
The virgin would have mourned for me—
O nymph th' eternal tear shall flow;
Th' sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling swain,
Forsakes of solitude the shade,
For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!
Their easy hearts their tongues belie—
Who loves, reveres the fair one's ghost,
And seeks a pleasure in a sigh.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to heaven, with so divine an air,
So calmly smiling, so resigned thy will;
Oh sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
When shaving;
Like man bewitched he jumps about,
Kicks up a most infernal rout,
And seemeth absolutely raving:
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition—
Thus travel souls of people to perdition.

Stand at my side, O stoic dame—
On starling Martyn bid me cry out
"shame,"
Instead of knocking the dull fellow down;
When up the ninny-hammer starts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a speech
Of orators of fair and first renown,
Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
Whilst Philomela warbles from her bower.

And, oh! attend me when my eyes
View dedications filled with fulsome lies,
In praise of generous queens and kings;
Heaven swell the fountains of their hearts
That seldom water the poor arts,
However sweetly adulation sings:

Eke, when I hear that stupid parson Hill,
God's house with every nonsense fill,
And then with blasphemy each sentence crammed;
And when I hear the impostor cry,
"I've news, you ragamuffins, from the sky;
I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be damned:
I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from God—
I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice."—
Which if it were so, would be vastly odd,
Since heaven would show bad judgment in the choice.

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
When subtle Hawkesbury talks of patriot fires,
And yielding places up to save the nation;
When of importance braggeth simple Leeds;
When Gloster's far-famed wife for meekness pleads;
And Gloster's duke breathes war and desolation;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease;
When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,
And, to astound the million, builds a church;
When royal folks of purest friendship boast,
Make generosity their constant toast,
You leave your pining merit in the lurch;

When wonders through his spyglass Marlborough views,
And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,
Fresh from his cranium's philosophic fogs;
When Dick descants on any thing but croute,
When Thompson aught performs beyond a scout,
And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs;
Sweet Patience, soothe me with thy saint-like note,
Or, driven to madness, I shall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

Bedchamber utensils, you seem distressed,
And swear with horror that my rhymes molest
Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;
Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
And floods, produced by onions, in your eyes,
So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!

Dear humming lords, on friendship bray no more,
Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,
Of friendship the sublimity to sound—
Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchance, my lords, in foreign parts you've been—
Perchance, your optics fair Versailles have seen;
Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
And eke th' Escurial, pride of Spain confessed;
But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eyeballs blessed
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
You need not, lords, so sapient, to be told
What most untuneful notes the prisoner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
As if he really was transfixed with stakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
Passing their happy hours among the bogs,
Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
Lying like ancient Romans on their sides,
And dining on their dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fattening,
In which they had been battening,
Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection!
Just like the herd that had the devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving or to free him or to die—
Such is of swine the friendly quality,
Although proverbial for brutality!

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
Of seeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemned to swing—
Nay, even were greater people I could name,
For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame—
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
Were you but tolerably sure
The next in power would give you sixpence more.

Learn, then, my lords, though with contempt you treat 'em,
Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em.

At length my subjects end, and now
To Folly let me make my best court bow—
O goddess, still monopolise the great:
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

ODES OF IMPORTANCE.

——Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.
Sweet-brier, hawthorn, lilies, nettles, roses;
What a nice bouquet for all sorts of noses!

Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec lædere quenquam
Mens nostra—— Martial.
My verse's sweetness, mildness, none deny:
Lord! playful Peter would not wound a fly.

RESIGNATION;

AN ODE TO THE JOURNEYMEN SHOEMAKERS, WHO LATELY REFUSED TO WORK, EXCEPT THEIR WAGES WERE RAISED.

Sons of Saint Crispin, 'tis in vain!
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain.—
I know you wish good beef or veal to carve:
But first the hungry *great* must all be fed;
Meantime, you all must chew hard, musty bread,
Or, what is commonly unpleasant, starve.

Your masters, like yourselves, oppression feel—
It is not they would wish to stint your meal:
Then suck your paws like bears, and be resigned.
Perhaps your sins are many; and if so,
Heaven gives us very frequently, we know,
The great as scourges for mankind.
Your masters soon may follow you, so lank—
Undone by simple confidence in rank.

The royal Richmond builds his state on coals;
Salisbury, and Hawksbury, lofty souls,
With their fair dames must have the ball and rout;
Kings must our millions have, to make a glare;
Whose sycophants must also have a share.—
But pout not—'tis a libel, Sirs, to pout—
Closed be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
You must not for your money have a song
Cease, cease your riots, pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends—
And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-faced, damned Oppression, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of men,
And feel of angered Justice the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of ye, my friends and eat
Your sour, your mouldy bread, and offal meat;
Till Freedom comes—I see her on her way—
Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banished Happiness be seen,
And sons of Crispin, you, once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-day a flagrant libel.
Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread—
Justice is sick, I own, but is not dead,
Let Grandeur roll her chariot on our necks,
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:
Let Grandeur's plumes be lifted by our sighs—
Let dice, and chariots, and the stately thronee,
Be formed of poor men's hard-worked bones—
We must contribute; or, lo, Grandeur dies:
We are the parish that supports her show;
A truth that Grandeur wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty rulers with a groan,

Who eat the labours of us vulgar crew;
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state;
And if we dare look up for ease, th' ingrate
Look down, and ask us, "Dam'me, who are you?"

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant!
The man who doth receive a hare or pheasant,
Might somewhat, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, "I thank ye for the bird or hare?"

But then I'm told again, that Grandeur's sore
At owing obligations to the poor—
Such favours cut no figure in discourse:
She thinks she might as well thank dogs and cats
For finding partridges, and catching rats;
And say, "I'm much obliged t'ye," to a horse.

Lo, to the great we breathe the sigh in vain;
A zephyr murmuring through the hollow walls:
Our tear, that tries to melt their souls, the rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls!

The lofty great must have the softest bed
To lay the *soft* luxurious head;
And from our bosoms we poor geese, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather:
Ourselves exposed to Nature's rudest weather,
Denied the liberty to cry out, "Shame!"
Thus, whilst their heads the pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolstered by a flint.

You must not heed your children's hungered cry,
Not once upon their little sorrows sigh—
In tears their blubbered faces let them steep,
And howl their hunger and their grief to sleep.
'Tis impudence in babes to cry for bread—
Lo, Grandeur's favourite dogs must first be fed!—

See yon proud duchess—yet of late so poor,
With not above ten thousand pounds a year:
Behold, a hundred coaches at her door,
Where Pharo triumphs in his mad career.

We must support her, or by hook or crook—
For, lo, her husband was—a royal duke.

We must support too her fine gold-laced crew,
Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
And (suiting their complexions) pink umbrellas.

It must be so; for lordly Grandeur rules—
Lo! quality are gods, and mob are mules.

I know you wish to see on gold, so good,
King George's head, that many a want supplies;
So very pleasant to his people's eyes,
As pleasant as the head of flesh and blood.
Money's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
Like the sweet Cyprian girl (we won't say *whore*)
Is happy to be frequently employed,
And not content by one to be enjoyed;
Yet, like the great ones, with fastidious eye
Seems of inferior mortals rather shy.

Then go, my friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
'Tis on our shoulders courts must lift the head.

Remember, we are only oxen yet—
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemned to sweat,
But gradually we all shall change to men;
And then! what then?—Ye heavens! why then
The lawless sway of tyranny is o'er—
Pride falls, and Britons will be beasts no more!

ODE TO BURKE.

Ah, Burke! full sorry is the Muse indeed
That thou art from the patriot phalanx fled!
For what? To crouch, and flatter queens and kings?
Meanly to mingle with a courtier gang,
That infamy herself would scorn to hang—
Such a poor squalid host of creeping things!

Has madness fired thy brain? Alas! return:
Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:

Join not a court, and Freedom's foulest foes—
Repentance, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
Then howl not, Edmund, 'mid the imps of Night:
Swell not the number of a flock of crows.

What murky cloud, the vapour black of courts,
(For many a cloud, the breath of kings supports)
Attempts thy reputation's spreading beam?
What bat-like demon with the damned'st spite
Springs on thy fame, on Glory's sacred height,
To souse it in Disgrace's dirty stream?

Alas! if majesty did gracious say,
"Burke, Burke, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away;
I'm glad you left your party—very glad—
They wished to treat me like a boy at school;
Rope, rope me like a horse, an ass, or mule—
That's very bad, you know, that's very bad—

"I hate the Portland Junto—hate it, Burke—
Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork—
Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes—
We've got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes."—

I say, if thus a mighty monarch spoke
As usual—not by way of joke:
Did not the speech so withering make thee shrink?
Didst thou not inward say, "I've damned myself—
Why, what a miserable elf!"
And then upon each old acquaintance think;
And with a sigh recal those attic days,
When Wit and Wisdom poured the mingled blaze!

Burke, Burke, most easily do I discover
Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over—
From treasury borrowed, ne'er to be returned!
Even now thou art not happy at thy heart—
It sighs for Wisdom's voice, and pants to part
From fellows by the honest Virtues spurned.

Thy tongue has promised friendship with a sigh—
For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine eye
Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band—
To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand!
Yes, slowly does that hand of friendship move:
The startled courtiers feel no grasp of love!
A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
As though it trembled at contamination!

O Burke! behold fair Liberty advancing—
Truth, Wit, and Humour, sporting in her train:
Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
Proud of a golden age again!
When all thy friends (thy friends of late, I mean)
Shall, flushed with conquest, meet their idol queen,
The goddess at whose shrine a world should kneel;
When they with songs of triumph hail the dame,
Will not thy cheek be dashed with deepest shame,
And conscience somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display,
Borrow from smooth hypocrisy's a ray,
To hail the long-desired return?
Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
And welcome Liberty, with Wit and Truth;
And for a moment leave thy gang to mourn?
Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forced smile,
Quitting thy virtuous company, awhile,
To say, "Dear madam, welcome—how d'ye do?"
And then the dame will answer with a dip,
Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
"Not much the better, Mister Burke, for you.
Poor Burke, I read thy soul, and feel thy pain—
Go, join the sycophants that I disdain."

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure, and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,
Thus chasing widow Sorrow and her sigh—
O thou who formest pills to purge the spleen,
No more in Britain must thou dare be seen!

There was a time, but not like ours so nice,
When thou couldst banish Folly, nay, and Vice—
Leagued with thy daughter Humour, damsel quaint,
And Wit, that could have tickled even a saint.

But times are altered! Certain graybeards say,
"Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
But never dare to show your face again,
To take vile liberties with lofty men.
Grin, if you please—with joke the world regale—
Yet mind, a critic hears you, called a Jail."

But, lo! fair Liberty divinely strong!
A patriot phalanx leads the dame along.
Thou, Wit, and Humour, shall adorn her train—
And let me proudly join the noble few;
Whilst to the cause of glory true,
The Muse shall shout her boldest strain.

Even I, 'midst such a patriot band,
Will gain importance through the land:
Rise, from a poor extinguisher, a steeple—
And, O Ambition, hear thy suppliant's prayer,
A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
And crown me, crown me poet of the people.

PROBATIONARY ODE.

I.

SON of my mother, here I am!
Born of a spanking Polish dam,
Begot by God knows who:
Anxious to reach immortal Fame,
I ask the laureat's envied name,
And claim the honours due.

II.

Is there a bard who dares aspire
To equal my poetic fire,
My sweet harmonious strains?
Hayley be damned!—damn Warton too!—
Damn all the living rhyming crew!
They have not half my brains!

III.

What!—Shall these base-born brats compare
With great Cowalsky's greater heir,
Of birth almost divine?
Ravens and screech-owls might as well
Vie with melodious Philomel,
As their dull notes with mine.

IV.

By Fame, that "glorious mad dog," bit,
(To borrow Brother Peter's wit),
I've strove in various ways;
In prose and verse, and verse and prose,
And sometimes neither, Phœbus knows,
To win the meed of praise.

V.

With Ferney's lord my verse hath rung—
Have I not Netley's Abbey sung
In lofty verse sublime?
Did I not Kauffman's fame extend,
When I my soft epistle penned
In many a tuneful rhyme?

VI.

Don't I in annual prologue shine?
Is not the flippant epilogue mine,
Which Garrick's own surpasses?
Without me vain were Newcombe's plays;
'Tis I alone confer the bays
On these theatric asses.

VII.

What though the critics pendant corps
With Satire's whip-cord lash me sore,
And strive to blast my name?
The half-starved witlings I despise:—
By heaven! my works shall reach the skies—
I'll have eternal fame!

VIII.

For this, Arcadia's scenes I planned—
For this, with sacrilegious hand,
I pillaged Yorrick's urn;
And, viewing "Nature's Sketches," cried,
With more than famed Correggio's pride,
"I also am a Sterne."

IX.

Th' Etruscan dome's superb design,
O'er Cloacina's sacred shrine,
For this, majestic rose :—
For this, at Pride or Folly's call,
Each year in Academic Hall
My Drawings I expose.

X.

For this, my angel form and face,
Enwrapped in robes of furry grace,
Before my poems stare :
Though once a wicked wit declared,
The frontispiece to him appeared
An old starved Russian bear.

XI.

Then bring the laurel—bind my brows—
My soul with conscious genius glows,
Disdaining abject prayer :
Give me the salary, sack, and praise,
O give to Keate's triumphant lays
The Laureat's vacant chair.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

Fie, fie, my lord! attack a saint-like poet!
O, let not Askalon, nor let Gath know it!
What! by law bulldogs bid the lambkin groan!
O Lonsdale! genuine poetry is rare,
Half of our verse adulterated ware;
I speak of others' verses, not my own.

Ah! stop not, stop not Peter's tuneful throat!
Hereafter, he may warble in thy praise,
Who so surpasseth thousands in his note,
A philomel amidst a flock of jays.

The banishment of Ovid into Thrace
Did Cæsar's glory grievously disgrace;
Dropped on his coat of arms a stain of ink,
And made the honest pen of History shrink.

Thou who shott'st Sergeant Bolton through the foot,
At least didst make the sergeant shoot himself:
O think how thou may'st suffer in repute,
By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!
Revenge herself would blush at such a deed;
For poets always were a dovelike breed.

Fire at a great law sergeant—then let fly,
Bounce on a simple rhymer such as I,
Great condescension verily requires:
What sportsman at the pheasant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble bush the twittering wren?
On grouse and grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At London frequently we meet
A lofty camel in the street,
Moving with state-unwieldiness along;
We also see a monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng—
Against Lord Chesterfield's grave maxim sinning,
The merry grig, that is to say, by grinning.

Now this same camel, a well-judging beast,
Feels not of goading ridicule the least;
Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and shaking it in guise,
Much like great Doctor Johnson, called the wise,
For pulling every Scotsman by the nose,
When ponderous moving through the northern track,
With dapper Jemmy Boswell on his back.

Now would not every mortal smile,
To see the camel all so full of bile
Bouncing unhappily about,
Dancing, and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
And like a creature in the cholic groaning,
Making for playful Jacko all this rout?

When Hawksbury, Salisbury, Leeds, and more beside,
Fearing the tinsel on the back of Pride
Might tarnish by an acid drop of rhyme,
And consequently lose the magic rays
That call forth admiration's gape and gaze,
And make her think she views the true sublime—

I say, to majesty when those great lords
Poured forth a foaming torrent of hard words;
As, "Hang that Peter Pindar, if you please;
Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
What 'tis to smile at rulers of the land—
A beggar that disgraces his own fleas.

"Sire, Sire, th' attorney-general's tiger gripe
Would quickly stop the raggamuffin's pipe;

Then for his laugh at grandeur let him swing."
"No," quoth the king—

"If I'm not hurt, my lords, you may be quiet;
'Tis for yourselves, yourselves, you wish the riot—
Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that Peter's Muse
Will hang your grandeurs in her noose.

"No, no, my lords, M'Donald* must not squeeze him:
You see I give up new-year odes, to please him;
And faith, between me and the post, and you,
I fear the knave will get the birth-day too.

"No, no,—let Peter sing, and laugh, and live:
I like to read his works—kings are fair game:
What though he bites—'tis glorious to forgive:
Go, go, my lords, go, go, and do the same.

"Should Peter's verse be in the right,
Our conduct must be in the wrong—
Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite—
We must not hang a subject for a song.

"My lords, my lords, a whisper I desire—
Dame Liberty grows stronger—some feet higher;
She will not be bamboozled, as of late:—
Aristocrate et la lanterne
Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
Within a certain neighbouring bustling state:
I think your lordships and your graces
Would not much like to dangle with wry faces.

"But mum, my lords—mum, mum, my lords—mum, mum:
You must be cautious for the time to come:
The people's brains are losing their old fogs—
Juries before the judges won't look slink—
No, no,—they fancy they've a right to think:
They say, indeed, they won't be driven like hogs.

"No starchambers, no starchambers for them—
Slavery's the devil, and Liberty a gem.
You see, my lords, their heads are not so thick.—
Take care, or soon you'll have a bone to pick;
And p'rhaps you would not like this same hard bone—
So let the laughing, rhyming rogue alone."

Sweet Robin of the Muse's sacred grove,
Whose soul is butter-milk, and song is love;
So blessed when Beauty forms the smiling theme:
Who wouldst not heaven accept, (the sex so dear)
Had charming Woman no apartments there,
Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream—

Mild minstrel, could their lordships call thee rogue,
Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog?
What! try to bring thee, for thy harmless wit,
Where graybeards in their robes terrific sit,
With sanctified long fortune-telling faces,
Whilst Erskine, eldest-born of Ridicule,
From solemn Irony's bewitching school,
Tears to un-judgelike grins, the hanging Graces!

Meek poet, who, no prostitute for price,
Wilt never sanction fools, nor varnish vice;
Nor rob the Muse's altar of its flame,
To brighten with immortal beams a king
(If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing),
And meanly sing a tyrant into fame!

Thus, Lonsdale, thou behold'st a fair example
Of greatness in a king—a noble sample!
Thou criest, "What must I do? on thee I call."—
Catch up your pen, my lord, at once, and say,
"Dear Peter, all my rage is blown away;
So, come and eat thy beef at Lowther-Hall."

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* The attorney-general.

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE ELECTION OF MR WEST TO THE PRESIDENCY.

How art thou fallen, thou once high-honoured Chair!
Most hedgehog like, thou bristlest up my hair.—
But possibly I'm only in a dream:
If so, immediately O let me wake:
Good Morpheus, drag me from this sad mistake—
Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.
By heavens! it is no vision—'tis too plain
That thou, poor imp, art fated to sustain
Of Benjamin the abominable bum.
What! after Reynolds, to take up with West!
Th' antipodes thou seekest, I protest,
From Jove's grand thunder to an infant's drum;
The lightning courser, to the creeping mole;
The world's wide orbit, to a spider's hole;
From some fair column, or Corinthian dome,
Sunk to a dreary dungeon, or the tomb!

And yet, on recollection, that old throne,
In Westminster's fair choir for twopence shown,
Which bore the Edwards, Harrys of our isle,
Has been obliged (a truth most melancholy)!
To shrink beneath a leaden load of folly,
And every meanness that can man defile.

Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween!
Thy brother chairs of late with humbled mien,
That jealous envied thee thy towering fame,
All with one voice exclaim,
And all the poignant power of ridicule,
"He is not equal to an old joint-stool.

"He who of late so lofty held his crest,
Arrayed so gorgeous in a crimson vest,
He now is worse than us poor humble hacks,
With not a single rag about our backs.

"Get thyself burned, thou sad degraded creature;
Go, boil some poor old washerwoman's water;
Or get thyself to skewers and crock-sticks turned:
To some dead beggar's coffin give each nail,
And yield thy velvet to some strumpet's tail;
For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorned."

Thus speak thy brother chairs! And yet 'tis cruel,
As thou wouldst rather be cut up for fuel,
Or rest the backs of beggars in the street;
But lo, West fills thee, by his king's commands;
Loved by his subjects—feared by foreign lands—
And full of wisdom as an egg of meat!

"I like West's works—he beats the Raphael school—
I never liked that Reynolds—'twas a fool—
Painted too thick—a dauber—'twon't, 'twon't pass—
West, West, West's pictures are as smooth as glass:
Besides, I hated Reynolds from my heart:
He thought that I knew nought about the art.

"West tells me that my taste is very pure—
That I'm a connoisseur, a connoisseur:
I like, I like, I like the works of West."—
Thus doth our king, in sounds so gracious, cry,
Which proves that kings with little can be blessed,
And give the wings of eagles to a fly!

ODE TO THE KING.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

An't please your Majesty, 'twas rumoured lately,
That you had got it in your heads so stately,
That we must have a law-suit—God forbid it!
Whether 'tis Hawksbury, or his Grace of Leeds,
Invented such intended hostile deeds;
Or whether the more lofty Salisbury did it,
I say not—but great lords are given to chatter;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my Lord Bluff too—Cardigan the Great,
Whose face Dame Nature never meant should cheat;
Who, if aught hurts the king, doth shrink and wince,
As faithful to his sovereign as his prince!

Brimful of loyalty his noble breast!
Large and fermenting like a tub of yeast!
Glad at the aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up.

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt—
Most loyal seem they in your cause, and stout;
You can't think how they seem to take your part;
And at the poet, as the devil, start—

I say the devil, Sir, because some peers
Are with the devil oft in large arrears:
They opened an account, Sir, long ago,
And Satan's a great creditor, I know.

Yes, hugely do they seem to take your part,
And at the poet, as a demon, start;
Just like a horse or ass, at some wild beast
Prepared to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This Loyalty's a bird of passage, Sire;
Likes the sun's eye—a comfortable fire!
Warmed by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
The hacked old ballad, called "God save the King."
But be in trouble, Sir, soon, very soon
The jade will drop the good old tune.

Yes—much your lords are like the birds of May,
Crying, cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo, so gay;
But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
Where are the pretty birds with notes so bland?
Off!

Spit on the courtiers, when with praise they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallowed censer flows?
Instead of Fame's perfume, so passing sweet,
Lo, putrid dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that man should so far lose his nature,
To beg Hypocrisy to mould each feature—
Crawl like the meanest reptile of the plain;
Kicked, cur-like whipped, and whistled back again!

You tell me that such reptiles you abhor,
And that you never see my fancied cur.
Indeed, Sir! then I strongly do surmise
On levee-days you always shut your eyes.

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

When Virgil shipped himself for Greece;
Whether to 'scape the bailiffs, I can't tell—
Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
But Horace wrote an ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was crammed
With Roman quality, no histories know it;
But Horace swore she might as well be damned,
As show her nose again without the poet:
In the same verse he breathed a pious wish
To blustering Boreas, and the king of fish.*

Now if a bard, and that a heathen too,
Could offer verse to make old Ocean quiet,
Instruct the great king Neptune who was who,
And bid the god of mackerel breed no riot;

A Christian bard may give a Hoy an ode,
So oft with valuable people stowed,
That, thick as rats or maggots, from Wool quay
Crawl down the ladder to their watery way!

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety every inch!
That storms should wreck thee, gracious heaven forbid!
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd.

Go, with thy cargo—Margate town amuse;
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

* Neptune.

Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,
All Margate will be out, I trow,
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show.

O Venus, queen of every kissing joy,
Beneath thy soft protection take the Hoy:
Protect each damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a nymph it holds, thou callest thine.

Alas! the little Loves, and blooming Graces,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should Ocean, hostile to the soft desires,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their amorous fires.

My good friend Johnson—Mesdames Windsor, Kelly,
Who for the public, let me tell ye,
And through St James' street, the Park, Pall-mall,
Oft lead their lovely giggling tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they grieve to find the voyage fail:

Like three stout men of war for safety made,
From port to port, who convoy the fair trade;
Or three protecting ducks, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would those be taken napping—
Great were the loss of gentle folks from Wapping,
Who, fond of travel, unto Margate roam,
To gain that consequence they want at home.

At Margate how like quality they strut!
Nothing is good enough to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at home, are often forced, God wot,
To suck like bears a dinner from their paws.

Forced on an old joint-stool their tea to take,
With treacle 'stead of sugar for their gums;
Buttering their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
Like mighty Charles of Sweden, with their thumbs.

But, Hoy, inform me—who is she on board,
That seems the lady of a first rate lord,
With stomach high pushed forth as if in scorn,
Like craws of ducks and geese o'ercharged with corn—

Dressed in a glaring, gorgeous damask gown,
Which roses, like the leaves of cabbage, crown;
With also a bright petticoat of pink,
To make the eye from such a lustre shrink!

Yes, who is she the Patagonian dame,
As bulky as of Heidelberg the tun;
Her face, as if by brandy taught to flame,
In blaze superior to the noonday sun—

With fingers just like sausages, fat things;
And loaded much like curtain-rods with rings?
Yes, who is she that with a squinting eye
Surveys poor passengers' that sickening sigh;
Sad, pale-nosed, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
Deserted by the blooming, smiling Graces;
That, reaching o'er thy side so doleful throw
The stomach's treasure to the fish below?

'Tis Madam Bacon, proud of worldly goods,
Whose first spouse shaved and bled—drew teeth, made wigs;
Who, having by her tongue destroyed poor Suds,
Married a wight that educated pigs!

But hark! she speaks! extremely like a man!
Raising a furious tempest with her fan—
"Why, captain, what a beastly ship! good God!
Why, captain, this indeed is very odd!
Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings!
For heaven's sake, captain, stop the creatures' spewings."

Now hark! the captain answers—"Mistress Bacon,
I own I can't be with such matters taken;
I likes not vomitings no more than you;
But if so be that gentle folks be sick,
A woman hath the bowels of Old Nick,
Poor souls, to bung their mouths—'twere like a Jew."

Majestic Mistress Bacon speaks again!—
"Folks have no business to make others sick:
I don't know, Mister Captain, what you mean
About your Jews, and bowels of Old Nick:—
If all your cattle will such hubbub keep,
I know that I shall leave your stinking ship.

"Some folks have devilish dainty guts, good Lord!
What business have such cattle here aboard?
Such gang indeed to foreign places roam!
'Tis more becoming them to spew at home."

But hark! the captain properly replies—
"Why, what a breeze is here, God damn my eyes!
God bless us, Mistress Bacon! who are you?
Zounds, Ma'am, I say, my passengers shall spew."

THE TEARS OF ST MARGARET;

OR

ODES OF CONDOLENCE.

Delirant, reges, plectuntur achivi.
The king was wroth; and smelling matters out,
He put the grand Directors to the rout.

PROLOGUE.

Now Night, the negro, reigned—"Past one o'clock,"
The drowsy watchman bawled—from murky vaults,
The dough-faced spectres crowded forth—the eye,
The sunk, the wearied eye of Toil, was closed:
Mute, Nature's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While horror, creeping on the world of gloom,
Breathed her dark spirit through the death-like hour.
New from her silver fringed east the Moon
Peeped on the vast of shade—up-mounting, slow;
In solemn stillness, till her labouring orb,
Freed from the caves of darkness, gained its sphere,
And moved in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death, the pious maid,
Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones worked marvels when she smiled no more—
The pensive Margaretta stalked, and paused,
And paused and stalked, and stalked and paused again;
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
Along the hollow-sounding aisle she passed;
And leaning lorn at murdered Raleigh's tomb,
Of Silence waked the pale and sacred sleep,
With plaintive accent thus—

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

Why should yon old abbey, shouldering
My poor fane with Gothic pride,
Cracking, sinking, falling, mouldering,
On the back of Margaret ride?

What is that huge ruin's merit?
Only fit for housing rats.
Be her guests, with all my spirit,
Hooting owls, and horrid bats!

Why am I to be despised,
Why am I to be kept under;
I who once by kings was prized?
What's the meaning on't, I wonder?

I whose power could agues charm,
Fits and toothachs, cramps and evils:
Satan's wicked self disarm;
Him, the great proud prince of devils.

Lo, that abbey for past years,
At each grand commemoration,
For Directors boasted peers—
Peers, the glory of the nation!

Who were my directors? Lo,
Doctor Parsons, Justice Collic;
Arnold and Dupuis and Co.
What a very pretty frolic!

But 'tis said the king commanded,
And the grand Directors fell:
By the king were they disbanded!
Fame will blush the tale to tell.

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder)?
To the first of rhyming men;
To that giant Peter Pindar—
He shall hear—and then, and then!

Peter in his wrath shall rise,
And the sithe of verse prepare;
Lo, I see his lightning eyes!
Lo, his arm of vengeance bare!

Backs of monarchs shall he slice,
As he scorns them so sincerely—
Woman need not ask him twice;
Peter loves the ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the saint!—When Morn her blushes spread,
To Covent-Garden's square she winged her flight,
And drew the curtains of the poet's bed,
Who fortunately slept alone that night.

To him she told the story o'er and o'er;
When Peter, roused by Margaret's sad narration,
Pulled off his night-cap, and devoutly swore
He'd roast a certain ruler of a nation.

Saint Margaret thanked the bard with sweetest smiles,
And Peter thundered on the king of isles.

ODE I.

The Poet breaks mournfully out on the fall of the noble Directors—Threatens to expostulate with the king—Laments the loss of Direction-importance, boxes, white wands, and dinners at the St Alban's Tavern, &c.

Poor Leeds! poor Uxbridge! and poor Joah Bates!
And all the other poor ones, of hard fates!
'Tis a strange man this king of ours indeed—
There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs!
What! raise an oratorio at Saint Peg's,
And set a thing on foot without a head!

What! could the king have music in a church,
And leave the great directors in the lurch?
Even so!—but lo, I'll parley with the king,
And such a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus will I say, howe'er it may disgust—
"An't please your majesty, you are unjust."
"How, how?" the king will cry, with wild rapidity—
"Yes, Sire, the grand Directors take it ill;
Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,
And having all for crotchets, hawk-avidity;

"That they should lose the lead in this affair,
Which really makes them marvel, and so stare,
Not knowing what offence they have committed;
Being a set of very clever men,
So stuffed with crotchet-knowledges, and then
For oratorios so nicely fitted!

"Behold! no boxes for directors! no!
Who at the abbey formed a raree-show,

With nice kid gloves, medallions, wands so white
Tagrag and bobtail now condemned to join;
What's ten times worse, condemned to pull out coin;
Men so unused to pay a single doit!

"When proud to view of royalty the rays,
Your subjects had their bellies full of gaze,
Amid the abbey's glory for past years;
Then would they ponder on the white-stick row,
Of Uxbridge, Grey de Wilton, Leeds, and Co.
And next to majesty admire the peers.

"'Who's that slim, whey-faced gentleman, and thin,
With some old gentlewoman's nose and chin;
And he so surly, with a sable face?'
Would gaping strangers all so curious cry;
When, all so solemn, I have made reply,
'That lord is Leeds' very noble grace.

"'With lath-like form, whey-face, and cheeks so thin,
And good old gentlewoman's nose and chin—
And he who lowers as though he meant to bite,
Is earl of Uxbridge, with his face of night.'
And then I've told the names of all the rest;
At which the strangers have been all so blessed,
Bowed, courtesied low, so grateful—I don't doubt it,
They told their dear relations all about it!

"No more Directors challenge admiration!
No more the tuneful rulers of a nation!
Unknown in vulgar seats they bite their thumbs;
Now half awake they nod, and now they sleep,
And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
And mumble much displeasure 'midst their gums.

"Heavens! with what huge delight their eyes would hail
The breeches* blazing at Saint Margaret's tail,
Instead of Stephen, who, to all belief,
Poor fellow, must have travelled with a brief!*

"But, Sir, this is not all—for in your ear
Something more horrible brings up the rear!
No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
At yon fair tavern in St Alban's street,
Those men of taste and music joyful greet,
And load their stomachs to a large amount;

"All for the good of the poor fund, so kind!
Now this is dreadful to my simple mind;
To think those titled men, whose valiant jaws,
And stomachs all so keen, and deep as sacks,
And teeth so valorous in feast attacks,
So bravely battled in the tuneful cause,
Should, by the royal word so hard commanded,
Disgracefully be turned adrift—disbanded!

"I hear, I hear the angry lords exclaim,
'Thus to be all discarded! 'tis a shame—
The royal mandate will be cruel styled—
Behold churchwardens, overseers so sleek!
Read their card-invitations every week—
Sir, you're desired to come and eat a child.
One child a week they constantly devour—
Sometimes they eat two children—sometimes four—

"'If thus those fellows live, the lazy drones,
Lords of a *charity* may pick the bones;
Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
Eat a few *fiddlers* once or twice a year.'

"Such is the language lords employ, O king,
Enough the hearts of savages to wring,
And make, I hope, your royal conscience ache—
Such reasonings are indeed extremely deep!
Why should of lords the teeth and stomachs sleep,
Whilst those of keen churchwardens are awake?"

Thus to the king of nations will I cry—
But what will be his majesty's reply?
"Thank, thank ye, Peter, for supporting straws—
Good advocate—good, good, in a bad cause:

* Poor Saint Stephen had a very warm pair of breeches clapped to his —— lately; but the saint luckily shook them off.

* To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by fire.

I'll have no more such doings, let me tell ye—
No, no, no eating calves in the cow's belly."

ODE TO ST CECILIA.

The Poet very loyally calls upon St Cecilia, the great Patroness of Music, by way of justice of peace, constable, and comforter, to come down from heaven to the noble Directors, issue a proclamation for dissolving societies of musical instruments; taking them up, and knocking them to pieces, as also the heads of the musicians against each other.—The Poet concludes with a prophecy of returning power to the Directors.

Divine Cecilia, pray, from heaven step down;
Most wondrous are the doings in this town!
Behold, behold a tuneful revolution!
Directors banished, but no execution!
Thank God, no grinning heads of lords, poor souls,
Amid the mob, survey the streets on poles.

The fiddles screech with rapture one and all!
The flutes and hautboys whistle at the fall!
The pompous organ, for rebellion ripe!
Glad of the long-wished overthrow, he opes,
To show the world his pleasure, all his stops,
And pours his thunders through each giant pipe;

Whilst all his pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,
Like mad things, every one his tune, are bawling:
The hoarse bassoons their nasal twang employ—
And hog-like bases grunt the song of joy.

Wild screams the trumpet's brazen notes so clear;
And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,
Like cannon soundeth on the loaded ear,
At solemn intervals, the double drum.

The various instruments of wind and string,
Thus to the world in saucy triumph sing—
"What are those lord-directors?—arrant fools,
Mean mongrels—never bred in Music's schools;
With just as much of science as a pig;
Who scarcely know a psalm-tune from a jig.
Are these the men to lead us?—Music swears,
And to the pillory recommends their ears."

And lo, of Music the choice bands,
Delighted, clap their madding hands;
And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,
"Thank heaven," they roar, "those fellows are turned out.
No longer shall their tyranny impose,
And lead the king of nations by the nose."

Then, sweet Cecilia, leave thy lofty station;
O haste and issue out thy proclamation—
Of wondrous danger let it talk aloud—
Root up societies of flutes, bassoons;
Knock down the organ, for his rebel tunes,
The brazen trumpet break, and crack the crowd.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious band
Thy powerful and chastising hand—
And for their impudent and senseless pother,
Sweet goddess, knock one head against another.

O haste and keep the mournful lords in heart,
As scarce a single mortal takes their part,
Except the lofty family of pride,
Few are the comforters they boast beside—

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout;
Friends that few nobles ever are without;
Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and estate.

And yet 'tis said no virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling spirit, pride,
That Aconite, the noisome weed of gloom,
That near it suffers not a flower to bloom.

Joy to my soul! of Leeds his glorious grace
Puts forth a simpering, sweet prophetic face,
Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
"Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
Next year shall mark the triumph of my power,
When Faction's scowling fiends shall shun the day."

Thus when the Monarch of the winds, in spite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden light,
And blots the beauteous orb the world adorning,
Sol lifts the sable mantle of a cloud,
And peeping underneath the envious shroud,
Smiles hope, and says, "I'll shine to-morrow morning."

ODE.

The Bard advises the Directors to submit to their degraded situation; and, by way of consolation, informs them of the fallen state of the poets—and, moreover, comforts the Directors with the changes that take place amongst crowned as well as uncrowned heads.

Yet not alone are you by kings despised;
Lo, lofty poets are no longer prized,
That to an eagle turned a popinjay;
That scorned of Time the ever dreading wars,
Turned winking rush lights into blazing stars,
And stole from frail mortality, decay!

Poets, with that rare instrument called Rhyme,
Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of Time;
Snapped his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
Clipped his two wings, and fixed him on an ass:
Such was the envied power of ancient bards,
When kings vouchsafed to crown them with rewards.

In days of old the bards were sacred creatures,
Deemed so exalted in their natures!
By numbers thought fit company for gods!
Lo, at the feasts of kings the minstrels sat;
Ate, sung, and mingled in the royal chat;
And scarcely did there seem a grain of odds.

Thus cried those kings of old, (delightful praise!)
"Touch not the men of other days;
Hurt not a hair of those sweet sons of song,
Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
When we, amidst of death the narrow walls,
In gloomy silence shall be stretched along."

Scot-free the poets drank and ate;
They paid no taxes to the state!
Now comes a butcher, roaring, "Pay your bill;
Now the blue-aproned wight of beer,
And man of bread, approach and cry,
"Look here;
Not one more morsel, not a single gill,
Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
Until you quickly pay up every groat."
Unnatural! alas, what Gothic sounds!
Thus 'tis the rude profane a poet wounds!

At Windsor, when the monarch has been by,
How have I languished on the royal sty,
Where wantoned fifty little grunting grigs!
But never had the king the grace to say,
"You're hungry, hungry, Peter—take away,
Take, take a couple of the prettiest pigs."

Oft of his geese too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wished to stop their gobbling throats;
But vainly did mine eyes around them wander—
How easily the monarch might have said,
"You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid;
Take, take away the fattest goose or gander."

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve—
This is their speech in secret, "Sing and starve."

And yet our monarch has a world of books,
And daily on their backs so gorgeous looks;
So neatly bound, so richly gilt, so fine,
He fears to open them to read a line!

Since of our books a king can highly deem,
The authors surely might command esteem—
But here's the devil—I fear too many know it—
Some kings prefer the binder to the poet.

Yet though it never was poor Peter's fate
To get a sixpence from the man of state,
Who rather tries to keep the poets under—
Oft have I dipped in golden praise the pen,
Writing such handsome things about great men,
That Candour's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.

Yet had it happened that the bard
Had borne on high-bred folk a little hard;

Good for an evil mortals should return—
'Tis very wicked with revenge to burn.
The sun's a bright example, let me say—
Obliges the black clouds that veil his ray;
Oft makes them decent figures to behold,
And covers all their dirty rags with gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
And, ass-like, at a revolution bray:
Lo, kings themselves, like cabbages, grow cheap:
Thus every dog at last will have his day—
He who this morning smiled, at night may sorrow;
The grub to-day's a butterfly to-morrow.

ODE.

The Poet administers comfort to the disgraced Directors.

Poor imps! we all are born at times to groan!
Misfortune won't let Happiness alone;
Sharp as a cat for ever pleased to watch her,
And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Still must we all submit—it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal state!
Yet by our folly often worse we make it—
At disappointment frequent have I sighed:
"Pox take the world! indignant I have cried—
"Life is not worth the terms on which we take it."

Then on the lot of mortals did I scowl;
And angry thus, one night, addressed an Owl.

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

"Thou solemn bird on yonder ivied tower,
Wilt thou exchange thy nature, Owl, with me?
Happy to take possession of thy bower,
I here protest I would exchange with thee.

"When to his western bed the Sun retires,
Obeys the curfew, and puts out his fires;
When evening, blushful harbinger of Night,
Gems with the dews of health the drooping flower;
With cooling zephyrs fans the sober hour,
And wakes the myriads to the fading light:
"Forth, with what happiness I pass
Amid the moist reviving grass,
To meet the tribes by Nature made,
To crawl and wing the world of shade!

"Daughters and sons of Night that creep the ground,
Blessed must ye live, with such a calm around,
So unmolested, to enjoy your loves!
And lighter people, ye who spread the wing,
Now 'mid the moon's pale lustre sport and sing,
Now playful pierce the shadows of the groves.

"Ye harmless nations, with averted eyes,
The sons of men your silent world despise,
Because their eyes no punch-houses behold;
Because no mobs, nor fires, nor thieves appear;
Because no riots with their yells they hear;
No brothels, scenes of sallow fate unfold.

"Sweet Owl, this short apostrophe excuse;
And willing now to thee returns the Muse.

"O bird of wisdom, 'mid the twilight scene
Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien—
And now I see expand thy snowy wings:
To yonder elm, O happy, happy fowl,
Thou rushest forth to call upon Miss Owl,
Expectant of her beau, who darkling sings.

"Together now ye sail the dusky vale,
Now dart on prey, now mount again the gale;
Now on the moon-clad barn, or silent grove,
Your four hands filled with various game ye go,
(For hunger must be satisfied, I trow;)
And, after feasting, kiss and sing of love.

"To-morrow sullen must I move to town,
Shook in a wooden engine up and down,
For want, O Owl, of thy soft gliding wing—
Stowed with a gang of thieves, perchance, and trulls;
Too noisy for the thickest human skulls—
Who smoke, and laugh, and roar, and swill, and sing.

"Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive;
Fatigued, at busy London I arrive,
Parent of sin, and nastiness, and noise:

By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
Through motley mob I force my sighing way;
Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers' boys;

"Saluted as I pass along,
By all the various imps of song,
This crying rabbits, rabbits, wild fowl that,
Another mackerel, salmon, oyster, sprat!
With such a howling ear-distracting note,
And mouth extended as a barn-door wide,
That fish and flesh, forsooth, may be well cried,
A man might leap into each cavern throat.

"In Covent-garden, at the Hummum's, now,
I sit, but after many a curse and vow
Never to see the madding city more;
Where barrows truckling o'er the pavements roll,
And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
Where asses, asses greeting, love-songs roar;

"Which asses, that the Garden square adorn,
Must lark-like be the heralds of my morn.
Let others talk with wild affright
Of horrors and the shades of night:
You want no Sol's refulgent painful ray;
Night to your eyes is but a milder day.

"Let others mock your airs that simply flow—
Teeko, teewhit, teewhit, teeko—
But then, dear Owl, 'tis sweetly simple, mind:
Avaunt the scientific squall—
I hate it—nature hates it all—
But lo! 'tis science and the ton, I find.

"The ear with harsh chromatics must be teased,
Grown much too fashionable to be pleased.
Here could I wander 'mid the dewy glade,
On sacred silence feast, and shade:
But ah! farewell—rest calls me—'tis night's noon;
On wings of freedom as thou sweep'st the sky,
Sweet child of shadows, o'er my hamlet fly,
And kindly soothe my slumber with a tune."

Thus out of humour I addressed the bird,
Wishing to change conditions with the fowl;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I liked the *man*-state better than the *owl*.

Thus angered at the wayward tricks of fate,
Pettish you wish your grandeur at the devil;
Yet, after cursing high and mighty state,
You wisely deem it not so huge an evil:

Contented to be men of worship still,
Pleased with the gifts that kings, not Heaven, bestow;
Proud, from the height of Title's star-clad hill,
To mock us poor unhonoured grubs below.

ODE.

The Poet comforteth again and again and again the noble Directors with Moral Reflections, &c.

'Tis given as gospel both in prose and rhymes,
That people should not be for ever blessed;
Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
A salutary, though satiric guest;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of Sloth;
Like gout, that bites us into health so fair;
Or like the needle, while it wounds the cloth,
It puts the rag into repair.

Sigh now no more, nor let those suns, your eyes,
Be dimly gleaming through perpetual showers—
Let pleasure bring the beam of summer skies,
And gild the pinions of your sable hours.

Let not Grief's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor Fancy gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah! sigh no more, sweet lords, pray sigh no more!
Not all, not all your consequence is dead;
In Tottenham-street you still preserve a power,
And proudly bear an elevated head;

Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Musicians learn to tremble at the Lord.*

ODE.

THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE, WONDERFUL.

LIFE changes—now 'tis calm—now hurricane—
Up, down, down, up—a very windmill's vane
Is man, poor fellow—much too like a ball;
'Tis high, 'tis low—'tis this way now, now that,
Just as its wooden master wills, the bat—
Thus majesty can bid us rise or fall.

The monarch may repent him of the deed—
His heart, so soft, at your dismission bleed,
To House of Buckingham you may be called,
And at the queen's sweet little concerts sing;
Then how the tribe of nobles will be galled!
This will be soaring on the eagle's wing.

Thus to the world then be it understood,
What seems misfortune, happens for our good:
This from my rhyming storehouse, or my stable,
May be elucidated by a fable.†

ODE.

Still more Comfort for Directors.

ONCE more, I pray you, be not sad;
Remember what the proverb doth declare:
'Tis better riding on a pad,
Than on a horse's back that's bare.
At Tottenham's concert, to delight ye—
Behold, my lords, you still are mighty.

Think of your titles too—the name of Lord,
What merit it proclaims of head and heart!
It is a tradesman's handsome board,
In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of Lord
Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule—
And comfort to the hungry doth afford—
As nods of Lords are dinners for a fool.

"I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,"
Cried the proud Pharisee, the bellows
Or trumpet of his reputation blowing—
And you in triumph also may exclaim,
Proud of a peer's exalted name,
With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing:

"I thank my stars, I am not like the mob,
Whom Nature fabricated by the job."

You shall, you shall return to power,
And o'er the grumbling millions tower;
Your sacred laws shall be obeyed—
Musicians to allegiance must return—
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn;
Submitting, if you will it, to be flayed,

Their eyes so fierce, that flashed like tin reflectors,
As though they meant to roast the grand directors,
Shall from their meteor fury fade away—
Becoming mild and placid as the light
Shed by the worm, the lamp of dewy night,
Or Luna's modest, melancholy ray.

Yes! to your noble hearts' delight,
With waving wands and gloves so white,
And gilt medallions blessed, shall ye appear;
Smile at us Mob, the many-headed beast;
And as you seem to like a *gratis*-feast,
Eat a few fiddlers every year.

PETER'S PENSION,

A SOLEMN EPISTLE, TO A VERY SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

My heart is inditing a good matter—I speak of the things which I have made unto the king. Ps. xlv.

DREAD Sir, the ram's horns that blew down
The walls of Jericho's old town,
Made a most monstrous uproar, all agree—
But lo! a louder noise around us rages,
About two most important personages;
No less, my royal liege, than you and me!

* Of the night, who selects the music, and sometimes gives a soprano song to a base voice, and who once ordered, in the Jubilate, the trumpet to be executed by the German flute.

† See Mrs Robinson's Handkerchief, and Judge Buller's Wig, p. 90.

In short, not greater the Philistines made,
When Delilah, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipped off her lover Mr Samson's curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the house about their ears.

Prodigious is the shake around,
Still London keeps (thank God) her ground,
Yet, how th' exchange and coffee-houses ring!
Nothing is heard but Peter and the King:
The handsome bar-maids stare, as mute as fishes;
And sallow waiters, frightened, drop their dishes.

At first, 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews
On some great victory in the boxing way;
The news, the very anti-christian news,
Of Israel's hero* having won the day,
And Humphries, a good Christian boxer, beat:
Enough to give all Christendom a sweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,
Who on his hands hath got some serious work;
'Twas fancied he had lost the day;
That every Mussulman was killed in battle;
A fate most proper for such heathen cattle,
Who do not pray to God our way.

But lo! unto the lofty skies,
Of sound this wonderful ascension,
Doth verily, my liege, from this arise,
That you have given the gentle bard a pension!

Great is the shout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
That you have ordered me this handsome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes, I've said, "Good God!
Though great my merits, yet how great's the King."

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard
That all your doors were doubly locked and barred
Against the poet for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, stiff, stately, red machines,
Your grenadiers,—the guards of kings and queens,
Were ordered all to stab me to the heart:

* Daniel Mendoza.

That if to house of Buckingham I came,
Commands were given to Mistress Brigg,
A comely, stout, two-handed dame,
To box my ears, and pull my wig;
The cooks to spit me,—curry me, the grooms,
And kitchen queans to baste me with their brooms.

You're told that in my ways I'm very evil!
So ugly; fit only to travel for a show,
And that I look so grimly where I go,
Just like a devil!
With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start,
And in my breast a millstone for a heart.

This cometh from a certain painter, Sire;
Bid story-mousing Nicolay inquire.
Your page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes;
Who, jumping at each sound, so eager, opes
His pretty withered pair of Chinese chops,
Like a Dutch dog that catches butterflies,
He, Sire, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise!
Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes—
No devil am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs—
As for the likeness of my heart of stone—
That Sir,—it's full as tender as your own—
Accept, my liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

A POEM

TO AN UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

Say, lovely maid with downcast eye,
And cheek with silent sorrow pale;
What gives thy heart the lengthened sigh;
That heaving tells a mournful tale?

Those tears which thus each other trace,
Bespeak a breast o'erwhelmed with woe;
Thy sighs, a storm that wrecks thy peace,
Which souls like thine should never know.

Oh! tell me, doth some favourite youth,
Too often bless'd, thy beauties slight?

And leave those thrones of love and truth,
That lip, and bosom of delight.

What, though to other nymphs he flies,
And feigns the fond impassioned tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of sighs,
That, treacherous, won thy artless ear?

Let not those nymphs thy anguish move,
For whom his heart may seem to pine—
That heart shall ne'er be bless'd by love,
Whose guilt can force a pang from thine.

FOR CYNTHIA.

Ah! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart;
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguished, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall gratitude say with a tear,
"That no longer I think of those charms
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
And faded at length in my arms?"

Why, yes! it may happen thou damsel divine:
To be honest—I freely declare,
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

TO LAURA.

How happy was the morn of love,
When first thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltless of a wish to rove!
I deemed it more than death to part!

Whene'er from thee I chanced to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flowers my distant way,
And showered delight on every scene!

But fortune, envious of my joys,
'Hath robbed a lover of thy charms—
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doomed to flow,
May tears be never Laura's lot!
Let love protect thy heart from woe;
His wound to mine shall be forgot.

HYMN TO MODESTY.

O Modesty, thou shy and blushing maid,
Don't of a simple shepherd be afraid;
Wert thou my lamb—with sweetest grass I'd treat thee:
I am no wolf so savage that would eat thee:
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy fragrant breast, like Alpine snow so white,
Where all the nestling loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes, that shed the milder light
Of night's pale wanderer o'er the cloudless sky.
O nymph, my panting, wishing bosom warm,
Seeks thee around me, with thy latent charm!
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant spread,
And hide thy bosom with an envious shade;
Thy polished cheek so dimpled, where the rose
In all the bloom of ripening summer blows:
Thy luscious lips, that heavenly dreams inspire,
By beauty formed, and loaded with desire;
With sorrow, and with wonder, lo! I see
What melting treasures! thrown away on thee.
Then haste with me, O nymph to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Thou knowest not that bosom's fair design;
And as for those two pouting lips divine,
Thou thinkest them formed alone for simple chat—
To bill so happy with thy favourite dove,
And, playful force, with sweetly fondling love,
Their kisses on a lapdog or a cat.
Then haste with me, sweet maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Such thoughts thy sweet simplicity produces!
But I can point out far sublimer uses;

Uses the very best of men esteem——
Of which thine innocence did never dream.
Then haste with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Oh! fly from impudence, the brazen rogue,
Whose flippant tongue hath got the Irish brogue,
Whose hands would pluck thee like the fairest flower,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips, and neck devour:
Shun, shun that Caliban, and with me dwell:
Then come, and give a goddess to my cell.

The world, O simple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didst thou perceive but half the snares
The devil for charms like thine prepares!
Then haste, O nymph, with me to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

From morn to eve, my kiss of speechless love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and blushes shall improve;
And, lo! from our so innocent embrace,
Young Modesties shall spring, a numerous race,
The blushing girls in every thing like thee!
The bashful boys prodigiously like me!
Then haste with me, O nymph, to dwell,
And give a goddess to my cell.

Is not this pretty, Sir? can aught be sweeter;
Instead of that vile appellation, devil,
So blackguard, so unfriendly, and uncivil,
Should not I be baptized the gentle Peter?

Great is the buzz about the court,
And at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Christians meet,
Or Smithfield fair, where beasts of every sort,
Pigs, sheep, men, bullocks, all so friendly greet.

Busy, indeed, is many a sly court leech;
Afraid to trust each other with a speech—
In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting:
Some whispering, listening, tip-toe walking, squinting;
For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the king for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit;
While from its hole their heart doth slily peep,
And ask the tongue with marvelling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of such unconscionable, bare-faced lies.—

"How are the mighty fallen!" the people cry—
Meaning me,
"Another hog of Epicurus' stye;
This vile apostate bends to Baal the knee;
Lo, for a little meat and guzzle
This sneaking cur, a dog, too, takes the muzzle.

"In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm—
He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.
This mighty war-horse will be soon in hand,
By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
Calm as a hackney coach-horse on the strand,
Tossing about his nose-bag and his oats.

"Whatever he hath said, he does unsay,
In native impudence so rich—
Explain the plainest of all things away,
And call his muse a forward bitch;
Treat fire of friendly promises a smoke,
And laugh at truth and honour as a joke:"
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
As thick as small birds pestering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a pension found;
Which speech of simple truth the mob enrages;
"Peter, this is an arrant lie—
The fact is clear, too clear," they cry,
"Thou hast already touch'd a quarter's wages."

Varlet, it always was thy vile intention—
Thou hast, thou hast, thou liar? got a pension.
Still, to support my innocence, I've said,
Most sinfully, I own—"I ha'n't, by God:"—
Yet, had I sworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believed—How vastly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the sound, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop to think I'm dead—
Stunned by the unexpected news,
The magazines and the reviews
For grief can scarcely lift the head.

"Nothing but poor mechanic stuff," they cry,
"Shall now be quoted for the public eye;—
Nothing original in song;
No novelty of images and thought
Before our fair tribunal shall be brought!
But trifling transpositions of our tongue:
The sonneteers now must be called to rave,
And we must pay them too for every stave,
Forth from their garrets high, or cellars low,
To us they run, as soon as this they know;
Buckle and pipe makers now will dine,
And once more boast their porter and sur-loin.—
Penury, avaunt! their pockets now may chink,
And future gazeteers afford them drink.—

"The papers thus deserted, in a flurry,
Print all their paltry nonsense in a hurry;
For still the public must be soothed with song,
However weak or foolish, right or wrong.—

"Nought but a solemn pomp of words,
Bearing a lifeless thought, shall readers meet—
The picture of a funeral that affords;
So solemn marching through the staring street;

"Where flags, and horse, and foot, a sorrow ape,
With all the dread dismality of crape,
Near the poor corpse—perhaps a puny brat,
Or dry old maid as meagre as a cat."

No, Sir! you never offered me a pension—
But then I guess it is your kind intention—
Yes, Sir, you mean a small *douceur* to proffer;
But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much obliged t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
But oratorios have half undone ye:
'Tis whispered, too, that thieves have robbed the till,
Which kept your bread and butter money:

So much with saving wisdom are you taken,
That Drury and the Garden seem forsaken—
Since cost attendeth those theatric borders,
Content you go to Richmond House with orders.
Formed to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the sweet princess* came of age,
Train oil, instead of wax, was bid t'illume
The goodly company and dancing-room!
This never had been done, I'm very sure,
Had not you been, some way or other, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live-stock, Sir,
To graze your Windsor hill and dale;
And farmers will not let their cattle stir,
Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told, your sheep have died by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have suffered by the fitches;
And that your man-traps, guards of goose and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but so-so luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chase of fowls and eggs,
Have in those pretty engines lost their legs.

The bulse, Sir, on a visit to the Tower,
Howe'er the royal visage may look sour,
Howe'er the object of a deep devotion,
Must cross, they say, once more the ocean.†

Indeed I hope the diamonds will be off,
Or scandal on us rolls in floods—
Some Nabob may be vile enough
To bring an action for stolen goods—
An action, to speak lawyer-like, of trover,
But Heaven forbid it ever should come over!

For money matters, I am sure,
The Abbey music was put off;
Because the royal purse is poor,
Plagued with a dry consumptive cough;
Yet in full health again that purse may riot,
By God's grace, and a skim-milk diet.

* Princess Royal.
† Indian must be supposed.

Close as a vice behold the nation's fist!
Vain will be mouths made up for the civil list!
And humble prayers, so very stale,
Will all be called an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the nation's savings—
Your favourite minister, I'm told, runs *restiff*,
And growls at such petitions like a mastiff.

What, if my good friend Hastings goes to pot?
Adams and Anstruther have flung hard stones—
He finds his situation rather hot—
Burke, Fox, and Sheridan may break his bones.

As surely as we saw and felt the bulse,
Hastings has got a very awkward pulse;
Therefore in jeopardy the culprit stands!
Like patients, whose disorders doctors slight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And slip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir!—oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but the remembrance of the bulse is ours;
And to a stomach that like ours digests,
Slight is the dinner on remembered feasts.

I think we cases understand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as most ingenious men;
But, Lord! how oft the wisest are mistaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badgered bacon.

We may be out, with all our skill so clever,
And what we think an ague, prove jail-fever.

Nebuchadnezzar, Sir, the king,
As sacred histories sweetly sing,
Was, on all fours, turned out to grass,
Just like a horse, or mule, or ass:
Heavens! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not so turn out,
That we shall have (to make a rout)
A second part of that old story!

This pension was well meant, O glorious king,
And for the bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuse it, I implore—
I ought not to be rich whilst you are poor.
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your majesty would break my back.

I dare refuse you for another reason—
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a sin allied to treason,
And vastly dangerous to the commonweal,
For subjects, minutes and jigs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fiddling—
And, in my morals, what the world calls middling:
I've asked my conscience, that came straight from Heaven,
Whether I stood a chance to be forgiven,
If on a Sunday, from all scruples free,
I scraped the old Black Joke and *Chere Amie*.

"Ah, fool," exclaimed my conscience, "no, no, no!
God never against music made a rule;
On Sundays you may safely take your bow—
And play as well the fiddle, as the fool."

A late archbishop,* too, O king,
Who knew most secrets of the skies,
Said, Heaven on Sundays relished pipe and string,
Where sounds on sounds unceasing rise—
And asked, as Sunday had its music there,
Why Sunday should not have its music here?

In consequence of this divine opinion,
That prince of parsons in your great dominion,
Informed his fashionable wife,
That she might have her Sunday routs and cards.
And meet at last with Heaven's rewards,
When death should take her precious life.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!
Upon Good Friday, too, that awful day,
Lo! like Vauxhall was Lambeth all so gay!

Now, if his present grace, with keener eyes,
Could squint a little further in the skies,
He might be able to inform his dame,
Of two impostors, p'rhaps, called Sin and shame,
Who many a pleasure from our grasp remove,
Pretending to commissions from above.

* Cornwallis.

Like this, a secret could his grace explore,
What a merry day for us and Mistress Moore!
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys than Messieurs Sin and Shame.

Then might we think no more of praise and prayer,
But leave at will our Maker in the lurch;
Sleep, racket, lye a-bed, or take the air,
And leave to owls and bats to fill the church.

Sunday, like other days, would then have life;
Now prim, and starch, and silent, as a quaker—
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
Or widow of an undertaker.

Happy should I have been, my liege,
So great a monarch to oblige;
And, Sir, between you and the post,
And me, you don't know what you've lost—

The loss of me, so great a bard,
Is not, O king! to be repaired.
My verse, superior to the hardest rock,
Nor earthquake, storms, nor sea, nor fire—
Fears nought.
Surpassing, therefore Mistress Damer's block,
That boasts so strong a likeness of you, Sire,
That block so ponderous, must with time decay,
And all the lines of wisdom wear away:

I grant the lady's loyalty and love,
Yet, "none but Phidias should attempt a Jove."

The Macedonian hero graced the stone
Of famed Praxiteles alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was so great and difficult a job.

Augustus swore an oath so dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But Virgil's, that should dare his praise rehearse,
Or even mention his name in verse.
Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would suit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues should like bonfires blaze—
So firm your tuneful jeweller would set 'em,
They'd break the teeth of Time to eat 'em.

Wrapped in the splendour of my golden line,
For ever would your Majesty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of first repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day suit.

Then to old stories would I give the lie,
That dared attack you, and your fame devour;
Making a king a ninepin in our eye,
Who ought, like Egypt's pyramids, to tower;
Such as the following fable,† for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented sample!

* See the Royal Sheep, p. 12.

A BENEVOLENT EPISTLE

TO

SYLVANUS URBAN,

ALIAS

MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, PRINTER,

COMMON-COUNCILMAN OF FARRINGDON WARD, AND CENSOR-GENERAL OF LITERATURE;

NOT FORGETTING

MASTER WILLIAM HAYLEY,

POET AND ESSAYIST.

How now, prithee, John,
Do not quarrel, man,
Let us be merry, and
Drink about. *Catch.*

I, WHO, ambitious that the brats, my rhymes,
Should see the gentlefolks of future times;
Rise like antiques in value, nor expire,
Till ruin spreads his universal fire:
Dread thought! that to destruction must be given
This charming world, this handsome work of Heaven!
I, who, regardful of the courtier throng,
To kings, and lords, and commons, tuned the song;
Bade Tom* no more indulge the golden dream,
And kindly wished his wit a wiser theme;
Struck to the lime and mortar† knight the string,
And hailed of butterflies the nursing king,‡
Who scorning suns and moons, with happier eyes,
Beholds from dunghills purple emperors§ rise;

* Late Mr Warton, Poet Laureat. See Brother Peter to Brother Tom, p. 94.
† Sir William Chambers.
‡ Sir Joseph Banks.
§ A rare species of butterfly.

More blessed on this our earth a frog to see,
To find a cockleshell, and boil a flea,*
Than dwell in yonder skies, with glory crowned,
Where frogs, nor fleas, nor cockleshells are found;
More blessed to mark a bat's than angel's wing;
To hear a grasshopper than seraph sing;
More pleased to view (if rumour justly paints)
The tails of tadpoles than the heads of saints;
And hear (if fame to credence may be given,
One humming-bird than all the host of heaven;
I, who to men of canvass struck the lyre,
And set with rhymes the academy on fire,†
O'er mount Parnassus Jove-like cast my shoe;
At poets smiled, and poetesses too;

* See the Ode upon Boiled Fleas, p. 10.
† Stirred the ingenious artists up to emulation, not put them in a violent passion, as some uncandid critics might insinuate.

Preferred the ballads of the good Old Bailey
To all the cold pomposities of Hayley,
Whose rhymes, as soon as littered, join the heaps,
Where midst her shadowy gulf oblivion sleeps;
So deep, who scarce can dive into himself!
So lofty, too, the tenant of the shelf!
Now stiffer than recruits, so raw at drill;
Now *petit-maître* of the Muse's Hill:
I, who to grave reviewers sighed my prayer,
Submissive bending at the critic's chair;
And, blushing, begged one little laurel sprig,
To bring importance, and adorn my wig:
I, who Sam Whitbread's brewhouse praised in song,
So highly honoured by the royal throng;
Berhymed a goodly monarch and his spouse,
Miss Whitbread's courtesies, Mister Whitbread's bows,
Amounting, history says, to many a score,
Such, too, as Chiswell street ne'er saw before,
Not e'en forgetting with my classic force,
The brewer's bull-dog, and his marvelling horse;
The curious draymen into puncheons creeping,
And charmed with greatness, through the bug-holes peeping;
I, who to Pitt the chords in anger struck,
Who whelmed his prince so gracefully with muck.
Lycurgus Pitt, whose penetrating eyes
Beholds the fount of freedom in excise;
Whose patriot logic possibly maintains
Th' identity of liberty and chains:
I, who of Leeds and Hawkesbury designed to sing,
The blessed favourites of a blessed king;
High on the labouring pinions of an ode,
Heaved Brudenell's folly, what a leaden load!
Brudenell who bids us all the proverb feel,
"The largest calves are not the sweetest veal."
I, who on such rich subjects deigned to shine,
Now tune to once a printer's devil the line;
But now no more a devil—with Atlas mien,
The great supporter of a magazine;*
No more, no more a devil with humble air,
But fit companion for our great Lord Mayor!

* The Gentleman's, as it is modestly called; to whose gentility Mr Hayley is a constant contributor, in the way of ingenious rhyme and liberal criticism.

How like the worm which crawls at first the earth,
But, getting a new coat, disdains its birth;
Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
And wings o'er trees and towers its airy way;

With anger foaming, and of vengeance full,
Why belloweth John Nichols like a bull?
Say, goddess, could a few poetic stripes
Make John, so furious, kick about his types:
Spin round his pandimonium like a top,
And, thundering, to its centre shake the shop?
Could Satire's twig produce so dire a din?
And dwells such softness in a printer's skin?

Illiberal! never, never have I said,
That thou wert not an honest man in trade!
Whether from principle or jail dismay
Springs thy morality, we dare not say;
Since jails, those iron agents of the law,
Keep many a graceless rogue in pious awe.
Yet, son of ink, devoutly let us hope
Thou lovest a virtue more than dreadst a rope;
Nay, to thy honour let me this declare,
To make the rigid sons of conscience stare,
That when thou money lendest, such thy purity,
Detesting bad, thou seekest good security.
Inclined for ever, John, to take thy part,
Thus have I poured the dictates of my heart:
"If 'midst a vulgar mass his stars unkind,
Have placed most niggardly a pigmy mind,
'Tis not John's fault—John should not blush for shame,
His Parsimonious planets are to blame.
What though in wisdom's crucible his head
Prove that it dealeth less in gold than lead;
Unskilled on classic ground to cut a caper,
Yet knoweth John the price of print and paper:
His nice discerning knowledge none deny,
On crown, imperial, foolscap, and demy,
On blankets, sheepskins,* urine, John can think;
Myself would take his sentiments on ink:
Myself would take his sentiments on letters:
On syllables, indeed, I'd ask his betters.
The meanest mortal let us not deride:
Lo! beasts of burden oft must be our guide;
Yes, through the dark and unknown track, of course,
I yield up all opinion to my horse."

* Necessary for making printers' balls.

Truth, let fair truth for ever rule my rhymes!
I'm told this lady visits thee sometimes!
How kind! how humble! thus the god of day
Deigns to a mudpool to impart his ray!
Amidst the passions' roar, a clamorous host,
Oft is the gentle voice of reason lost!
How triest thou, butcher-like, to carve my work,
And treat each sweet-soul'd stanza like a Turk!
From such sad readers, Heaven the muse protect,
Proud to find fault, and raptured with defect!
Yet though thou frown'st on Peter's every line,
Behold the difference, John!—he smiles on thine.

Say not I hate each man of verse and prose;
I reverence genius, John, where'er it grows:
Whene'er it beams through ignorance's night,
I mark the stranger with as keen delight,
As looks the pilgrim on Bassora's towers,
Her streams, ambrosial blooms, and myrtle bowers,
Who, long denied of hope's sweet cup to taste,
Had sighed amidst the solitary waste.

Blame not the bard, thou man of lettered pride,
Who taking not Dame Prudence for thy guide,
Didst stone the poet's mansion like an ass,
Forgetting that thy own was made of glass.
Know, John, that passion maketh man a swine;
Know this, and bid thy conduct copy mine.
When deeming me a Saracen in heart,
Why, simple John, attempt my road to thwart?
Amidst thy walks should bullies meet thine eye,
Compos'dly let those bullies pass thee by:
To blustering bravoes, for my ease and pride,
I give the wall, and, smiling, turn aside.
Thus, if a rock or log the stream oppose,
That sweetly lambent from its fountain flows,
No foamy turbulence the rills betray,
But, easy yielding, wind in peace away!
My hate of courtiers how thine anger drew,
I own I loathe St James's servile crew:
Where'er the smiles of royalty are found,
The lazy clan of courtiers crouch around:
Thus, on the country town when Phœbus shines,
Amidst the radiance every cur reclines:
And lo! neglectful of the mice and rats,
Each street presents us with a dozen cats.

Truth needs not, John, the eloquence of oaths,
Not more so than a decent suit of clothes
Requires of broad gold lace th' expensive glare,
That makes the linsey-woolsey million stare;
Besides a proverb, suited to my wish,
Declares that swearing never catches fish.
'Tis vulgar—I have said it o'er and o'er;
Then keep thy temper, man, and swear no more.
Struck, nay, half petrified, that Banks should dare,
Indecent fellow! ravish Newton's chair;
Mock such as wisdom's sacred mines explore,
And kick the arts and sciences to door;
Making (methinks a monstrous impropriety)
A fly-club of a great and famed society:
The muse, with virtuous indignation stung,
In rhyme's strong chains the brazen culprit hung;
When, with the fury of a thousand foes,
Howled the wild tempest of thy verse and prose,
Shocked that an idle gossip, Madam Thrale,*
And he,† a feather genius in thy scale,
High panting for the echo of a name,
Should meanly crucify poor Johnson's fame:
I own I glowed with more than mortal ire,
And fixed to satire's scourge my sharpest wire;
When lo! the poet's visage to begrime,
Forth rushed thy muddy sluice of prose and rhyme:
For this, against my will, indeed with tears,
I showed a grinning land thy ass's ears.

Fired that the muse should daringly suggest
That stars have beamed upon the blackest breast;
Just like their heavenly cousins all so bright,
O'er the dark mantle of old mother night;

* Now Piozzi. † Boswell.

Should hint (by fortune's wild vagaries placed)
That crowns may feel themselves at times disgraced
To take a king's and courtier's part so prone,
Full at my forehead didst thou fling the stone:
But thanks to Phœbus, who secured my crown,
Thou couldst not bring the great Goliah down.

Grieved that th' ambitious muse a prince should praise,
Whose name diffuses lustre o'er her lays;
A prince whose only fault is want of art,
Whose horrid vice, benevolence of heart;
Which little abject souls profusion call,
And o'er each action vainly spit their gall:
Grieved that the muse attacked with scorn a man,
Unlucky formed on Nature's hungry plan;
Who, lord of millions, trembles for his store,
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate;
Whose matchless avarice is meat and drink,
That dreads to spill a single drop of ink;
On each superfluous letter vents a sigh,
And saves the little dot upon an *i*;
Happy even Nature's tenderest ties to slight,
And vilely rob an offspring of his right;
Forth rushed thy venom—harmless, too, it flowed,
For man defies the poison of a toad;
Vexed that the muse (as if she uttered treason)
Should try to bring poor Boswell back to reason;
(Herculean toil, to keep such folly under!)
Loud from thy head's dark cloud I felt the thunder!
When mad t' induce the world to deem thee wise;
Thou staredst through spectacles with sapient eyes;
Say, did I cry, th' imposture to expose,
("See John's whole stock of wisdom on his nose!")
Cat-like, because the world my lyrics read,
Thine envy clawed the laurel on my head:
Yet clawed I not again with cat-like spleen,
The drooping leaves of thy sad magazine;
Touched not thy trash, nor Hayley's tinsel stuff;
Nor fresh, stale, new antiquities of Gough;*

* A fabricator of antiquities, and one of Sir Joseph's copper farthing oracles, and constant tea and toast men.

Indeed I'm tender conscienced on that score,
And learn to look with pity on the poor:
No Mohawk I, in scenes of horror bred,
I scorn to scalp the dying or the dead;
Yet well thou knowest that with trifling toil,
On satire's gridiron I could bid thee broil—
Turn tuneful butcher, cut thee into quarters,
And give thee, John, for one of Folly's martyrs.—
I see thy vanity in all its fulness;
The turbot venison of aspiring dulness;
And let me, oh! rare epicure, remark,
That thou hast got a gullet like a shark.
Myself as merciful as man can be,
I grieve to find that mercy not in thee.
Behold, amidst their shortening, panting breath,
Poor souls! the dying dread thee more than death.
"Oh save us from John Nichols!" is the cry,
"Let not that death-hunter know where we lie;
What in delirium from our lips may fall,
Oh! hide—our letters, burn them, burn them all!
Oh! let not from the tomb our ghosts complain!
O Jesu! we shall soon be up again;
Condemned, alas! to grin with grisly mien,
'Midst the pale horrors of his magazine:
Like felons first in Newgate ballads sung,
Then (given to infamy) on Hounslow hung!"
Know, when thou took'st of Aristarch the chair,
My eyes expanded only to a stare:
Softly, indeed, unto myself I sighed,
"Johnson,* thy place is damnably supplied;
Not that I think this idol of a million,
Longinus, Aristotle, or Quintillian;
Who gives (against sound taste so apt to sin)
A pyramid's importance to a pin:
On every theme alike his pompous art,
The general conflagration or a fart."
When into Fame's fair dome, t' insult her throne,
So free, as if the house had been thy own,
Thou daredst to shove a vile conundrum crew,
Fellows that Phœbus nor the Muses knew;
Speak, did I tell the nation with my pen,
How fame in anger kicked them out agen;

* The late Dr Johnson for many years superintended this magazine, a post of honour afterwards assumed by Mr Deputy Nichols.

Threw at their heads the lumber of their brains,
And called thee a pert puppy for thy pains?
On such marked impudence did I harangue,
And give to public scorn the pigmy gang?
Short are the hours that smuggled praise can last,
An echo, a poor meretricious blast;
A sudden gust that bids old ruins stare,
And, howling, whirls a feather through the air.
Flattery, a little, sly, deceiving lass,
With smile resistless, and a front of brass,
Shall reign, perchance, the idol of a day;
Then, like a battered harridan, decay;
Whilst Truth, unfading, lifts the head on high,
And dares the tooth of e'en old time defy;
Lifts her fair head, and looks with brow sublime,
On all the fading pageantries of time,
Whose leather stretching conscience interest sways,
Shamed that the Hesperian fruit desired praise;
Should fall through sordid avarice and spleen
Upon thy head, and cram thy magazine.
Charmed as a child whose doting eye regards
Its imitation of St Paul's with cards;
When fired by Plutarch's venerable name,
Whose genius raised a pyramid to fame;
Thou gavest of Bowyer's life a gossip's story,
And only rearedst a dunghill to thy glory:
I railed not at thine infant emulation,
Nor spread thy weakness, John, around the nation;
Nay, grieved was I, as all the world can tell,
That thou shouldst write a book that would not sell.
Oft have I whispered to myself, "Enough
Of this most tiresome fellow's monthly stuff:
A magazine! a pedlar's, huckster's shop,
That harbours brush, and cabbage-net, and mop,
Pan, gridiron, button, buckle, bodkin, bead,
Tape, turnip, malkins, nightcaps green and red,
Pins, pipkins, garters, oatmeal, jorden, dish,
Stale loaves, and rusty nails, and stinking fish!"
Yet bade I not the world its laughs prepare,
To meet thy miserable monthly ware:
Nay, man, I've praised thee—for example, said,
"Lo! in this cumbrous magazine displayed
Once in a year a verse to raise our wonder,
Which proves that John may make a lucky blunder;
How like the heavy mountain, on whose side
A daisy starts in solitary pride!"
Lo! from ebriety their sons to save,
The Greeks oft showed the lads a drunken slave:
I thus might thee, O gingling John, display
A sad example in the rhyming way,
For printers, and their demons to avoid,
Whose labours might more wisely be employed;
But pity sweetly whispers in my ear,
"Expose not folly that deserves a tear;
Set not the roaring lion at a rat,
Nor call down thunder to destroy a gnat."
When mad for honours*—softly have I said,
"What imp could put it in the printer's head?
Oh! may the fates the maniac over-rule,
For titles cannot dignify a fool!"
Complain not that I've wronged thy reputation,
By calling thee the silliest in the nation:
No, John, be comforted,—it cannot be;
I think I know a few that equal thee.
Swear, swear not that I've said, to wound thy fame,
That hirelings wrote each work which bears thy name;
How false! I know thou wrotest many a line,
For all the blunders of the book are thine.
A literary jackdaw, thou, God wot!
Yet by that thievish name I called thee not;
A carrion-crow that lives upon the dead;
Yet hawk-like pounced I not upon thy head;
A daring coiner, lo! I let thee pass,
Nor once impeached thy literary brass!
Speak—when enamoured of thy monthly hash;
Thou clapp'st another sixpence on thy trash;
Once did thou hear me in a passion roar,
"Was ever impudence like this before?"
Instead of making in th' affair a fuss,
In soft soliloquy I whispered thus:
"How blessed the fool! he thinks he all things knows;
With joy he wakes, with joy his eye-lids close:
Pleased through the world to spread his own renown,
With calm contempt he looks on others down;

* Alluding to John's ambition to become a Common-council-man.

Self and his own dear works th' eternal theme,
His daily idol and his nightly dream;
Thrice envied being, whom no tongue can wound,
In pride's impenetrable armour bound!
How much in happiness beyond the wise,
Who view the greatest men with pitying eyes.
O'er human imbecility who groan,
And sigh to think how little can be known!"
Oh, do not to the muse's hill resort,
Æsop's dull brute!—a bumpkin 'midst a court;
With brother council crack the clumsy joke;
Midst beer and brandy, bread and cheese, and smoke;
Descend the ladder to the clouds below,
Where ordinary men of two-pence go;
Where vagrant knives and forks are bound in chains,
And never table-cloth is spoiled by stains;
Where in the board's black hole (superb design!)
Pepper and salt in matrimony join;
And in another hole, with frown and smile,
Much, too, like marriage, vinegar and oil!—
Where—for a towel (economic thought!)
A monstrous mastiff's after dinner brought,
Complacent waits on gentlemen's commands,
And yields his back so rough to wipe the hands—
Such is the scene where thou shouldst ever sit,
Formed to thy taste, and suited to thy wit—
Deal not in history; often have I said
'Twill prove a most unprofitable trade:
Talk not of Painting, for thou knowest her not;
Such coy acquaintance will not boil thy pot:
Nor make strong love to Music, she's a dame
Who smiles not on the souls of earth, but flame,
Push not thy brain to thought—thou canst not think—
From metaphysics should thy genius shrink!
To thee superior see the goddess rise,
And hide her lofty head amidst the skies!
Behold eternal mist her beauties shroud,
And 'tis not thy weak eyes can pierce the cloud,
Cursed with the common *furor* of inditing,
Yet, if thy head possess the mange of writing,
Go with Biography and cool thy rage;
Pen lives that cannot well disgrace thy page;
Describe whom every nobler virtue curses,
A pair who mump with millions in their purses,
If loftier subjects thy ambition call,
Descant upon the giants of Guildhall.

ELEGY TO APOLLO.

The Poet complaineth of the Cruelty of Authors, Authoresses, and the Blue-Stocking Club.

GREAT are my enemies in trade, God knows!
There's not a poet but would stop my note;
With such a world of spite their venom flows,
With such good-will the knaves could cut my throat.

Yet how have I offended, Phœbus, say,
To get so much ill-blood, such cursing looks?
Is it because my more ambitious lay
Disdains to visit trunk-makers and cooks?

To go with them to grocers, and to men
Who fortune in that weed tobacco see;
From thence come deeply laden back agen,
With sugar, pigtail, pepper, and rappee?

The man of words, of stilt-supported phrase,
The glistering Hayley scorns whate'er I write;
This will-o'wisp of verse disdains my lays;
Tales, odes, nor Lousiads yield the least delight!

So softly, yet in ware so humbly dealing!
So classically tasteless! big with nought!
So tender, yet so destitute of feeling!
So sentimental, too, without a thought!

I see the band of Blue-stockings arise,
Historic, critic, and poetic dames!
This lifts her palms, and that her marvelling eyes,
And squeaks, "The fellow's stuff should feel the flames;

"Such is the way his works should come to light:"—
Thus rail those dames of classic erudition:

Thus, leagued with wit, unmerciful they bite
Thy favourite bard, O Phœbus, and physician!

And now I hear a score in union bawl—
"In cold contempt shall poor Piozzi sigh?
Miss Hannah More into oblivion fall?
Dear Mistress Montague neglected lie?

"Those rich Corinthian pillars of the club,
Sink to the ground so vile, with dust bespread;
Whilst he, of motley poetry the Scrub,*
Erects, Colossus-like, his brazen head!

"Oh! let the scullion use his vapid book,
Instead of dishclouts, when her hands she wipes:
Oh! let the kindled leaves assist the cook,
And of old washerwomen light the pipes!"

Thus in my condemnation all agree,
The mighty cloud-capped petticoated wise;
Whilst pleased (as conscious of the just decree)
In proud disdain their snuff-clad noses rise!

The Misses sad of elegy, my foes,
Say my rude genius wants the genuine fire;
Bald all my rhymes, my verses measured prose,
That bears would better touch the Muse's lyre.

The riddle and conundrum-mongers cry,
"Pshaw! damn his lyric odes and satires all;
His strength in fields Diarian dares he try?
Soon would the almanack record his fall!"

Thus with dread voice my enemies exclaim,
Thus am I doomed to gulp the bitter pill!
Themselves, "fair traders of the mount," they name,
But me a smuggler on thy sacred hill!

God of us lyrics, shall I rouse my rhyme,
Confound the gang, and vindicate my lay;
Or calmly leave them to devouring Time,
Who dines upon such witlings every day?

* The Poet here fancifully alludeth to Mr Scrub, the servant of all work, in Farquhar's play of the Beaux Stratagem.

ODE UPON ODE;

OR

A PEEP AT ST JAMES'.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—
To painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,
Drop in at Windsor, on the best of kings;
Now, at St James', about Handel prate,
Hear odes, see lords and 'squires, and smile at state.

PROEMIUM.

Know, reader, that the laureat's post sublime
Is destined to record, in tuneful rhyme,
The deeds of British monarchs, twice a year;
If great—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If pitiful—(as Shakspeare says) the song
"Must suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But bards must take the uphill with the down;
Kings cannot always oracles be hatching:
Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—
Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the catching.

O gentle reader! if, by God's good grace,
Or (what's more sought) good interest at court,
Thou gett'st, of lyric trumpeter, the place,
And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't;
Hear! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
And of a stanch old coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employed to celebrate a king,
Let fancy lend thy muse her loftiest wing—
Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere;
Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries;
For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,
Are zephyrs whispering to the royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praise each monarch crams:
Hot spices suit alone their pampered nature:
Alas! the stomach, parched by burning drams,
With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal mania for applause;
And, as a horse-pond, wide are monarch maws,—
Formed, therefore, on a pretty ample scale:
To sound the decent panegyric note,
To pour the modest flatteries down their throat,
Were offering shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to kings,
To touch to Abigails of courts the strings;
Give the queen's toad-eater a handsome sop,
And swear she always has more grace
Than even to sell the meanest place—
Swear, too, the woman keeps no title-shop;

Sells, not, like Jews in Paul's Church-Yard, their ware,
Who on each passenger for custom stare;

And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,
"*Sher! vat you buy, Sher?—Madam! vat you buy?*"

Thus, reader, ends the prologue to my ode!
The true-bred courtiers wonder whilst I preach—
And, with grave visards, and stretched eyes to God,
Pronounce my sermon a most impious speech.
With all my spirit—let them damn mylays—
A courtier's curses are exalted praise.

I HEAR a startled moralist exclaim,
"Fie, Peter, Peter! fie for shame!
Such counsel disagrees with my digestion."
Well! well then, my old Socrates, to please thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,
I'll nobly take the other side the question.

Par exemple:

Fair praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
Flattery, base coin—a cheat upon the nation:
And yet our vanity doth much admire it,
And really gives it all its circulation.

Flattery's a sly insinuating screw—
The world—a bottle of tokay so fine—
The engine always can its cork subdue,
And make an easy prisoner of the wine.

Flattery's an ivy wriggling round an oak—
This oak is often honest blunt John Bull—
Which ivy would its great supporter choak,
Whilst John (so thick the walls of his dark skull)
Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—
Till Master Ivy creeps into John's guts;
And gives poor thoughtless John a set of gripes:
Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,
John roars; and, when to a consumption drained,
Finds out the knave his folly entertained.

Praise is a modest unassuming maid,
As simply as a Quaker-beauty dressed:—
No ostentation hers—no vain parade:
Sweet nymph! and of the sweetest words possessed;
Yet, heard with reverence when she silence breaks,
And dignifies the man to whom she speaks

Flattery's a pert French milliner—a jade
Covered with *rouge*, and flauntingly arrayed—
Makes saucy love to every man she meets,
And offers even her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public hisses—
Divines so grave—philosophers can bear her;
What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her;
Nay, court the smiling harlot's very kisses.

AN ODE.

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or custard-pudding at a city feast,
Tom's incense greets his sovereign's hungry nose:
For, bating birth-day torrents from Parnassus,
And new-year's spring-tide of divine molasses,
Fame in a scanty rill to Windsor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom), in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;—
Sung knights and barbed steeds with valour big:—
Knights who encountered witches, murdered wizards,
Flogged Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards:
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:—

Knights who illumined unbelieving souls
Through pretty little well-formed eyelet-holes,
By pious pikes, and godly lances made—
Tools! that worked wonders in the holy trade;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,
And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,
With force, the sacred oracles to tell
Unto the thickest unbelieving skulls:—

Knights, who, so famous at the game of tourney,
Took boldly to the Holy-Land a journey,
To plant, with swords, in hearts, the gospel-seeds;
Just as we hole for cucumbers, hot beds,
Or pierce the bosom of the sullen earth,
To give to radishes or onions birth:

—Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile field,
And to an enemy obliged to yield,
Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob stir:
Poor devils! who, like alligators hacked,
At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, cracked;
Were dragged from coats of armour—like a lobster.

Great (says the laureat) were the poet's puffings
On idle daring red-cross raggamuffins,
Who for their childishness deserved a birch:
Quoth Tom, A worthier subject, now, thank God!
Inspires the lofty dealer in the ode,
Than blockheads battling for old mother church.

Times (quoth our courtly bard) are altered quite—
The poet scorns what charmed of yore the sight—
Goths, women, Vandals, castles, horses, mares:
The polished poet of the present day,
Doth in his tasty shop display,
Ah! vastly prettier-coloured wares.

—The poet "moulds his harp to matters mild,"
Quoth Tom—to monarch, who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the birth-day thunder:

Crotchets that scorn the praise of common folly—
Though not most musical—most melancholy:
Ah! crotchets doomed to charm our ears no more,
Although by Mr Parsons set in score.

Drear and eternal silence doomed to keep,
Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep—
To speak in humbler English—doomed to rest,
With court addresses, in a musty chest.

Yet all the lady amateurs declared,
They were the charming'st things they ever heard:
As for example—all the angels Gideons—
That is, my lady, and her daughters fair,
With coal-black eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew air—
The lovely produce of the two religions.

Thus, in their virtues, greyhounds best succeed,
When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed:
And thus, with nobler lustre, shines the fowl
Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampson too declared, with voice divine,
"Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat hog,
He nebber did hear mooshic half sho fine;
No! nebber shince he lafs the shinnygogue."

His Grace of Queensbury, too, with eyes though dim,
And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drowned!
Listening, in attitude of Corporal Trim,
He raised his thin gray curl to catch the sound:

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,
But in his own immortal glees and catches;
Yet were those crotchets all condemned to rest
In the dark bosom of a musty chest!

Crotchets that formed into so sweet an air,
As charmed my Lady Mayoress and Lord Mayor;
Who thought (and really they were true believers;
The music equalled marrow-bones and cleavers.

Strains! that the reverend bishops had no qualms
In saying, that they equalled David's Psalms:
But not surpassed, in melody, the bell
That mournful soundeth an archbishop's knell:
Strains! that Sir Joseph Mawbey deemed divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine.

Even great Lord Brudenell's* self admired the strain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain;

* A prodigious great amateur—Without his lordship there can be no rehearsal.

Who, winking, beats with duck-like nods the time,
And called the music and the words sublime.

Too, all the other lords, with plaudits swarming,
Cried bravo! bravo! charming! bravo! charming!
And majesty itself, to music bred,
Pronounced it "Very, very good, indeed!"
Indulging, p'rhaps, the very natural dream,
That all its charms were owing to the theme.

Not, but some small degree of harmless pleasure
Might in the brace of royal bosoms rise,
To think they heard it without waste of treasure:
As sixpences are lovely in their eyes.

A few months since, I heard a forward dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—
"Good God! how kings and queens a song adore!
With what delight they order an encore!
When that same song, encored, for nothing flows!
This Madam Mara to her sorrow knows."

"To Windsor, several times, and eke to Kew,
The royal mandate Madam Mara drew.
No cheering drop was Mara asked to sip—
No bread was offered to her quivering lip:
Though faint, she was not suffered to sit down—
Heaven help the goodness—grandeur of the crown!

"Now tell me, ladies, will it be believed,
How much for song and chaise-hire she received?
"How much, pray think ye?"—Fifty guineas—"No."—
Most surely, forty.—"No, no."—Thirty.—"Poh!
Pray, ladies, guess in reason—come, again."—
Alas! you jeer us—twenty, at the least;
No man could ever be so great a beast,
As not to give her twenty for her pain.—
"To keep you, then, no longer in suspense,
For Madam Mara's chaise-hire and sweet note,
Out of their wonderful benevolence,
Their bounteous majesties gave—not a groat."

"Ay!" cried a second slanderer, with a sneer,
"I know a story like it—You shall hear—
Poor Mrs Siddons, she was ordered out,
To wait upon their majesties, to spout—
To read old Shakspeare's *As you like it*, to 'em;
And how to mind their stops and commas show 'em.
"She read, and spouted—almost lost her breath—
And, standing all the time, was tired to death;
Whilst both their majesties, in royal style,
At perfect ease were sitting all the while.
Nor offered to her was one drop of beer,
Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer:
Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk—
A little prince, who marked her situation,
Thus, pitying, poured a tender exclamation:

"La! Mrs Siddons is quite faint, indeed,
How pale! I'm sure she cannot longer read;
She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,
And would, I'm sure, be happy in a chair.

What followed? "Why, the royal pair arose,
Surly enough—one fairly may suppose;
And to a room adjoining made retreat,
To let her, for one minute, steal a seat.

"At length the actress ceased to read and spout
Where generosity's a crying sin:
Her courtesy dropped—was nodded to—came out—
So rich!"—How rich?—"As rich as she went in."

Such are the stories twain—Why, grant the fact,
Are princes, pray, like common folks to act?

Should Mara call it cruelty, and blame
Such royal conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!
To Mrs Siddons freely say the same—
Sufficient for such people is the honour!

Even I, the bard, expect no gifts from kings,
Although I've said of them such handsome things—

Nay, not their eye's attention, whose bright ray
Would, like the sun, illumine my poor lay:
And, like the sun, so kind to procreation,
Increase within my brain the maggot nation.
So much for idle tales.—Now, muse, thy strain
Digressive, turn to drawing-rooms again.

There, too, was Pitt, who scraped and bowed to ground,
And whispered majesty, 'twas vastly fine;—
Then wished such harmony could once be found
Where he, each day, was treated like a swine
By that arch-fiend, Charles Fox, and his vile party—
Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;

Fellows! who had the impudence to place
The sacred sceptre underneath the mace,
And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,
To hamper or to hang the Lord's Anointed.

To whom a certain sage so earnest cried,
"Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim have missed—
Don't fear your place, whilst I am well supplied—
But mind the poverty of civil list.

"Swear that no king's so poor upon the globe:
Compare me—yes, compare me to poor Job.
The House will credit thee—I know the ninnies;
And wife and I are fond of bags of guineas.

"What, what, Pitt—hæ? we must have t'other grant—
What, what? You know that B—, my old dead aunt,
Left not a sixpence, Pitt, these eyes to bless,
But from the parish saved that fool at Hesse.

"But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,
I was a Nimrod still—a constant hunter!
And when in state as dead's a mackerel lying,
I did not care a button for the bunter.

"And three days after my old aunt was dead,
Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,
I took it—yes—I took it in my head,
To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury-lane.

"Had she respected me, I do aver,
I should have staid at home, and thought of her."

Lord Rochford, too, the gentle youth! was there,
Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported
In glees and catches; so that all who hear,
Believe a pretty *semi-vir* imported.

Yet was there one who much the day decried—
Old Lady Mary Duncan, (says report).
"What, no dear, dear *castrato* here!" she sighed,
"Why then—pox take the voices and the court;
Then Lord have mercy on my tortured ears,
And shield me from the shouts of such he-bears.

"Where, where is Pacchierotti's *Heart-felt Strain?*
Where Rubinelli's *sostenuto* note?
That tickled oft my sighing soul to pain,
That bade my senses in Elysium float?
Avaunt! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt!
'Tis smoother chins, and sweeter tones I want."

My Lord of Exeter was also there;
Who, marvelling, cocked his time discerning ear
To strains that did such honour to a throne:
There Uxbridge taught the audience how to think;
With much significant and knowing wink,
And speeches clad in wisdom's critic tone;
Who look'd musicians through with half-shut eyes;—
Most solemn, most chromatically wise!
Sandwich, the glory of each jovial meeting,
This fiddler now—now that, so kindly greeting,
Appeared, and shrewdly poured his hahs and hums;

Great in tattoo, my lord, and cross-hand roll;
Great in the Dead-march-stroke sublime of Saul;
He beats Old Ashbridge* on the kettle-drums.

What pity! to our military host,
That such a charming drummer should be lost!
And feel, through life, his glories overcast
At that dull Board,† where, never could he learn,
Of ships, the difference between stem and stern,
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.

Say—'midst the tuneful tribe was Edmund Burke?
No!—Mun was cutting out for Hastings, work!
Writing to Cousin Will and Co., to league 'em
Against that rogue, who, like a ruffian, rose,
And tweaked a bulse of jewels from the nose
Of dames, in India, christened Munny Begum.

Edmund! who formerly looked fierce as Grimbald
On that most horrid imp Sir Thomas Rumbold,
Vowed, like a sheep, to flea that eastern thief;—
Till strange good fortune opened Edmund's eyes:
Oh! then he heard of innocence the cries,
And, like Jew-converts, damned his old belief.

Yet, let some praise for Mun's conversion pass
To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

Edmund! who battled hard for Powell's life,
And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further;
To prove which oath, this Powell took a knife,
And made the world believe it, by self-murther.

* A kettle-drummer of great note.
† Admiralty.

Reader—suppose I give thee a small ode
Made when vile Tippoo Saib in triumph rode,
And played the devil on our Indian borders,
In person, or by vile Satanic orders:

When Mr Burke, so famous for fine speeches,
From trope to trope, a downright rabbit, skipping,
Meant, school-boy-like, to take down Hastings' breeches,
And give the noble governor a whipping?

If rightly, reader, I translate thy phiz,
Thou smil'st consent—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my cleanliness ere I begin:
Know, I've not caught the itch of party-sin.
To Pitt, or Fox, I never did belong:
Truth, truth I seek—so help me god of song!

P'rhaps to a heathen oath thou mayst demur:
Well then—suspicion that I may'nt incur,
But, like a Christian swear—I do not sham—
By all the angels of yon lofty sky,
Where burning seraphims and cherubs cry,
I'm of no party—curse me if I am!

By all those wonder-monger saints and martyrs
Cut, for the love of God, in halves and quarters;
By each black soul in purgatory frying;
By all those whiter souls, though we can't see 'em,
Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*
On yon bright clouds—I swear I am not lying.

No! free as air the Muse shall spread her wing,
Of whom, and when, and what she pleases sing:
Though privy councils, jealous of her note,
Prescribed, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—satire—what you will—shall mark her flight;
Through huts or palaces ('tis just the same)
With equal rage, pursue the panting game;

And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)
Low at the owner's feet, the cuckoo dead.

ODE TO EDMUND.

Much edified am I by Edmund Burke!
Well-pleased I see his patriot-mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's good.
He gives of Elocution such a feast!
He tells of such vile doings in the East!
And fights, as 'twere, for his own flesh and blood.

Shroff, *Chout*, *Lack*, *Omra*, *Dustuck*, *Nabob*, *Bunder*,
Crore, *Choultry*, *Begum*, leave his lips in thunder.

With matchless pathos, Mun describes the gag,
Employed by that vile son of Hyder Naig,
Named Tippoo.—Gags! that British mouths detest,
Occasioned partly by that man so sad,
That Hastings!—oh! deserving all that's bad—
That villain, murderer, tyrant, dog, wild-beast!

Poor Edmund sees poor Britain's setting sun;
Poor Edmund groans,—and Britain is undone!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
(God knows though) been in a snug room,
By coals or wood made comfortably warm;
And often fancied that a storm without
Hath made a diabolic rout——
Sunk ships—tore trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardst of mariners the cries;
And sighed, "How wretched now must thousands be!
Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!"
When lo! this dreadful tempest, and his roar,
A zephyr—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not Edmund's howlings be a sigh
Pressing through Edmund's lungs for loaves and fishes,
On which he long hath looked with longing eye,
To fill poor Edmund's not o'erburdened dishes?
Give Mun a sop—forgot will be complaint,
Britain be safe, and Hastings prove a saint.

Now for the drawing-room—O muse so madding,
Delighted in digression to be gadding.

Hampden and Fortescue (brave names!) attended—
The last, in catches, wonderfully mended.
The lovely Lady Clarges, too, was there,
To all the graces as to music born;
Whose note so sweetly melting soothes the ear!
Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!

There, too, the rare *viol-di-gamba* Pratt,
Whose fingers fair, the strings so nicely pat.
And bow, that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—
Though not so sweet as those of Mr Abel.

Dear maid! the daughter of that prince of Pratts,
Who music *cons* as well as law; and swears
The girl shall scrub no soul's but Handel's airs,
To whom he thinks our great composers, cats.

Id est, Sacchini, Hayden, Bacch, and Gluck,
And twenty more, who never had the luck,
To please the nicer ears of some crowned folk;
Ears, that, like other people's, though they grow,
Poor creatures! really want the sense to know
Psalm-tunes, so mournful, from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
Much travelled Burney, came to hear and see;
He, in his tour, who found such great protectors—
Kings, queens, dukes, margraves, margravines, electors,
Who asked the doctor many a gracious question,
And treated him with marvellous hospitality;

Guessing he had as clever a digestion
For meat and drink, as music of rare quality.—

Not with much glee the doctor heard the ode,
But turned his disappointed eyes to God;
And wished it his own setting, with a sigh!—
For, ere to Salisbury's house the doctor came—
To get, as ode-setter, enrolled his name—
Behold! behold the wedding was gone by.

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was lost!
Parsons, who daring, dashed through thick and thin—
Eclipse the second!—got like lightning in,
When Burney just had reached the distance post.

Yet, gentle muse, let candour this allow,
That, though his heart was mortified enow,
The doctor did his rival's art admire,
And owned his maiden crotchets full of fire—
Crotchets! though sweet—alas! condemned to lie
Hid, like most royal virtues, from our eye!

Crotchets, that songful Mr Parsons ties
To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries:
Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)
Tied tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time?
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?
The sleek Welsh deity, who music knows—
The Alexander of the Tottenham troops,*
Who, tutored by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
Do wondrous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,
Far in his Cambrian villa† sat alone:
To Mrs Walsingham‡ he scrubbed his base,
Whilst anger swelled the volume of his face
Flaming, like suns of London in a fog;
Of Mrs Walsingham he sung with ire;
His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;
His mighty soul for vengeance all agog.

Achilles thus, affronted to the beard,
His sledge like fist o'er Agamemnon reared,
And down his throat would fain his words have rammed;
Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volley,)
And rating long the monarch for his folly,
Informed the king of men he might be damned;
Then to his tent majestic strode, to strum,
And scrape his anger out on tweedledum.

"He moulds his harp," quoth Tom, "to manners mild;"
To kings, for babe-like manners, simple styled,
And graced with virtues that would fill a tun:
To him the poet humbly makes a leg,
Who, goose-like, brooding o'er the favourite egg
Of genius, gives the phœnix to the sun.

To him, who for such eggs is always watching,
And never more delighted than when hatching:
Which makes the number offered to the sun
So vast!—why, verily as thick as peas,
That people may collect with equal ease,
A thousand noble instances, as one.

What numbers wisdom to his care hath given!
All hatched—some living—others gone to Heaven:
Thus, in the pinnick's* nest the cuckoo lays,
Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,
And brings the little lubbers into light.

"The modern poet sings," quoth Tom again,
"Of monarchs, who, with economic fury,
Force all the tuneful world to Tottenham-lane,
And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury."†

* Sir Watkyn is a member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham-street, and much attended to both for his art and science.
† Wynnestay.
‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
* A bird so called in some countries, that attends upon the wise bird, and feeds him.
† The oratorios were to have been performed

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,
That thus, in anger, majesty should lock it?
Muse, are the Tottenham-street subscribers poor?
Will Drury keep some pence from Tottenham's pocket?
Doth threatening bankruptcy extend a gloom
O'er the proud walls of Tottenham's regal room?

Perchance, 'tis Mara's song that gives offence!
Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!—Oh dear!—oh dear!
The song that once could charm the royal sense,
Delights, alas! no more the royal ear.
Gods! can a guinea deaden every note,
And make a nightingale's a raven's throat?

But let me give his majesty a hint,
Fresh from my brain's prolific mint—
Suppose we amateurs should, in a fury,
Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say
(And lo! 'tis very probable we may,)
"We will have oratorios at Drury?"

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank;
And think such speech an insult on his rank:
What could he do? oppose with ire so hot?
I think his majesty had better not!

Kings should be never in the wrong*—
They never are, some wise acres declare.—
Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song
But makes us philosophic people stare!

I know a certain owner of a crown,
Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,
Who harboured, of his neighbour, horrid notions—
A widow gentlewoman, who, he said,
Popped from her window every day her head
Impertinent, to watch his royal motions.

"What? what?" quoth majesty, "I'll teach her eyes
To take my motions by surprise—
One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,
But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,
To see and hear what we are all about:—
I'll cure her of that trick—and block her up."

Mad as his military grace*
For fortifying every place,
From dockyards to a necessary house—
The monarch dreamed of nothing but the wall—
The saucy spy in petticoats to maul,
And make her eagle pride crawl like a louse.

Now workmen came, with formidable stones,
To block up the poor widow Jones—
Who marked this dread blockade, and with a frown—
And to the cause of freedom true—
One of the old hen's chicks so blue,
Fast as the king built up, the dame pulled down.

'Twas up—'twas down—'twas up again—'twas down—
Much did the country with this battle ring,
Between the valiant widow and the king,
That admiration raised in Windsor town:

The mighty battling Broughtons and the Slacks.
Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

at Drury-lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr Linley and Dr Arnold.—Madame Mara was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-Court Road. How should the pigmy be saved?—By killing the Giant:—and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of constitution? None! Can the Grand Monarque do more? *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings.—A certain king and queen, instead of having concerts at their palace, in the style of other princes, such as the king of France, the emperor, the empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful street.—They pay their six guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, gratis! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for borrowing two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the king of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor musicians' fund!—which money might have been placed out at a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly, to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy Cramer, Borghi, Shield, Cervetto, &c. who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a drayhorse.

* Duke of Richmond.

Sing, heavenly muse, how ended this affray:
Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
When dames so spirited engage with men—
That is—the valiant widow won the day.

The king could not the woman maul;
But found himself most shamefully defeated;
Then, very wisely, he retreated,
And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now sing, O muse, the warlike ammunition
Used by the dame in her besieged condition,
That on the host of vile invaders flew:
Say, did no god nor goddess cry out, Shame!
And nobly hasten to relieve the dame
From such a resolute and hostile crew?

Yes—Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,
Joined the poor widow Jones, and ran up stairs;
Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,
And, pleased his favourite element to find,
Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
And washed, like shags, the combatants below.

The goddess Cloacina too, so hearty,
Rushed to the widow's house, and joined the party;
But say, what ammunition filled her hand,
Much glory for the widow to acquire,
To bid the enemy retire,
And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that strong ammunition was, the bard
Heard as a secret—therefore must not tell:
Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward,
To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.
Yet nature possibly hath made a snout,
Blessed with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf—
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh—
Thou think'st that monarchs never can act ill:
Get thy head shaved, poor fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my story false or true,
I value not a rush.
Wilt have another?—"No"—Nay, pr'ythee do.
"I wont."—Thou shalt, by Heavens! so pr'ythee hush!

But ere I give the tale,* my tuneful bride,
My lady muse, shall talk of kings and pride.

Some kings on thrones are children on the lap—
Children, that all of us see every day—
Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,
Tearing, and swearing they will have their way:
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, just like children, about trifles.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worship to be kicked by fellows
Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty being,
Much pleased with people's scraping, bowing, kneeling,
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags—
Her ladyship in nought can brook denial!
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,
And more especially from men of rags.

For pride, such is her stateliness, alas!
Rather than feel the kickings of an ass,
Would calmly put up with a leg of horse!
Though pelting her with fifty times the force:
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

AN APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT.

TO ODE UPON ODE.

The bard whose verse can charm the best of kings,
Performeth most extraordinary things!

Reader, I solemnly protest
I thought that I had worked up all my rhyme!

* See a King and a Brickmaker, p. 18.

What stupid demon hath my brain possessed?
I pr'ythee pardon me this time.

Afford thy patience through more ode:
'Tis not a vast extent of road;
Together let us gallop then along:
Most nimbly shall old Pegasus, my hack, stir,
To drop the image—pr'ythee hear my song,
Some "more last words of Mr Baxter."

A wondrous favourite with the tuneful throng,
Sublimely great are Peter's powers of song:
His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What Horace said of streams in easy lay
The marvelling world of Peter's tongue may say;
His tongue so copious in a flux of metre,
"*Labitur et Labetur!*"

ODE.

World! stop thy mouth—I am resolved to rhyme,
I cannot throw away a vein sublime:
If I may take the liberty to brag,
I cannot, like the fellow in the bible,
Venting upon his master a rank libel,
Conceal my talent in a rag.
Kings must continue still to be my theme—
Eternally of kings I dream.

As beggars every night, we must suppose,
Dream of their vermin, in their beds;
Because, as every body knows,
Such things are always running in their heads.

Besides, were I to write of common folks,
No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes;
Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork—
How would my masticating muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,
But, like my Pegasus' chops, so stout,
Who plays and wantons, with his bridle,
And nobly flings the foam about;

So mine would work—"On what?" my reader cries,
With a stretched pair of unbelieving eyes—
Heaven help thy most unpenetrating wit!
On a hard morsel—hunger's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods
I will—I must persist in odes—
And not a power on earth shall hinder—
I hear both Universities* exclaim,
"Peter, it is a glorious road to fame;
Eugè poeta magne—Well said, Pindar!"

Yet some approach with apostolic face,
And cry, "O Peter, what a want of grace,
Thus in thy rhymes to roast the king!
I roast a king! by Heavens, 'tis not a fact—
I scorn the wicked and disloyal act—
Who dares assert it, says a slanderous thing.

Hear what I have to say of kings—
If, unsublime, they deal in childish things,
And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
Each mighty monarch strait appears to me
A roaster of himself—*Felo de se*—
I only act as cook, and dish him up.

Reader! another simile as rare—
My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish
Is to be found within each dish;
That eating people may not be mistaken,
And take for ortolan a piece of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of kings
Who place in gossipping and news their pride,
And knowing family concerns—mean things!
Very judiciously, indeed, I've cried,
"I wonder
How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder!

"Instead of sitting on a throne
In purple rich—a state so full,
They should have had an apron on,
And, seated on a three-legged stool,
Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs
To do their duty upon wigs.

"By such mistakes is nature often foiled:
Such improprieties should never spring—
Thus a fine chattering barber may be spoiled,
To make a most indifferent king."

* The violence of the Universities might arise from his majesty's sending the royal children to Germany for education: but have not their majesties amply made up that to Oxford, by a visit there? and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

"Sir, Sir!" I hear the world exclaim,
"At too high game you impudently aim—
How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,
Tread, like a horse, on kingly kibes?"

Folks, who can't see their errors, can't reform:
No plainer axiom ever came from man:
And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,
To save his sinking neighbour, if he can:
Thus I to kings my odes of wisdom pen,
Because your kings have souls like common men.

The bible warrants me to speak the truth—
Nor, mealy-mouthed, my tongue in silence keep:
Did not old Nathan tell that buckish youth,
David the king, that he stole sheep?

Stole poor Uriah's little favourite lamb—
A ewe it chanced to be, and not a ram—
For had it been a ram, the royal glutton
Had never meddled with Uriah's mutton.

What modern courtier, pray, hath got the face
To say to majesty,—"O king!
At such a time, in such a place,
You did a very foolish thing!"
What courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publish of his king this simple story.*

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

Sweet girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame,
What though the parson did not tie the knot?
What though the boy should come?—he'll bring thee fame—
The world's an ass, and custom is a sot—
Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,
And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no parson—for no priest was Adam,
And yet not out of countenance was Madam;
Her modesty received no grievous shocks;
When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;
Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,
She sat upon the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;
Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—
A likeness of my charming maid,
The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,
Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—
So slow her motions! all so very slow!
And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe delivered of her boy, the sun,
The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,
Mounts high, exulting in his birth;
Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
Towers in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears—
O! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;
And when this chopping boy appears,
Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

* See the Apple-dumplings and a King, p. 16.

ODES TO KIEN LONG,

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA.

A LETTER TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Dear Kien Long,

At length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the second Potentate upon earth, George the Third being most undoubtedly the first, although he never made verses. Thy Praises of Moukden, thy beautiful little Ode to Tea, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain my plaudit, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy imperial cap.

Principibus *placuisse* veris, *non ultima laus est.*

> Praise from a Bard of my poetic spirit,
> Proclaims indeed no small degree of merit

Excuse this piece of egotism—it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says Virgil?

> "*Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim*
> *Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*"

What, likewise, Lucretius?

> "*Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam*
> *Unde prius nulli velârunt tempora Musæ.*"

What, also, Ovid?

> "*Jamque opus exegi,*" &c.

What, moreover, Horace?

> "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*" &c.

What, Ennius?

> "*Nemo me lacrumeis decoret nec funèra fletu,*" &c.

What, again, the great father of poetry, Homer, in his delightful Hymn, that some impudent Scholiasts declares he never wrote?

> ———τίς δ' ὑμμιν ἀνὴρ ἥδιστος Ἀοιδῶν,
> Ἐνθάδ' πολοῦται; καὶ τίνι τίφπεσθε μάλιστα;
> Τυφλὸς ἀνήρ· οἰκεῖ δὲ χίῳ ἐνὶ παπαλοέσσῃ·
> Τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν Ἀοιδαί.

which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

> Should curiosity at times inquire,
> Who strikes with sweetest art the Muse's lyre;
> This be thine answer—"A poor man, stark blind;
> An aged minstrel that at Chios dwells,
> Who sells and sings his works, and sings and sells,
> And leaves all other poets far behind."

So much for my profound learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself amongst his own admirers?

Now to the point.—As Lord Macartney, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. &c. in favour of the two kingdoms; why might not a literary commerce take place between the great Kien Long, and the no less celebrated Peter Pindar? Thou art a man of rhymes—and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility—so

am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the muses —so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty—so am I. Thou art an idolater of royalty—so am I. With such a congeniality of mind, in my God's name and thine, let us surprise the world with an interchange of our lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to show thee that I am not a literary swindler, unable to repay thee for goods I may receive from thy imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents, in ode, ballad, elegy, fable, and epigram.

I am, dear Kien Long,
Thy humble Servant and brother Poet,
P. PINDAR.

ODE I.

Peter complimenteth Kien Long on his poetical talent, and condemneth the want of taste in western Kings.

Dear emperor, prince of poets, noble bard,
Thy brother Peter sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times—
Yes, Peter telleth thee, that for a king,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming rhymes.

Witness thy Moukden,* which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to Tea;
Composed when sipping by thy Tartar-fire;
Witness thy many a madrigal and glee.

Believe me, venerable; good Kien Long,
Vast is my pleasure that the muse's song
Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves;
Still greater, that the first of eastern kings
Should praise in rhyme the Tartar vales and springs,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the Loves.

Yet how it hurts my classic soul, to find
Some western kings to poetry unkind!
What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum; still
Those kings might show towards them some good will,
And nobly patronise Apollo's fiddle.

But no—the note is, "How go sheep a score
What, what's the price of bullock? how sells lamb?
I want a boar, a boar, I want a boar;
I want a bull, a bull, I want a ram."
Whereas it should be this—"I want a Bard,
To cover him with honour and reward."

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting herd of swine
Companions sweeter than the tuneful Nine;
Preferring to Fame's dome, a hog-stye's mire;
The roar of oxen to Apollo's lyre.

"Lord! is it possible?" I hear thee groan—
Kien Long, 'tis true as thou art on thy throne:
For souls like thine 'tis natural to doubt it—
Macartney can inform thee all about it.

* A favourite city of the Emperor.

ODE II.

More compliments to the Emperor—A dissertation on Thrones, and Kings and Queens—A very proper attack on the French Revolutionists—The fate of poor Religion, prophesied—Also, of his holiness the Pope—More lamentations on degraded Royalty.

Thou art a second Atlas, great Kien Long;
Supporting half the unwieldy globe, so strong;
But Lord! what pigmy souls to empire rise;
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep—
Now just like mice from pyramids that peep,
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

Fortune has too much power in this same world—
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurled!
A bug condemned to fly that scarce can crawl;
A maggot taken from his little nut,
(There by the great All-wise most wisely put)
To grovel 'midst the grandeur of St Paul!

Unluckily most thrones are placed so high,
That kings can scarce their loving subjects spy,

Hopping beneath them, like so many crows;
Which subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in ladder making,
To get up nearer to the royal nose.

Thus wrens ere long their pigmy powers will try;
And turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the skies, the kites!

And yet I hate a fool upon a throne—
We have been happy hitherto, thank God;
How boys would burst with laughter, every one,
Were monkey schoolmasters to hold the rod!

Yet much more mischief follows royal fools,
As realms are on a larger scale than schools.—
Th' Americans provide against all this:
Which certain gentlefolk take much amiss!

And then again, the wives of glorious kings,
In generosity, and such-like things,
And temper mild, who well themselves demean,
Are for the subject a rare happy matter;
And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
We Britons, are most lucky in a queen.

Of humbling their superiors, folks seem fond,
And treating monarchs as so many logs;
Whereas it is in courts, as in a pond,
Some fish, some frogs.

Thus do the rebel foes of sovereigns cry,
Rending with vile disloyalty the sky:
"When will the lucky day be born that brings
A bridle for the insolence of kings?
Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour!
When will those tyrants cease to fancy man
A fawning dog in Providence's plan,
Ordained to lick the blood-stained rod of power?"

Kings have their faults undoubtedly, and many—
The man who contradicts me is a zany.

Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
Cursed with an avarice, some would shave an egg.

And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forced to see and hear.

Great is the change of late! such horrid scenes,
Such little reverence both for kings and queens!
Thus cry the Frenchmen, seldom overnice—
"We want no sceptered plunderers of states;
Out with them—folly to maintain more cats
Than capable of catching mice.

"Death to their parasites—we'll have no more
Leeches that suck the heart's blood of the poor.
Down with dukes, earls, and lords, those Pagan *Josses*.
False gods!—away with stars, and strings, and crosses!"

The French are very wicked, I declare;
They raise upon one's head, one's very hair;
So much those fellows majesty abuse—
Of royalty the purple robe so grand,
Which seizes the deep reverence of a land,
They to a malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

"Out with state-pickpockets!" they cry aloud:
"Death to the ravenous eagles," cries the crowd,
"That happy hover o'er a people's groans;
Thieves, in the plunder of an empire dressed;
Flattery's vile carrion flies, on kings that feast;
Rank bugs that shelter in the wood of thrones!

"The Dustman in his cart that hourly slaves,
Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
How far superior to those titled knaves,
In coaches glittering with a kingdom's spoils!"

The old *sic volo*, that, with thundering sound,
Roused all the provinces of France around,
(And if great things we may compare to small,
Just like the boatswain's whistle that makes skip
The jovial fellows of a ship)
This great *sic volo* is not heard at all—

To humbler phrases changed by some degrees;
"With your good leave, Messieurs"—
"Sirs, if you please."

Yes, savage are the French to kings and quality;
Void of good manners, common hospitality—
Barbarous, they dog-like wish to pick their bones;
Make just as much of dukes as of a duck,
(Nobility has therefore shocking luck)
And dash an infant prince against the stones.
Thus butchers calmly stick a sucking pig,
And o'er a bleeding lambkin hum a jig.

Religion too is in a deep decline;
Her votaries treated like a herd of swine:
Rich relics looked upon as rotten lumber!
Who will be canonized for frightening devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,
Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill,
That of redoubted doctors foil the skill?

Religion, who in France, some years ago,
Made in rich silks so wonderful a show,
So used with all the pride of curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul, obliged to beg her bread,
With scarce a cap or ribbon to her head,
Or woollen petticoat to keep her warm.

Yes, poor dear maid, I fear she'll soon expire;
Her whips domolished, and extinct her fire,
Her pincers broken—snapped in twain her cleaver,
That flogged, that burnt a sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
And chopped and pinched him to a true believer.

No longer are her priests to be maintained—
Thus is that horrid beast the devil unchained,
That roaring bull at once his triumph shows:
For, if not paid, what priests can prove their might,
Fight the good fight,
And, like staunch bull-dogs, nail him by the nose?

Death and the Devil, the smutty rogue, and Sin,
A pretty junto, are upon the grin:
Hoping to fill the dark infernal hole,
If all the priests refuse to help a soul—
That most important contest then is o'er;
Pull devil, pull parson, will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded power Religion faints;
Alas! no more old bones shall make new saints;
No more shall Lent, lean lady, cry her fish;
No more shall slices of the cross be courted;
Despised the manger that our Lord supported,
His sacred pap-spoon, and the Virgin's dish.

No absolutions, like potatoes, sold;
No purgatory-souls redeemed by gold:
No more in cloth of gold, and red-heeled shoes,
Bag-wig and sword, a mob the Saviour* views—
Sold no certificates† of good behaviour,
To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour.

No more shall miracles obtain applause,
Laugh at old Time, and break Dame Nature's laws;
No more dead herrings, filled with life and motion,
Leap from the frying-pan, and swim the ocean.

Soon may this wicked spirit steal to Rome,
And poison every sacred dome;
Relics be kicked and mocked by many a giber—
The pontiff to the very workhouse brought,
Or, what could never have been thought,
Plumped with his triple crown into the Tiber:
There may we view him floundering wild about,
With not a saint he dubbed to pull him out:

* Once a year this fine mummery is exhibited in France, and other Romish countries.

† In some parts of Russia, narrow slips of paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the bishop, are sold for about threepence a piece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—"To old God Almighty, to young God Almighty, and young God Almighty's Mamma—this is to certify, that the bearer hereof died a good Christian."

The fair chaste quills, from angel-wings procured,
Be turned to uses not to be endured;
To villain pens, instead of crow-quills cut,
To draw lewd figures, and deliver smut:

Melted the church's sacred plate to mugs,
To candle-sticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
To porringers the pipes* of sacred tunes,
And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

Phials that held of saints the suffering sighs,
Seen by the dimmest of believing eyes,
Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink—
Hold aquafortis, or reviling ink!

The Virgin's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews—
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muzlin, lace,
Sold to trick harlots for a rogue's embrace!
Now to disloyal mongrels we return,
That bark at kings, and for confusion burn.

How have our mighty monarchs been brought down!
Trod in the dust, like some old wig, the crown!
The wearers—some confined in jails so dread;
Some shot—some poisoned with as much *sang froid*,
As though the mob had merely been employed
To knock a thieving polecat on the head.

In birth the public sees no kind of merit!
Think of the present equalizing spirit!
Amidst the populace how rank it springs?
Nay, from the palaces the Virtues fly,
While boldly entering from their beastly stye,
The vulgar passions rush to pig with kings!

ODE III.

The Poet sweetly reproveth the Emperor for neglecting to turn a penny in an honest way, and demonstrateth the inconveniency of generosity—proving that a mind on a broad scale may be productive of narrow circumstances.

Great king, thou never educatest swine,
Nor takest goslins under thy tuition;
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's kine,
Like Pharaoh's—that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down palaces to pens,
Nor sendest unto market cocks and hens;
Nor to a butcher sellest pork and beef:
Nor wool nor egg merchant, O king, art thou;
Nor dost thou watch the girl who milks the cow,
For fear the girl might sip, and prove a thief;
Nor settest traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal subjects by the legs.—

Nor dost thou go a shopping, mighty king;
I know that thou despisest such a thing;
Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loath—
Thou scornest to pride thyself on buying cheap,
And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
An ounce of blackguard,* or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which some people may deem strange)
Send pages with a halfpenny for change;
Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)
Cheat of his dues the parson of Pe-kin.

Thy mind was formed upon an ampler scale:
Each thought is generosity—a whale:
Not a poor sprat to dunghills to be hurled—
Thy soul a dome illumed by Grandeur's rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze;
A beacon to inform a world.

But, ah! Kien Long, thou never wilt be rich,
If generosity thy heart bewitch.
What says Economy? "Let subjects groan—
Let Misery's howl be music to thine ear—
Yes, let the widow's and the orphan's tear
Fall printless on thy heart as on a stone."

The souls of many kings are vulgar entries,
With not a rushlight 'midst the dismal winding;
A long, dark, dangerous, dreary way, past finding—
Hypocrisy and Meanness the two sentries.

* Of the organs.

* A coarse snuff, emphatically so called.

Ambition, that on riches casts its eyes,
Mounts on the tempest of a people's sighs!
O emperor, Generosity's a fool—
She wants advice from saving Wisdom's school.

Look at a smiling field of grass:
Nothing can eat it out, nor horse, nor ass,
Providing that you put, to spare the feast,
A padlock on the mouth of every beast.
Thus, muzzle but thy palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among sceptered men.

Invite not a whole million* to thine hunt:
Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt,
In England, when a deer a king unharbours,
The sport a half a dozen butchers share;
Of smutty chimney-sweepers perchance a pair;
With probably a brace or two of barbers.

What though 'tis not quite royal—still we boast
Of gaining glorious fun with little cost.
The pocket is a very serious matter—
Small beer allayeth thirst—nay, simple water.

The splendour of a chase, or feast, or ball,
Though strong, are passing, momentary rays—
The lustre of a little hour—that's all;
While guineas with eternal splendour blaze.

ODE IV.

Peter breaketh out into a strange rhapsody, so unlike Peter, who christeneth himself the Poet of the people—He adviseth the Emperor to actions never practised by kings!—Is it, or is it not, one continued vein of happy irony?

Give nothing from thy privy purse away, I say—
Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags run o'er,
Neglect or pension Merit on the poor.

Give not to hospitals—thy name's enough:
To death-face famine, not a pinch of snuff—
On wealth thy quarry, keep a falcon-view,
And from thy very children steal their due.

Shouldst thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
Though sharp between thyself and Death the strife,
Give not the page a sous that saves thy life.

Should love allure thee to some fair-one's arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,
And deluges thy panting heart with blisses,
Take not a sixpence from thy groaning chest,
To buy a ribband for the fragrant breast
That swelled with all its ardour to thy kisses.

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
Buy not of mittens, or of gloves, a pair,
To shield her hands from frost, or summer's ray;
Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
And deck her on some rural holiday:
But suffer her in homely gear to pine,
In simple elegance where others shine.

Thou probably may'st answer, with a groan,
"What! give a vile contagion to the throne!
Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
Whilst trodden merit lifts her asking eyes.

"That calf, shall garish Ostentation grin,
Decked by the sweet of Labour's sun-burnt skin,
Poor cart-horse, envied even his very oats?
Heavens! shall this mummer Ostentation cry,
Roast in the sun, thou mob, in ashes lie;
Mine be the guineas, slave, and thine the groats.

"Mine be the luxury of wine and oil;
Thine, that I condescend to drink thy toil."
Ah! say'st thou thus?—dares honour this high pitch?
Then, noble emperor, thou wilt ne'er be rich.

Gold should not gather in a subject's chest—
The crew grows mutinous—it cannot rest;
It talketh of equality, indeed!

* This is the number of the emperor's attendants general, at a hunt.

No, let the monarch's bags and coffers hold
The flattering, mighty, nay, *all*-mighty gold;
On this shall brawny Power his sinews feed:

Jove's eagle near the throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the royal ire!
Enrich the realm, Subordination dies—
Wealth gives a wing that dashes at the skies.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
To let thy favourite mandarine be told,
"The emperor pants for money—hunt about;"
And should thy minister, with impious breath,
Say, "Sire, we've squeezed the people nigh to death,"
Off with the villain's head, or kick him out.

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the hovel,
And count the royal treasure with a shovel!
Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
And hear of Poverty the fruitless sighs!
Grand, on their knees to see the million cower;
Pale, starved submission is the feast of power.

Pr'ythee to Europe come, Kien Long, with speed:
We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
Nay, some examples also shall be brought,
Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.

Precept's a pigmy, hectic, weak, and slight;
Example is a giant in his might.
Then, pr'ythee to our Europe haste to stare;
Lo, Europe shalll produce thee such a pair!
A pair! to whom lean Avarice is a fool,
And means to take a lesson from their school.

ODE V.

Peter giveth an account of the expedition of Lord Macartney, and, contrary to the tenor of the preceding ode, absolutely recommendeth generosity to the Emperor.

Kien Long, our great, great people, and 'Squire Pitt,
Famed through the universe for saving wit,
Have heard uncommon tales about thy wealth;
And now a vessel have they fitted out,
Making for good Kien Long a monstrous rout,
To trade, and beg, and ask about his health.

This, to my simple and *uncommying* mind,
Seems economical, and very kind!
And now, great Emperor of China, say,
What handsome things hast thou to give away?

Accept a proverb out of Wisdom's schools,
"Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving fools."
Pitt shaved our faces first, and made us grin—
Next the poor French—and now the hopeful lad,
Ambitious of the honour seemeth mad
To try this razor's edge upon thy chin.

Thee as a generous prince we all regard;
For every present, lo, returning double:
'Tis therefore thought that thou wilt well reward
The ship and Lord Macartney for his trouble.

And now to George and Charlotte what the presents?
No humming birds, we beg—no owls, no pheasants;
Such gifts will put the palace in a sweat—
For God's sake send us nothing that can eat.

"What gifts, I wonder, will thy king and queen
Send to Kien Long?" thou cry'st.—Not much I ween;
They can't afford it; they are very poor—
And though they shine in so sublime a station,
They are the poorest people in the nation,
So wide of charity their neat trap-door!*"

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful. The most secret charities are generally the largest, and most acceptable to God.

Our king may send a dozen cocks and hens;
Perhaps a pig or two, of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of turkeys from his pens;
Perhaps a duck, of his own feeding—

Or possibly a half a dozen geese,
Worth probably a half-a-crown a-piece;
And that he probably may deem enough.—
Her gracious majesty may condescend
Her precious compliments to send
Tacked to a pound or two of snuff:

The history of Strelitz too, perhaps;
A place that cuts a figure in the maps.

Most mighty emperor, be not thou afraid
That we shall Generosity upbraid:
Send heaps of things—poh! never heed the measure—
If palaces wont hold the precious things,
Behold, the best of queens and eke of kings,
Will build them barns to hold the treasure.

I know thy delicacy such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send too much—
But as I know the great ones of our isle,
The very thought indeed would make them smile.

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for more:
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China cup;
Even then my Lady Schwellenberg would bawl,
"*Gets dem de shabby fella—vat, dis all?*"

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal—
Thus princes an eternal hunger feel;
Moreover, fond of good things gratis;
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis.*

Then load away with rarities the ship,
And let us cry, "She made a handsome trip"—
But mind, no humming-birds, apes, owls, mackaws;
The devil take presents that can wag their jaws.

ODE.

Simplicity, I dote upon thy tongue;
And thee, O white-robed Truth, I've reverenced long;
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet Wit,
Who skims earth, sea, heaven, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.

O yes! in sweet Simplicity I glory—
To her we owe a charming little story.*

TO A FLY,

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Ah! poor intoxicated little knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl:
Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipped soul—
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralise.—
Thus 'tis with mortals, as it is with flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though Fate, with all his legions, be at hand,
The beasts, the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose—they must, will sup.

Mad are the passions, as a colt untamed!
When Prudence mounts their backs to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflamed;
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud! my buzzing friend, thou art not dead;
The fates, so kind, have not yet snipped thy thread;
By Heavens, thou mov'st a leg, and now its brother,
And kicking, lo, again, thou mov'st another!

* See William Penn, Nathan, and the Bailiff, p. 93.

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose,
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
  And finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands,
Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again."
And well mayest thou rejoice—'tis very plain,
  That near wert thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about,
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt—
  Now turnest—on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
  Now fluttering nector from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small, long legs behind;
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply;
Preparing now to leave me—farewell, fly!

Go, join thy brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy family afford—
  There wilt thou meet a mistress, or a wife,
That saw thee drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave, perhaps, the wide-resounding scream,
  And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go and carry comfort to thy friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let buns and sugar for the future charm;
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm—
  Whilst Punch, the grinning, merry imp of sin,
Invites th' unwary wanderer to a kiss,
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss,
  Then, like an alligator, drags him in.

ODE TO CÆLIA.

Envy must own that thou art passing fair;
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air:
  Yet, Cælia, if with gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the graces to the skin,
  Merely to make a *nonpareille* of thee.

Cælia, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing;
  And what too maketh me confounded sour,
Thou knowest what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride,
  That I'm a simple fly, and in thy power.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of love—
  To keep alive a beautiful creation:
Thy graces hoarded, girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid miser's gold,
  Worthless, for want of circulation.

Behold! a guinea, by a proper use,
Another pretty guinea will produce;
  And thus, O peerless girl, thy beauty
May bring the *cent per cent* within the year;
That is, another beauty may appear,
  If properly it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou puttest on the stare—
It seems a dark and intricate affair;
  Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser.
Well, then, my dear, at once agree,
As chamber-council to take me;
  I know none better qualified nor wiser.

AN ODE TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O Nymph, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake, stay those pretty tripping feet,
  Joined to an ancle, formed all hearts to steal—
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps—with which I should be much delighted,
  For men by little matters guess a deal.

Love lent thee lips, and lent that bloom divine—
But, dearest damsel, what can make them mine?
  Heaven rests upon those heaving hills of snow;
The fascinating dimple in thy chin;
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
  Speak, are they purchasable?—aye, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild staring from my eyes;
Let me not burst in ignorance, fair maid—
Why showest thou, O peerless nymph, surprise?
I am no wolf to eat thee—why afraid?

O could I gain by gold those heavenly charms!
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,
Lo, into guineas would I coin my heart;
Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again—again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;
To snatch, with riot wild, thy burning kiss;
A kiss! a thousand kisses let me add—
Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,
And then ten thousand of my own imprint—
Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heavens! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,
And spreads upon thy breast of purest snows!
Why mute, my angel? thou disdain'st reply!
'Sdeath! what a cuckoo, what a rogue am I!

O nymph, so sweet, forgive my wild desires;
That knave, thy bandbox, waked my lawless fires,
Bade me suspect what Chastity reveres:—
What will wipe out th' affront, O virgin, speak,
That flushed the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
Chilled thy young heart, and dashed thine eye with tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem departed—
O yield thy beauties to some swain kind-hearted,
Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
And Love allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

Dear Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail,
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where—but where is scowling Guilt's abode?
The spectred heath, and Danger's cavern-ed road;
The shuffling monster treads with panting breath—
The cloud-wrapped storm insulting roars around,
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound,
He stares with horror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night;
Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her raven wing!

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder which to chuse:
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—
What but the greatest fool would be a knave?

A LYRIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Sir William! what, a new estate!
I give thee joy of Arabia's* fate—
More broken pans, more gods, more mugs;
More snivel bottles, jordens, and old jugs;
More saucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles;
In short, all sorts of culinary metals!

Leave not a dust-hole unexplored;
Something shall rise to be adored;
Search the old bedsteads and the rugs;
Such things are sacred—if, by chance,
Amidst the wood, thine eye should glance
On a nice pair of antique bugs;

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Paestum.

Oh, in some box the curious vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the Roman race!
Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
Would much Daines Barrington amuse;
Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping-pans, and spits,
Would prove delectable to other wits;
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint stools,
Would ravish all our antiquarian schools.

Some reverend moth, with ne'er a wing,
Would charm the knight* of Soho-Square:
A headless flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the knight of wonders stare.

A curl of some old emperor's wig,
Or Nero's fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave so exquisite a jig,
Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

Oh, if some lumping rarity of gold,
Thy lucky, lucky eyes by chance behold,
Send it to our good king and gracious queen:
No matter what th' inscription—if there's none,
'Tis all one!
Plain gold will please, as well as worked, I ween—
Much will the present their great eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the scale.

Oh! could an earthquake shake down Wapping,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thousand years the ruin shade,
What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare musæums from the rubbish rise,
Wapping antiquities to glad the eyes!

How portraits of Moll Flanders, Hannah Snell,
And Miss D'Eon, those heroines, would sell!
Canning and Squires!
How would the *dilettanti* of the nation
Devour the prints with eyes of admiration!
And to their merits, poets strike their lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
Would from the proud possessor draw such brags!

* Sir Joseph Banks.

Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third;
The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
With rapturous adoration would be seen;
They would upon my word.
Such would transport the people of hereafter,
Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT (*Sub rosâ.*)

Hist!—what fresh ovens of Etrurian ware;
What pretty jordens has my friend to spare?
What gods are ripe for digging up, O knight?
What Britons, knowing in the *virtú* trade,
Soon as a grand discovery shall be made,
Are near thee, gudgeon like, prepared to bite?

What brazen god, baptized with chamber-lye,*
For which the future connoisseurs may sigh,
Is going into ground, with front sublime?
Hereafter to be worshiped soon as seen;
A resurrection rare, arrayed in green,
A downright satire upon Time;
Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to dote;
Taking two thousand years to make a coat.

A whisper—locked is the musæum door,†
From whence antiques were wont to stray;
Whose parents ne'er set eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures lost their way?
Pity thou couldst not news of them obtain,
And send the gods and godlings back again!

Sir William, what's become of that same monk,‡
From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,

* Sir William keeps an old antiquarian to hunt for him, when he stumbles on a tolerable statue, bathes him in urine, buries him, and, when ripe for digging up, they proclaim a great discovery to be made, and out comes an antique for universal admiration.

† Some valuable antiques, not long since, made their escape from the Royal Musæum, and travelled the Lord knows where.

‡ He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, and furnished the knight with all his volcanic observations, which pass on the world as his own—*Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum.*

Thine history issued about burning mountains?
For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
To find, perhaps, of knowledge a poor rill,
Who easily can buy the fountains?

O knight of Naples, is it come to pass,
That thou hast left the gods of stone and brass,
To wed a deity of flesh and blood?*
O lock the temple with thy strongest key,
For fear thy deity, a comely she,
Should one day ramble, in a frolic mood.

For since the idols of a youthful king,
So very volatile indeed, take wing;
If his, to wicked wonderings can incline,
Lord! who would answer, poor old knight, for thine?
Yet should thy Grecian goddess fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-lane.†

EPIGRAM

ON A STONE THROWN AT A VERY GREAT MAN, BUT WHICH MISSED HIM.

TALK no more of the lucky escape of the head,
From a flint so unluckily thrown—
I think very different, with thousands indeed,
'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

TO CHLOE.

DEAR CHLOE, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise;
Look but a moment on these eyes,
Thou'lt ask me not, to name him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

THE carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a block—yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A damned good god!

Thus, of the Lower House, a stupid wretch,
Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
Shall, by a monarch's all-creative word,
Become a very decent lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

THOU lone companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly-watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep—
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.
From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies;
Now blackened, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here—beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime,
A column in the melancholy waste,
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past)
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A form, that wakes my deepest sigh;
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting maid;
I see the virtues o'er their favourite weep.

Ah! could the muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of Fame,

* It is really true—the knight is married to a beautiful virgin, whom he styles his Grecian. Her attitudes are the most desirable models for young artists.

† The resort of the Cyprian corps, an avenue that opens into Cockspur-street.

Oblivion should Eliza spare:
A world should echo with her name.

Art thou departing too, my trembling friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame, Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles—all will soon be o'er—
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering—now no more!

Thus shall the suns of Science sink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the fairest flower—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say,
"Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power?"

A POETICAL, SERIOUS, AND POSSIBLY IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

—Paulo majora canamus. Virg.

To kings and courtiers we have chirrup'd long,—
Muse, give we now his Holiness a song.

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

"A Cat may look upon a king;"
So says the proverb! and the proverb's right;
For monarch now is proved a human thing,
Although it lifts its nose to such a height.

The Lord's anointed is an antique phrase,
Left out by dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto man is justly given—
Once the great perquisite indeed of Heaven.
I say, a cat may look upon a king—
But foreign potentates say, "No such thing."
Sicilia's king, replete with right divine,
Thinks he may hunt his subjects like his swine;

And other continental kings, beside,
For glory and blood-royal all agog,
Think they may hunt a subject like a hog:
This mortifies of us small rogues the pride.

What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
And lifts with horror from my head my wig,
Those birth-puffed kings of foreign lands,
To common Christians, have preferred the pig!

A dead pig, to be sure, is better eating
Than a dead Christian—handsomer for treating:
But both alive—how different in their nature!
Man surely is the much sublimer creature.

Since cats may look upon a king, I hope
A bard may write a letter to a pope,
Though hand and glove with Heaven—a great connexion!
Who deals for souls salvations from his wallet,
As from their shops, green grocers, for the palate,
Deal garden-stuff of all complexion;

And sells a good snug seat amidst the skies,
To any wicked gentleman that dies:
As unto John, Sir Will, my lord, his grace,
Great Madam Schwellenbergen gives a place;
A cook-like dame, who understands place-carving,
And saves such worthy families from starving.

So much for prologue to my Pope' Epistle;
To which his holiness may cry, "Go—whistle."
Perchance his holiness may also add,
"Pox take me, Peter, if you ar'n't too bad:
Dare fix thine impious foot on my dominions,
I'll pay thee for epistles and opinions."
Well then, since things are *bonâ fide* so,
And Danger with his poniard lurks at Rome,
I'll not set off to kiss your worship's toe;
But wave the glory, and remain at home.

EPISTLE.

While France, for Freedom mad, invades thy rights,
And pours her millions o'er the world, like mites;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the snout,
And threatens hard the man of cheese and grout;
Gives poor Sardinia's monarch a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod king of Naples cry;
What's worse too, threatens poor Loretto's shrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day so fine,*
Threatens to tear the muslin from her head,
And put the capt of flannel in its stead;
Where is th' Almighty's man, the church's hope,
Prince of salvation, Peter's heir, the pope?
O thou, the true descendant of Saint Peter,
In very anger, lo, I pen this metre!
There was a time when popes behaved with spirit—
But nought, save indolence, dost thou inherit.

* She has a dress for every day in the year.
† The cap of liberty.

Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
Since atheism with the true religion grapples;
Think of thy ancestors so great of yore,
And bid the noble bull as usual roar;
They whose stern looks could make an emperor cower,
And kings like schoolboys shudder at their power.
Most dangerous are the times—I scorn to flatter—
Then ope thy cataracts of holy water;
Gather thy crucifixes, wood, brass, stones;
Bid the dark catacombs disgorge their bones;
Create new regiments of saints for fight;
And chase the gathering gloom of Pagan night.
See France* against her rightful lord rebel!
And see! her Satan banished from his hell!
Blind wretch! now justly suffering for her evil!
For what are states, without a king and devil?
A pair so sweetly suited to control!
Th' insurgent body, one; and one, the soul.
To thee (thy slaves) the miracles belong;
As music waits on Lady Mary's tongue,
Humility on K——, void of art;
As melting mercy hangs on B——'s heart.
If marvels by thine ancestors were done,
Why not performed, in God's name, by the son?
As Becket, that good saint, sublimely rode,
Thoughtless of insult, through the town of Strode,
What did the mob?—Attacked his horse's rump,
And cut the tail so flowing, to the stump:
What does the saint?—Quoth he, "For his vile trick,
The town of Strode shall heartily be sick."
And lo, by power divine a curse prevails!
The babes of Strode are born with horses' tails!

Lodged in the talons of a famished kite,
And just about to bid the world good night,
A gentle goslin on Saint Thomas called!
At once the feathered tyrant looked appalled;
Sudden his iron claw grew nerveless, loose,
And dropped the sweet believing babe of goose.

* The author does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate Louis, but merely to notice the extinction of monarchy and religion in France.

Such was the power of saints, though dead and rotten,
By thee (one verily would think) forgotten:
Then, pr'ythee, do at once thy best endeavour,
As all the saints are wonderful as ever.
Saint Dunstan caned the devil, the story goes,
And pinched with red-hot tongs the imp's black nose:
In vain he swore, and roared, and danced about—
Sore was his back, and roasted was his snout.
The power he boasted, to his bones are given:
Such is the gift of saints, when lodged in heaven.

Hear with what blasphemy this France behaves!
"Rome, I despise thee: all thy popes are knaves;
Thy cardinals and priests the earth encumber—
Avaunt the saints, and all such holy lumber!
Chop off their heads; away the legs and toes:
Away the wonder-working tooth and nose:
Away the wonder-working eyes and tears,
The vile imposture of a thousand years!
Calves' heads, pigs' pettitoes, perform as well;
Raise from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.
Saint Genevieve no longer is divine—
The wise Parisians mock her worm-gnaw'd shrine;
Whose coffin planks that could such awe inspire,
May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
Saint Jail, Saint Whip, Saint Guillotine, Saint Rope,
Possess (we think) more virtues than the pope.
My woolcomber, my saddler, and my hatter,
No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour flatter:
My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
My fishmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,
And eke a hundred trades besides, no more
Bow to those marvel-mongers, and adore."*
"Hang me," the barber cries, "if I'm the fool
To trim for nought the Virgin Mary's poll!"

* Every trade has its saints.

"Burn me," cries Crispin, "if I don't refuse
To find the gentlewoman in her shoes!"
"Curse me," the mercer cries, "if I give gowns,
To be the laughing-stock of all our towns!"
"Damn me," the hosier roars, "if 'tis not shocking,
That I should give the woman's legs a stocking!"
"And why," the linen man exclaims, "a pox,
Should I, forsooth, be forced to find her smocks?"
"No more shall bumpkins near the altar place
Fair veal and mutton, for th' Almighty's grace;
Grace to increase the loves of bulls and rams,
And make more families of calves and lambs;
No more shall capons too for grace be swapped,
By priests adored, and in a twinkling snapped.
My bumpkins, once such fools, think wiser now,
That God without their aid can bless the cow,
With due fertility the poultry keep,
And kindle love sufficient for the sheep.
On their past folly with amaze they stare,
And mock the solemn mummery of prayer.
No more on Anthony's once hallowed feast
The horse and ass shall travel, to be blessed;
No more shall Hodge's prong and shovel start,
Boot, saddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart;
No more in Lent shall wiser Frenchmen starve,
While God affords them a good fowl to carve.
Away with fasts—a fool could only hatch 'em—
Frenchmen eat fowls, wherever you can catch 'em.
Let not the fear of hell your jaws control—
A capon (trust me) never damned a soul.
Heaven kindly sends to man the things man chooses;
And he's an impious blockhead who refuses.
Melt all the bells to cannon with their grace;
And, 'stead of demons, let them Austrians chase.
Away with relics, holy water, oils,
At which Credulity herself recoils!

Lo, Hellerman's and Custine's gun-clad power
Will do more wonders with their iron shower,
Than all the saints and crosses of the nation,
Since saints and crosses grew a foolish fashion.
Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
And silver saints perform their feats in *coin;*
Make a good rubber of the Virgin's wig—
Out with her ear-rings, and the dame unrig;
Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold;
A piece of timber need not fear the cold.
Out with the priests, to lust's wild frenzy fed,
Who put the bridegroom and the bride to bed;
One eye to Heaven with sanctity applied,
The other leering on the blushful bride;
Who loads her in hot fancy with caresses,
And cuckolds the poor bridegroom as he blesses!
Perish the masses for a burning soul,
That never yet extinguished half a coal!
No more for sins let pilgrims visit Rome—
Th' Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
Strike me that purgatory from our creed—
Heaven wants not fire to clarify the dead.
Break me old Januarius' bottle;
And let Contempt the old impostor throttle!
A truce to prayers for saints in heaven to hear—
'Tis idle—since not one of them is there.
Away with benedictions—canting matter!
A horsepond is as good as holy water.
Unveil the nuns, and useful make their charms;
And let their prison be a lover's arms.
I scout your porter Peter and his keys,
That ope to every rogue a pope shall please.
Avaunt the institutions that enslave!
The man who thought of marrige was a knave;
Raised a huge cannon against human bliss,
And spoiled that first of joys, the rapturous kiss;
Delicious novelty from beauty drove,
And made the gloomy state the tomb of Love;
To discord turning what had charmed the ear:
Converting Burgundy to sour small beer.
Thus from his bright domain a sun is hurled,
To gild a pin-hole, that should light a world.
Exulting Reason from her bondage springs,
Claims Heaven's wide range, and spreads her eagle wings;
While Superstition, lodged with bats and owls,
With horror, and the hopeless maniac, howls."
Thus crieth France!

Thus Infidelity walks bold abroad,
And, 'stead of Faith, the cherub, see a toad!
Such is th' impiety of France, alas!
And shall such blasphemy unpunished pass?
No! for the honour of Religion, rise,
And flash conviction on their miscreant eyes.
The French are devils—devils—downright devils,
In heavenly wheat, accursed destructive weasels,
Abominations! atheists, to a man;
Rogues that convert the finest flour to bran.
In Vice's drunken cup for ever guzzling;
Just like the hogs in mud uncleanly nuzzling.
I know the rascals have a sin in petto,
To rob the holy lady of Loretto:
Attack her temple with their guns, so warrish,
And thrust the gentlewoman on the parish—
A lady all so graceful, gay, and rich,
With gems and wonders lodged in every stitch.
Heir of Saint Peter, kindle then thine ire,
And bid France feel thy apostolic fire;
Think of the quantity of sacred wood
Thy treasuries can launch into the flood;
What ships the holy manger can create!
At least a dozen of the largest rate—
And, lo, enough of sweet Saint Martha's hair,
To rig this dozen mighty ships of war.
Our Saviour's pap-spoon, that a world adores,
Would make a hundred thousand pair of oars.
Gather the stones that knocked down poor Saint Stephen,
And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heaven;
Bring forth the thousands of Saint Catherine's nails,
That every convent, church, and chapel hails—
For storms, uncork the bottled sighs of martyrs,
And blow the rogues to earth's remotest quarters.

Such relics, of good mother church the pride,
How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide,
Son of the church, again I say, arise,
And flash new marvels in their sinner eyes;
With teeth and jawbones on thy holy back,
Thumbs, fingers, knucklebones, to fill a sack;
With joints of rump and loins, and heels, and toes,
Begin thy march, and meet thy atheist foes;
Struck with a panic shall the villains leap,
And fly thy presence, like a flock of sheep.
Thus shall the rebels to Religion yield,
And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
(Ah! well remembered by the man of rhyme!)
Quako, high priest of all the negro nation,
And full of negro faith in conjuration,
Loaded his jackass deep with wonder-bags*
Of monkeys' teeth, glass, horse-hair, and red rags;
When forth they marched—a goodly, solemn pace,
To pour destruction on the Christian race;
To send the husbands to th' infernal shades,
Hug their dear wives, and ravish the fair maids;
To bring god Mumbo Jumbo into vogue,
And sanctify the names of whore and rogue!
By Fortune's foot behold the scheme disjointed;
And, lo, the black apostle, disappointed!
But mark! this difference, to the world's surprise,
Between your Holiness and Quako lies:—
O'er France (no more an unbelieving foe,
Who bought their relics, and adored thy toe)
Divine dominion shalt thou stretch, O pope,
While luckless Quako only stretched—a rope.

Where is the priest that cannot curse a rat,
A weasel, locust, grasshopper, and gnat?—
If journeymen can curse the reptile clan,
The master certainly can curse a man.
Father of miracles, then stir thy stumps,
And break the legs of sin, that takes such jumps:
Fall not upon thy face, and cur-like yelp;
And, panting, panic-stricken, cry—"God, help!"

* These little bags are called by the negroes, *obia*, and are supposed to be possessed of great witchcraft virtues.

To show that prayer alone will not avail,
The muse shall finish with a well-known tale.*

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

Just as I had finished my Epistle, it struck me that his Holiness kept a bad house at Rome—Marvelling reader, nothing less than a large bawdy-house, from which he derives an immensity of impure emolument: so that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on earth, taxes female flesh, winks at fornication, and consequently promotes the cause of carnality—Thus is a great commandment broken, and lasciviousness becomes sanctioned by the successor of the Apostolic Peter. From this sad circumstance probably the bone, wood, and metal conductors of miracle, like the Electric Machine in foul weather, will not answer so well; and consequently a disappointment may attend the experiments. The bard, therefore, wishing the moral hemisphere to be as clear as possible, very properly addresses a pair of reprimanding Odes to his Holiness on the occasion, in sanguine hopes of reformation.

ODE I.

Let me confess that Beauty is delicious:
To clasp it in our arms, is nice—but vicious:
That is to say, unlawful hugs—caresses
Which want those bonds which God Almighty blesses.
I do not say that we should not embrace:
We may—but then it should be done with grace:
The flesh should scarce be thought of—there's the merit:
Sweet are the palpitations of the spirit!

Pure are indeed the kisses of th' upright;
So simple, meek, and sanctified, and slight!
Good men so softly press the virgin lip!
But wicked man, what does he, carnal wretch,
With all his horse-like passions on full stretch?
The mouth, sweet cup of kisses, scorns to sip—

* See the Wagoner and Jupiter, p. 93.

But with the spicy nectar waxing warm,
The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm;
Seizes the damsel round the waist so handy;
And, as I've said before, gets drunk, the beast,
Like aldermen, the guttlers, at a feast;
For ladies' lips are cherries steeped in brandy.

The flaxen ringlets, and the swelling breast;
The cheek of bloom; the lip, delightful nest
Of balmy kisses, moist with rich desires;
The burning blushes, and the panting heart;
The yielding wishes that the eyes impart;
Oft in our bosom kindle glass-house fires.

Oh! shun the tempting nets that Satan spins!
The highest pleasures are the deepest sins!
Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true—
Too well, indeed, the lawless passions know it:
Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm pursue,
And madly with the scythe of Ruin mow it—

Thus giving it of death the wicked wound—
A tender flower stretched sweetly on the ground!

"Ware lark," the sportsman to his pointer cries;
Designing him for partridge—nobler game;
As the soul's partridge is the skies,
"Ware girl," should Piety exclaim.

Blessed is the simple man by virtue swayed,
Who wishful burns not for the blooming maid:
Whose pulses calm as sleeping puppies lie;
Who rusheth not to prey upon her charms,
Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
Just like a famished spider on a fly,
That in the tyrant's claws resigns its breath,
Unhappy humming till it sleeps in death.

Blessed is the man who marks the cherry lip,
And sigheth not the nectared sweets to sip,
Nor press the heaving hills of purest snow;
Who marks the love-alluring waist so taper,
Without one wish, or pulse's single caper,
And to his hurrying passions cries out "No!
Stop, if you please, young imps, your hot career,
And shun the precipice of fate so near;
Draw in, or, with the horses of the sun,
You drive, like Phaëton, to be undone."

O pope, I've heard that, when a friar,
(And Fame, in this, is not a liar,)
Thou oft didst smuggle beauty to thy cell,
And, 'stead of flogging thy own sinful back,
Didst give a sweet Italian girl the smack—
The smacks indeed of love that lead to hell!

And lo, thou sinner, pope, instead
Of counting every sacred bead,
Thou wickedly didst count the damsel's charms:
Instead of clasping the most holy cross,
Such was of sanctity thy loss,
Thou squeezedst mortal limbs amidst thy arms:
Instead of kissing the most sacred wood,
Lo, were thy lips defiled by flesh and blood.

Instead of psalmody, the skies to greet,
In sinful catches didst thou deal, and glee;
And, lo, to put the angels in a sweat,
Thou dandledst the young harlot on thy knee,
Singing that wanton song of shame,
"A lovely lass to a friar came!"

Instead of begging gracious Heaven,
For all thy sins to be forgiven,
Ready wert thou to manufacture more!
Thy passions, every one a mutineer,
Just like a cask of cyder, ale, or beer,
Fermenting, frothing, frisking, foaming o'er.

The songs of harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And bosom of desire that hooked thine eye!
Dear as a murder to a certain judge,
A well-known wight who seems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly.

Who, fond of hanging, robs the very cats,
And on the gibbet mounts his captive rats
And moles,
To look like dangling men and maids, poor souls!

Instead of loudly crying, "Let us pray,"
Thou in thy twilight cell so snug,
Didst to an armful of rich beauty say,
In whisper soft, "Bettina, let us hug."

Instead of turning upwards thy two eyes,
Devoutly, for a blessing from the skies;
What was thy most unhallowed action? Oh!
Vile didst thou cast those eyes on things below.

ODE II.

The world was never wickeder than now—
Wedlock abused—her bond pronounced a jail;
A wife called vilely 'every body's cow,
A canister, or bone to a dog's tail!'

What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
Of marriage, decent, hallowed marriage, say;
"Wedlock's a heavy piece of beef, the rump!
Returns to table, hashed, and stewed, and fried,
And in the stomach, much to lead allied,
A hard, unpleasant, undigested lump:
But fornication every man enjoys—
A smart anchovy sandwich—that ne'er cloys—
A *bonne bouche* men are ready to devour—
Swallowing a neat half dozen in an hour.
Wedlock," they cry, "is a hard pinching boot,
But fornication is an easy shoe—
The first wont suit;
It wont do.

"A girl of pleasure's a light fowling piece—
With this you follow up your game with ease:
That heavy lump, a wife, (confound her!)
Makes the bones crack,
And seems, upon the sportsman's breaking back,
A lumbering eighteen-pounder.

"One is a summer-house, so neat and trim,
To visit afternoons for Pleasure's whim;
So airy, like a butterfly so light;
The other, an old castle with huge walls—
Where Melancholy mopes amid the halls,
Wrapped in the doleful dusky veil of Night."

Then, pope, on fornication turn thy back:
Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack!
Most dangerous is this habit, Sir, of sinning!
Hang all the bawds; for where's a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures all so nice?
And yet to them, 'tis merely knitting, spinning—
No more!
Although the innocent is made a whore.

With just as much *sang froid*, as at their shops
The butchers sell rump-steaks, or mutton-chops,
Or cooks serve up a fish, with skill displayed,
So an old abbess, for the rattling rakes,
A tempting dish of human nature makes,
And dresses up a luscious maid:
I rather should have said, indeed, undresses,
To please a youth's unsanctified caresses.

Thus, in the practices of fleshy evil,
They're off upon a gallop to the devil;
Yet deem themselves, poor dupes, cocksure of heaven,
As though salvation could to bawds be given,
To jades encouraging those rebel fires,
Peppered propensities, and salt desires;
Cursed by the bible, if we trust translators;
Which sayeth, "Woe be to all fornicators!"

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done!
By thee approved, thou dar'st not, pope, deny:
Yes, yes, the lawless places are well known,
Where youth for venal pleasures madly fly,
Bargain for beauteous charm, and pick, and cull it,
As at a poulterer's Betty turns a pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act—
Take, therefore, reader, from the bard a fact.
An old procuress groaning, sighing, dying,
A rake-hell enters the old beldam's room—
"Hæ, mother! thinking on the day of doom?
Hæ—dam'me, slabbering, whining, praying, crying?
Well, mother! what young filly hast thou got,
To give a gentleman a little trot?"

"O Captain, pray, your idle nonsense cease,
And let a poor old soul depart in peace!
What wicked things the Devil puts in your head,
Where can you hope to go, when you are dead?"

"How now, old beldam?—shamming Heaven with praying!
Come, come, to business—don't keep such a braying;
Let's see your stuff—come, beldam, show your ware;
Some little Phillis, fresh from country air."

"O captain, how *unpiously* you prate!
Well, well, I see there's no resisting fate;
Go, go to the next room, and there's a bed—
And such a charming creature in't—such grace!
Such sweet simplicity! and *such* a face!—
Captain, you are a devil—you are, indeed.

"I thank my stars that nought my conscience twits;
Which to my parting soul doth joy afford;
O captain, captain! what, for nice young tits,
What will you do, when I am with the Lord?"

REFLECTION.

Such was the fact! thus was this bawd persuaded,
Heaven's massy door would not be barricaded!
Sure, in her mind, that Peter would unlock it!
Thus had her soul thy passport in its pocket.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

Though the Author has so severely reprimanded His Holiness for his incontinency, he, with the utmost candour, suspecteth his own frailty.

O Nymph of meek and blushful mien,
Lone wanderer of the rural scene,
Who lovest not the city's bustling sound,
But in the still and simple vale,
Art pleased to hear the turtle's tale,
'Mid the gay minstrelsy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the sunny beam,
I see thee mark the natives of the stream,
That break the dimpling surface with delight;
Now see thee pitying a poor captive fly,
Snapped from the loved companions of his joy,
And, swallowed, sink beneath the gulf of night.

Now see thee, in the humming, golden hour,
Observant of the bee, from flower to flower,
That loads with varied balm his little thighs,
To guard against chill winter's famished day,
When rains descend, and clouds obscure the ray,
And tempests pour their thunder through the skies.

Now see thee happy, with the sweetest smile,
Attentive stretched along the fragrant soil;
Beholding the small myriads of the plain,
The pismires, some upon their sunny hills,
Some thirsty, wandering to the crystal rills,
Some loaded, bringing back the snowy grain;

So like the labouring swains, who yet look down
Contemptuous on their toils and tiny town!

Now see thee playful, chase the child of spring,
The winnowing butterfly with painted wing,
That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom;
Pursuing wildly now a favourite fair,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for love, the pea's perfume.

Now see thee peeping on the secret nest,
Where sits the parent wren in patient rest;
While at her side her feathered partner sings;
Chants his short note, to charm her nursing day;
Now for his loves pursues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleased could I sit with thee, O nymph so sweet,
And hear the happy flocks around thee bleat;

And mark their skipping sports along the land;
Now hear thee to a favourite lambkin speak,
Who wanton stretches forth his woolly neck,
And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour:
Yet should a rural Venus from her bower
Step forth with bosom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant rose-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin so sleek,
And archly heave the love-seducing sigh;

And cry, "Come hither swain—be not afraid;
Embrace the wild, and quit the simple maid"—
I verily believe that I should go;
Yet, parting, should I say to thee, "Farewell—
I cannot help it—Witchcraft's in her cell—
The passions like to be where tempests blow—
Go girl, enjoy thy fish, flies, and doves;
But suffer me to wanton with the Loves."

Thus should I act—excuse me, charming saint;
An imp am I, in virtue's cause so faint:
Like David in his youth, a lawless swain!
Preferring (let me own with blushing face)
The storms of passion to the calms of grace;
One ounce of pleasure to a pound of pain.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE FAIR LADY.

AT BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK.

A True Story.

A King of France upon a day,
With a fair lady of his court,
Was pleased at battledore to play,—
A very fashionable sport.

Into the bosom of this fair court dame,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness shame,
King Louis by an odd mischance did knock
The shuttlecock,
Thrice happy rogue, upon the town of doves,
To nestle with the pretty little loves!

"Now, sire, pray take it out"—quoth she,
With an arch smile.—But what did he?
What? what to charming modesty belongs!
Obedient to her soft command,
He raised it—but not with his hand!
No, marvelling reader, but the chimney tongs.

What a chaste thought in this good king!
How clever!
When shall we hear again of such a thing?
Lord! never.
Now were our princes to be prayed
To such an act by some fair maid,
I'll bet my life not one would mind it:
But handy, without more ado,
The youths would search the bosom through,
Although it took a day to find it!

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN; OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.

Young women! don't be fond of killing,
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimpled smile, and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures I own:
But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peeped on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaimed the Rose,
"What's beauty, that no mortal knows?
What is a charm, if never seen?

You really are a pretty creature:
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
Come up, and show your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride
That wished to dash the public eye:
Indeed I own that I'm afraid—
I think there's safety in the shade,
Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoined,
"See how I wanton in the wind:
I feel no danger's dread alarms:
And then observe the god of day,
How amorous with his golden ray,
To pay his visits to my charms?"

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her favourite theme—
A clown had on her fixed his pat.
In vain she screeched—Hob did but smile;
Rubbed with her leaves his nose awhile
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

THE DOCTORS;

A TALE.

A FELLOW troubled with the itch
(Like courtier-men) of getting rich,
And learning that a doctor (not a quack),
By means of a most potent pill,
Did verily and truly fill
Full many a time with gold his sack—
Resolved, by pill, to make a fortune too,
So set about it without more ado.

Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
With heads as empty as the drum.
The quack puffs off his pill, none doubt him:
A bumpkin came among the rest,
And thus the man of pill addressed:

"Zur, hearing what is come to pass,
That your fine pill hath cured the king,
And able to do every thing,
D'ye think, zur, that 'twill make me vind my ass?
I've lost my ass, zur, zo should like to try it:
If this be your opinion, zur, I'll buy it."

"Undoubtedly!" the quack replied,
"Yes, Master Hob, it should be tried:
Then down Hob's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand impostor pushed the pill.

Hob paid his fee, and off he went;
And travelling on about an hour,
His bowels sore with pains were rent:
Such was the pill's surprising power.

No longer able to contain,
Hob in a hurry left the lane:
How decent!—what can decency surpass?
And sought the grove—where Hob's two eyes,
Wide staring, saw with huge surprise
His long-eared servant Jack, his ass!
Ye gods! how happy was the meeting!
Hob kissing Jack, and Jack, Hob greeting.

"Adzooks! a lucky pill!" quoth Hob:
"Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job."
Pill grew the subject of the village tattle:
At last it gained a heap of fame;
Not only good for blind and lame,
But good, too, for recovering all strayed cattle.

Now ponder well ye parents dear—
Pitt's no catholicon, I fear:
Pitt is a violent cathartic,
Creating very grievous gripes
(In butcher phrase) among our tripes,
Making the stomach, head, and heart sick:

Producing much evacuation,
Unto a poor consumptive nation,
That wants restoratives called pounds,
To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though clever in his treasury rostrum,
Pitt never yet possessed a nostrum
For bringing all strayed millions back again:
The guineas he sent out, we find,
Were like so many beetles blind,
Rambling the lord knows where, like showers of rain,
Making the German regions smile,
Instead of Albion's famished isle.

THE HEDGE-HOGS.

A FABLE.

THE hedge-hogs in a war most fatal,
A war commenced with the dog-nation,
Like us, unlucky, losing each land-battle,
And trembling all for their salvation,
Agreed to furnish contribution,
With patriotic resolution,
As much as every hedge-hog could afford:
One of the tribe, no hedge-hog sutler,
An Elwes, or a Sir John Cutler,
And master of a comfortable hoard,

Affected to be scarcely worth a crown,
Therefore unable to come down.
The hedge-hog council sent to let him know
The tide could never be so low:

"Enter my house, and be convinced," quoth he.
The messenger stepped in, and pried about:
Appearances left not a doubt—
Of wealth a vestige not a soul could see:
In full conviction then they left the door:
"Squire Hedge-Hog certainly is very poor."

As from the door, the humble door
Of our Squire Hedge-Hog all so poor,
Fully convinced, they passed along;
A hillock of fresh earth appeared,
Seeming but very lately reared:
This hatched suspicion somewhat strong.

With teeth and claws they oped the mound—
Where such a treasure soon was found!
Forth trots the poverty-struck 'squire,
Begging and praying beyond measure,
They would not take away his treasure:
Was sorry he had been so great a liar;

"Was ready with his *quota* to the state,
T' assist the war, and give the dogs their sate."
But, no—it was against the laws: they found—
He could not have it—no such thing,
As treasure under ground
Belonged of right unto the king.

Thus was Squire Hedge-Hog very fairly bit,
Now to apply this fable to Squire Pitt:

Pitt, canst thou say with a good grace,
That thine is not a hedge-hog-case?
Believe me, thou'rt not poor in purse,
However thou mayst be in spirit:
Thine income, for the nation's curse,
Is much, I fear, beyond thy merit.

The Cinque Ports, with a few remunerations,
Prove to John Bull some trifling obligations,
Which Wyndham cheese-parings might call;
Which cheese-parings, if in my power,
Should, in the space of half an hour,
Return to where they started, like a ball.

Had justice nicely weighed thy true desert,
What had she given?—I'll tell thee what—
The dame had given, to please thy lofty heart,
Just half enough to feed a rat:
An animal of vicious nature,
Who, after breakfasting and dining,
And supping in a house, and undermining,
Leaves it a prey to fire and water
(As soon as all the plunder ceases),
To tear it in a thousand pieces.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A MIGHTY sultan of the east,
On every dainty used to feast:
(How different from the beggar and his bone)
Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween;
For every thing in style was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a throne.

It chanced that war, all-powerful war,
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
And change the master to the humble slave,
Fixed on the sultan his steel claws,
Clapped an embargo on his jaws,
And words, hard words, instead of victuals, gave.

The king was beat—to prison sent, in short—
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort:
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner:
Enter a dog, who, while the king
Was musing on some lofty thing,
Stole slily to the milk, the thievish sinner;
Forced in his head, and lapped each drop, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious out.

So off, with his jugged jowl, the rascal ran.
The monarch smiling, marked the theft,
And of his dinner though bereft,
With much good humour thus began:

"Fortune's a fickle dame: but yesterday
A hundred camels scarce could bear
My quantities of kitchen-ware,
And now a cur can carry it away!"

OH, with a disposition soft as silk,
So humble, affable, and mild;
Art thou reduced, too, to a jug of milk,
Sweet Nature's child?

Speak—Did the famished wolves, alas!
Eat all the flesh of the dead ass,
And leave thee nothing but the bones?
Say, hadst thou not the face to mump
One steak, from the poor nation's rump,
To calm gaunt Famine's hollow moans?

Ah, me! we all are very poor;
Taxed to the very eyes, I'm sure!
Where is the article that pays no duty?
Nought 'scapes!—not woman's fascinating beauty!

Lo, many a little charming Phillis,
For vending roses sweet and lilies,
And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses!
Although the growth of their own cheek;
Although the growth of their own neck;
Although the growth of their own lip, sweet Misses;
Are forced to Bridewell's horrid fare,
For dealing in unlicensed ware—
Spoiled all their pretty hops, and skips, and glee,
Because the justice had not got his fee.

ORSON AND ELLEN;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

Sequiturque patrem, non passibus æquis.
Virgil.

I try t' excel in legendary tale,
The lady, gentleman, and miss, of rhyme;
In vain, alas! my creeping efforts fail!
Far, far unequal to *their* march sublime.

CANTO I.

"Turn, farmer, turn thy horse's head
And taste my ale so bright,"
Cried Boniface, whose sign displayed
The lion in his might.

Yet how unlike the royal beast,
Who for his phiz ne'er sat?
Wherefore deriding tongues did call
The sign, the Old Red Cat!

Yea, much unlike indeed was *it!*
Jove's eagle and a gander,
Matthias and the tuneful Pope,
Lord Rolle and Alexander.

"Who boasts such ale?" quoth Boniface;
"No landlord that draws breath.
A gallon I could fairly drink,
Even in the pangs of death!"

Young Orson from his horse leaped off,
And shook the landlord's hand,
Then sought a room to taste this ale,
The best in all the land.

The landlord had a red round face,
Which some folks said, in fun,
Resembled his Red Lion's phiz;
And some, the rising sun.

Large slices from his cheeks and chin,
Like beef-steaks, one might cut;
And then his paunch, for goodly size,
Beat any brewer's butt.

This landlord was a boozer stout,
A snuff-taker and smoker;
And 'twixt his eyes a nose did shine
Bright as a red-hot poker.

Were gunpowder put on his snout,
Nor flint it would require,
And steel, to make the sable grains
Flash off in sudden fire.

Thus when we see a nose so red,
It is as daylight clear,
That ruby nose is not maintained
On water or small beer.

Young Orson was a comely youth,
Stout as an oaken tree;
A farm he had in Taunton Vale
And money, too, had he!

Whene'er he spied a buxom lass,
His chops began to water;
And as the kites on pigeons pounce,
The rogue was sure to pat her.

But he his neck to wedlock's yoke
Would not consent to bow;
Quoth he, "The man who milk can buy,
Should never keep a cow!"

Of lovely maids at least a score
Did rue his wanton tricks!
A mournful band! a sable list!
Like moles between cleft sticks!

Now at the table Boniface
And Orson sat them both,
While 'twixt the twain a pewter-pot,
Did mantling foam with froth.

Now Orson raised the pewter-pot,
And blew the froth away:
And having drank, he smacked his lips,
And cheerily did say;

"Old Boniface, thou'rt in the right!
Thy taste is sound enough;

I wish my cellar now could boast
A *tun* of such rare stuff!"

Sweet Ellen gave the pot with hands
That might with thousands vie;
Her face, like veal, was white and red,
And sparkling was her eye.

Her shape the poplar's easy form,
Her neck the lily's white,
Soft heaving, like the summer wave,
And lifting rich delight.

And o'er this neck of globe-like mould,
In ringlets waved her hair:
Ah, what sweet contrast for the eye,
The jetty and the fair!

Her lips like cherries moist with dew,
So pretty, plump, and pleasing!
And like the juicy cherry, too,
Did *seem* to ask for *squeezing*.

Yet Ellen modest was withal,
And kept her charms in order;
For beauty is a dangerous gift,
And apt to breed disorder.

Yet what is beauty's use, alack!
To market can it go?
Say, will it buy a loin of veal,
Or rump of beef? No, no.

Will butchers say, "Choose what you please,
Miss Nancy and Miss Betty?"
Or gardeners, "Take my beans and peas,
Because ye are so pretty?"

Too oft, alas! a daughter's charms
Increase a parent's cares;
For daughters and *dead fish*, we find,
Were never *keeping* wares.

Yet spotless was this virgin's heart—
Quite spotless, too, her fame!
And if a swain but kissed her neck,
It showed the blush of shame!

For once a saucy Oxford youth
Dared kiss it to a glow—
How like the modest blush of morn
Upon a hill of snow!

Yet blushes are exceeding scarce;
The great folk scorn to name 'em,
Since Fashion, ruling with strong sway,
Has bid all courts disclaim 'em,

Yes, yes! a blush is vastly scarce!
O fie, O fie upon't!
And when it glows, lo! Fashion calls
The virtue, *mauvaise honte!*

Oh! can the great for modesty
Not care a single rush!
Ah! never be a British maid
A stranger to a *blush!*

Ah! who can pierce the simple heart,
Give modesty a fear—
Raise with rude hands the burning blush,
And force the pearly tear?

Yet there are *demons* who delight
Her panting heart to wound,
Darken with Sorrow's cloud her eye,
And force the groan profound.

Ah! wanton Fashion, thou loose *dame*,
Who biddest every man see
The charms which darkness should conceal,
And man should only *fancy*.

The ankle, nay, the knee and thigh,
Are secrets now no more!
God bless us! every day of each
A man may see a *score!*

The bishop was not in the wrong,
But really in the right,
Who at the opera saw *such things*
As shocked his holy sight.

Yet some have said, yea, loudly said,
With many a scornful jeer—
"A poor old withered blinking fool,
What business had he there?"

"If bishops and their wives will leave
Their church for wanton places;
'Tis rank hypocrisy to make
A set of prudish faces."

Now Orson's eyes forsook the pot,
And marked the maid with fire;
For Ellen's fair and artless look
Did kindle high desire.

For beauty doth possess the charm
To pull abroad men's eyes,
And wake the wishes of the soul,
And bid the passions *rise*.

For why? Because 'tis Nature's plan
The world should be supported;
Therefore, wherever Beauty smiles,
It will be pressed and courted.

Thus amber doth attract the straws,
The loadstone draws the needle;

And drawn too are the female heels
By tabor, pipe, and fiddle.

Now Orson whispered to himself,
"Gad's bob! if things go right,
With that nice girl who gave the pot
I'll sleep this very night!"

O monstrous thought! O wicked wish!
O soul destroying sin!
Yet for his soul (O graceless youth!)
He did not care one pin.

Thus on the dolphin's beauteous scale,
The shark he opes his jaw!
Poor fish! who, ere he danger feels,
Is in the tyrant's maw.

Thus spiders when they see a fly
How bailiff like they watch it!
And ere, poor imp, he thinks of harm,
The grimly rascals catch it.

CANTO II.

Fair Ellen lived with Boniface
Nor scorned her humble sphere;
And with unsullied fame she drew
Her customers their beer.

How neat was Ellen in her dress!
As neat as a new pin!
By this she brought full many a pound
To Boniface's inn.

Thus Goldfinches, in fields well placed,
The distant birds engage,
And by their dainty forms and voice,
Invite them to their cage.

And thus the pastry-cooks should do,
To sell their tarts and pies;
Put in their shop some pretty lass,
To hook in passing eyes.

For many a man, whose appetite
Desires nor pie nor tart,
May like to squeeze a charming girl,
And ogle for her heart.

Nay, milliners should do the same,
For custom if they hope;
And many a trade besides should *keep*
A nice tit in the shop.

And let me own, in times of yore,
When Love was seldom quiet,
But quickened night and day my blood,
And bred a constant riot;

I bought my garters and my gloves,
Wherever *Beauty shone;*
When Ugliness was in a shop,
I let that shop alone.

For beauty may be well compared,
I think, unto a hook;
Which, baited with a lady-bird,
Draws fishes from the brook.

Ellen was chaste as new-fallen snow,
And modest in her air;
Unlike some lasses, common known
As is a barber's chair.

Of goodly parents was she born,
But in disguise did rove,
Because a youth to her was false—
She left her vale for love.

Six years she passed in servitude,
At last forgot the sigh;
Her lover's image forced no more
The pearl-drops from her eye.

Yet many a month she ceased to smile,
And drooped the languid head;
And many a lonely walk she took,
The secret tear to shed.

"Ah! happy birds," she oft would sigh
Amid the tuneful grove—
"You bear no guile within your hearts
You break no vows of love.

"Alas! 'tis *man* alone deceives:
He wins the witless heart;
Then meanly treads it in the dust,
And triumphs in his art."

Thus in her solitary walk,
Would Ellen say and sigh;
And then sweet ditties she would sing.
Of maids for love that *die.*

For Sorrow listens with fond ear
To Music's plaintive flow;
Devours the sweetly-dying strain,
And feeds on tales of woe.

The parish 'squire, though wedded he
Unto a lady fair,
Hath often at the Lion stopped,
On Ellen's charms to stare.

For married eyes, if not well watched,
Are very apt to stray;
For which some ladies give their lords
A lesson night and day.

And very properly I wot;
For eyes of married men

Should only on *one* object look,
  Whereas they stare on *ten*.

A married man should winkers wear,
  Like coach-horses and cart;
To rule the eyes, those squinting pimps
  That oft seduce the heart.

For so depraved our sex, I've known
  A man deep read in books,
Who had a jewel of a wife,
  Yet kissed his greasy cooks.

And what did make it ten times worse,
  T' increase his lady's woes;
He kept the bastards of those cooks,
  All underneath her nose;

Who, if she dared to speak or weep,
  He instantly would kick her;
And oft (to use a Devonshire phrase)
  The gentleman would *lick* her.

Ah! Matrimony, thou art like
  To Jeremiah's figs;
The good were *very good*, the *bad*
  Too sour to give the pigs.

Now to fair Ellen to return—
  The parson of the parish,
Although his *mouth* was most devout,
  His *eyes* were oft vagarish.

For oft on Boniface he called,
  The news to ask or tell;
Hoping his ale was fresh and good,
  And that his hogs were well.

And was fair Ellen in the way,
  He catechised the maid;
Hoping she always went to church,
  And like a Christian prayed.

And gently would he squeeze her hand,
  When nobody was near;
And kindly pat her rosy cheek,
  With many a holy leer.

And when the parson took a draught,
  He did persuade the lass
To wet her lovely lips, and leave
  A kiss within the glass.

For even the gravest of divines
  To Beauty's empire yield:
And spite of all their zeal and grace,
  Old Nick hath won the field.

Lo! Bishop Keppel felt the charm,
  And wavered from his duty:

Confirming once a nice young maid,
  He gave up God for Beauty;

So pressed her head with *amorous* hand,
  When lo, two large black pins,
That slily lurked within her hair,
  Attacked him for his sins.

Deep in his flesh they urged their way;
  When, staring, the divine
Exclaimed, "G—d damn the head! I think
  The girl's a *porcupine*."

Old Snuffle, too, the parish clerk,
  Did sometimes call for ale;
And knew not (when the maid was near)
  If *mild* it was, or *stale*.

Of spectacles that rode his nose,
  He winked through each horned glass;
And, goat-like, licked his watering lips,
  That longed to buss the lass.

Than o'er his Bible in the pew,
  Of pounds I would lay ten,
Old Snuffle would much rather say,
  O'er Ellen's lips, *amen*.

The dullest eye can beauty see,
  'Tis lightning on the sight;
Indeed it is a general bait,
  And man, the fish, will bite.

Now Boniface talked of Lord Rolle,
  A lord in fight so frisky;
Who made an old dame* a prisoner,
  And took away her whiskey.

And eke on travelling corpses seized,
  As fierce as any shark;
And bullied, like a thunder-storm;
  The parson and the clerk.

And now they talked of Sunday schools,
  Once deemed a glorious thing,
Praised and supported by the great,
  Admired by queen and king.

But now 'gainst Sunday schools, alack,
  The great folk turn their faces;
For fear the poor, by learning, should
  Grow wiser than their *graces*.

For no *great man* indeed can bear
  That *man* of *low degree*
Should read and write, since that poor man
  May be as wise as he.

* Actually in Ireland, where his lordship performed prodigies of valour.

There is a lofty dame called Pride,
With corns upon her toes:
On which the *mob* is apt to tread,
And very oft, God knows.

Now this high dame companion is
Of lords, and dukes, and kings;
And duchesses, and eke of queens,
Indeed, and such like things.

And lo! she whispers to the great
To keep themselves aloof;
Nay, crush the poor like some sad worm
Beneath a horse's hoof.

And lo! the great her counsel take,
And ears of poor folks crop;
Nay, flog the poor at times, poor souls!
As schoolboys flog a top.

Now of a princess sweet they talked,
And pitied her hard fate;
"O Lord! O Lord!" said Boniface,
"Heaven keep me from high state!

"Poor lady!" Orson pitying said,
"I've seen her many a time;
And seen the baby too with tears,
And asked about her crime.

"However people may invent,
Whatever folks shall say,
I won't believe—but think her still
A jewel flung away.

"Such sweetness never could offend—
Then what's her guilt? I cried;
But folks seemed all afraid to speak,
And shook the head, and sighed."

Then Ellen said, "I would not be
A princess for the world."—
"Thou'rt more," quoth Orson, "or may I
To Old Nick's house be hurled!"

"Thou art a queen," exclaims the youth;
And for a kiss he starts—
"Who! I?" rejoined th' astonished maid—
"Yes, *thou*—the *queen of hearts*."

The maid received the youth's salute
With such a modest air,
As though from Mistress Stevenson's,*
The empress of Queen-square.

Now, gentle reader, with thy leave,
I'll rest my tuneful tongue;
And shun of nightingales the fate,
Who die by too much song.

* A lady who keeps a boarding-school.

CANTO III.

And now they talked of good great men,
Who by their merits rise;
When Bishop Porteus was the theme;—
Great, though of little size:

Who, though before the Chancellor
He humbly bore the mace,
Did at the *last* a mitre wear;
Such friends are Faith and Grace.

Now Boniface did loud exclaim,
For wondrous proud was he:
"D'ye know that this same bishop's wife
No better was than *me?*

"No better, though the lofty wife
Of this most grand divine!
Her father did an alehouse keep,
No better, man, than *mine!*

"There Madam Porteus, a young maid,
Did draw the ale and beer;
And drew good customers, 'tis said,
Indeed from far and near.

"When Parson Porteus trudged that way—
Now see how things may hap!
And, sweating, took a pint of *stout*
From this young maiden's tap.

"Now Love within the pewter-pot,
So wondrous is his art,
Lurked sly, and as the parson swilled,
Slipped down into his *heart*.

"At once he glowed with furious flame,
And eyed the comely she;
And very soon he squeezed her hand,
For wounded much was he.

"Thus, when the Linnet flies to drink
To some fair crystal spring,
By lime-twigs quickly is he caught
And cannot move a wing.

"Now soon as the young girl's papa
The courtship did explore,
He took them by the shoulders both,
And shoved them both to door.

"As Adam and his dearest Eve
Left Eden with a tear;
So Porteus with his sweetheart left
The tap-room and the beer.

"Forth wandering they in homely plight,
Grieved that their plan miscarried;
But soon, in spite of poverty,
The loving pair were married.

"Nor proud is Mistress Porteus now,
Though lofty is her lot;
For glad is she old friends to see,
And eke a pewter-pot."

Thus ended Boniface; and now
They talked of Hannah More,
Whose fame the bishop's trumpet sounds,
That makes a mighty roar.

Their on each other they did wink,
Which thus might be translated;
Some people may a mitre wear,
And yet be *shallow-pated*.

And now they praised the bishop's care,
Who makes it all his pride
To see the clergy *well* behave,
And on their cures reside.

For, lo! the bishop finds it hard
Into their cures to pull 'em;
Though he, *good* man, for reasons *wise*,
Doth seldom preach at Fulham.

"I fear some bishops are in fault,"
Quoth Boniface, and sighed—
"They are a proud and haughty set."—
"Too true," the youth replied.

"Over poor curates' backs, alas!
How Jehu-like they drive!
And, Lord! how these old drones will suck
The honey of the hive!"

Of Dame Religion now they talked,
Beloved by each divine;
Who thinks their wealthy patroness
All in a deep decline.

To bring her back to health again,
Of *recipes* a score
Good Doctor Porteus jointly wrote
With *Parson* Hannah More.

For, lo, the dame with these great *folk*
Has always been in favour;
For which they both for her would fight,
And risk their all to save her.

Most grossly was she used in France;
Most cruelly, alack!
Her pockets picked, and her best clothes
All pilfered from her back.

The French swore she a bastard was
Of some old canting friar;
And from her childhood known to be
A hypocrite and liar.

Her rings they robbed, and diamonds too;
Her gold they stole by tons;
With which they shot and powder bought,
Swords, muskets, and great guns.

Not only this, indeed, was done
By this same rabble rout;
They broke the bones of saints, and kicked
The saintesses about.

Such was their treatment by the mob,
Such rage did Hell inspire;
If *gold*, they coined them; and, if *wood*,
They put them in the fire.

Old jawbones of the sainted tribes
Old teeth, old nails, old noses,
Old toes, old shoes, that wonders worked,
As every one supposes.

Old wigs, and night-caps, gowns, and rags,
Spoon, trencher, knife, and fork;
Pap-spoon, and frying pan, and spit,
That many a marvel work.

"Religion was a gentle maid,"
Quoth Boniface again—
"In the year *one;* but *since* she's spoiled
By wicked artful men.

"The bishops taught her to be proud,
And heap of wealth a store;
To paint her cheeks, and wear the garb
Of some sad tawdry whore.

"I think she is too well dressed out
By every great divine."—
"Indeed," quoth Orson with a sigh,
"I think she goes too fine."

Of Peter Pindar now they talked;
Who so *divinely* sings;
Renowned from pole to pole for odes,
And *compliments* to kings.

Then, raptured, on his works they dwelt,
And on his high pretension;
Lamenting much he had not got
From majesty a pension:

While parasites, and pimps to lords,
Enjoyed their wealth and state;
While he, poor soul, did make wry mouths
Upon an empty plate.

On which they sagely did remark,
That slight was merit's meed;

And that the sun, for *one* fair *flower*,
Did foster many a *weed*.

"I have his works," quoth Boniface,
"This moment in my house;
Pray, Farmer, did you ever read
His poem on a Louse?

"And Apple Dumplings and choked Sheep,
The Pilgrims and the Pease;
The Brick-kiln, Brewhouse, Parson Young,
And Songs that ladies please?"

"This great man's poems I have read;
Yes, over, Sir, and over,"
Quoth Orson, with a wink and smile
That pleasure did discover.

"But then," said he, and gave a shrug,
"*Some* aldermen and mayor
Swore that his impudence is such,
It bristled up their hair:

"Said that he grins too much at courts,
And never would refrain;
And in respect of titled folk,
Was wicked as Tom Paine.

"They called him every name that's bad,
Turk, Infidel, and Jew;
And wanted, when they burned his books,
To burn the *author too*."

"O shameful aldermen and mayor,
To burn so sweet a bard!"
Cried Boniface—"alas! alas!
'Twas very, very hard.

"The Justice too, I do suppose,
Did hate him from his marrow;
And with as much good-will would shoot
The *poet* as a *sparrow*.

"I hope this wondrous man of verse
Is steeled with resolution;
As virtuous people, in all times,
Have suffered persecution."

And now they talked of one George Rose,
Who born in low estate,
Did mount to worship and to wealth—
So very blind is fate.

Of George's mother then they talked,
Her hut, and dirty gear;
And said, that George allowed his dam
But thirty pounds a-year.

Poor crone, who swore she would have more,
Or, lo! his pride to sting,
She'd run to London in her rags,
And show them to the king.

But George disliketh much to hear
About his Scottish home;
Thus scabby heads, the proverb says,
For ever hate a comb.

And now of Hawkesbury they talked,
Who wrote in mags for hire;
Whose works, till in the chimney put,
Ne'er felt one spark of fire.

Of taxes now they talked, and cursed
The emperor o'er and o'er;
And then on Paul they poured some gall,
And very loudly swore.

"The game laws tóo," quoth Boniface,
"Provoke me to the quick;
We must not knock a pheasant down,
Although 'tis with a stick.

"Curse on the justices, the thieves,
That send a man to jail,
For touching, with an inch of gun,
A partridge or a quail:

"Who threat my license too to take,
And ding, and huff, and vapour,
Because I wont be hummed, and buy
George Rose's stupid paper!"*

Now talked they of the princesses
Elizabeth and Mary,
Whose taste in all the polished arts
Is most extraordinary.

Then of the sweetness of their looks,
Their manners all so mild;
That win, where'er they pass the heart
Of man, and maid, and child.

* Which of the two papers is meant by Boniface, we cannot ascertain; as the Sun was accustomed to lick up the leavings of the poor dead or dying True Briton, and disgorge for the benefit of the public: either of those newspapers, therefore, may be alluded to by the landlord, as their respective merits are rather beneath the dignity of criticism. We must say, indeed, that every exertion has been made, particularly by the Post-Office, to cram their trash down the throats of the nauseating people of England. A newspaper is made the test of our political principles. Is the Morning Post, or the Courier, or the Morning Chronicle called for, the man is branded with the odious name of Jacobin. Yet who reads of a defeat in these ministerial hirelings? *Pæans* are for ever sung: British laurels neither decrease nor fade—all alive and blooming! Victory attends the chariot of every British Mars—and the fools-cap which the conquering and contemptuous enemy now and then clapped on the heads of some of our generals, has been, by the hocus pocus of a misrepresenting newspaper, converted into a triumphal crown.

And let me also join my praise,
Before I farther sing,
The Muse with rapture oft hath marked
The daughters of the king.

And if her voice could pour a strain,
To yield their hearts delight;
Lo! all Parnassus with their names
Should ring from morn to night.

CANTO IV.

Now Negress Night came solemn down
To put to roost the fowls;
To bid her bats a hunting go,
And likewise all her owls.

And eke she oped the dreary tombs,
T' enjoy her spectre races;
Unlocking ghosts, to frighten folk
With shrouds and mealy faces.

And now amid the hags and owls,
And gliding spectres pale,
Mute silence with her feet in felt,
Did stalk from vale to vale.

The birds their thatch and bushes sought,
Forsaking trees and springs,
To hide their slumbering heads beneath
Those downy quilts their wings.

Now Darkness with her pinions black,
All waving wide outspread,
Moved solemn, and with horror joined,
Did wrap the world in shade.

Now Theft and Murder sly stole forth
From caves of dread and death,
In quest of damned deeds to roam
The wild and spectred heath;

To meet some wanderer of the shade,
And make his life their food:
To seize his throat with ruffian grasp,
And plunge their knives in blood.

And now amid the London streets,
Poor outcasts from their home,
The female bands, ah! lost to fame,
(Sweet beauty's wrecks!) did roam.

For these, let pity heave the sigh,
And prudery stay her rage:
And rather curse seducing pimps,
The Giffords of the age;

Who prowl where innocence appears,
And watch for beauty's smile;
To tear the rose-bud from its bed,
Then stamp it in the soil.

Now artfully, with rueful face,
Did Orson cunning spark,
Step to the door, and cry, "It rains—
And, Lord! how dismal dark!

"And then the wind it is so high,
That I can scarcely stand;
And then the sky's like murder black,
I cannot see my hand."

"Sleep here, my friend," the landlord said:
"A bed, but not of flocks,
Is thine—of feathers nice and soft,
Picked all from hens and cocks.

"Fine too the sheets—like lilies white,
And warm too is the rug;
And trust me that it has not got
A single flea or bug.

"A little supper we will have;
And, if I'm not mistaken,
Thou likest meat—now what dost say,
My friend, to eggs and bacon?"

To which the smiling youth replied,
"I'm vastly fond of hog;
And when 'tis fried with eggs, I vow
I know no prettier prog."

Now Ellen, with a knife so keen,
To slice the flesh began;
And then she broke twelve new-laid eggs,
And put them in the pan.

But growing warm against the hog,
The eggs unpleasant muttered;
While waxing hotter 'gainst the eggs,
The hog with fury sputtered.

Alas! how much like man and wife!
What pity such things be!
Who at each other fiercely spit,
And often disagree.

The eggs and bacon soon were fried,
And placed upon the table;
When Orson and the landlord ate
As much as they were able.

And now the merry mug went round,
And many a tale they told;
And many a wanton joke they cracked,
Some new, and others old.

While Ellen, busy at her work,
Seemed not one word to hear;

But not a serious word or joke
Escaped the maiden's ear.

For where is she, the maid, I wot,
'Mongst high or humble folk,
That liketh not a merry tale,
Nor yet a wanton joke?

Now Boniface to Orson said,
"As we no longer munch,
Suppose, my friend, with this our ale,
We take a glass of punch?"

To which the youth did answer make,
"Dear friend with all my heart;
And Ellen shall the lemons squeeze,
And likewise take a part.

"And Ellen too with us shall sit,
And take her cheerful glass;
For what is meat, and drink, and life,
Without a charming lass?"

Now Ellen did the lemons squeeze,
The sugar put, and rum in;
And made what even a king would call
A bowl of liquor humming.

"Landlord," quoth Orson, "with your leave,
And Ellen's too I mean,
I'll take a kiss from her nice lips,
That would adorn a queen."

"Ay," cried the landlord, "kiss her, man,
She's sweeter than the rose;
A kiss can do no mighty harm;
So, girl, hold up thy nose."

Then from those cherries of delight
He kisses took a score;
And, but for decency, the rogue
Had ravished twenty more.

For kisses are the food of love,
Well known in every nation;
And such a dainty dish, indeed,
Will ne'er be out of fashion.

And ladies' lips the out-works I
To ladies' hearts may call;
Soon as the first are stormed, the last
Most naturally will fall.

"Now sing a song," said Boniface,
"Thy best and do not grudge it."
"Yes, that I will," the youth replied,
"I've many in my budget."

Then Orson oped his throat, and sang,
Both loud, and sweet, and clear,
A song that much the landlord charmed,
And caught fair Ellen's ear.

SONG, BY ORSON.

I own I am fickle: to Phillida's ear
I first told the story of love;
Kissed her hand, pressed her lip, with what ardour sincere!
And declared that I never would rove.

But my sighs were scarce breathed when Chloe tripped by:
The nymph was no longer my boast;
From Phillida's beauty away went the sigh,
And my heart to sweet Chloe was lost.

Could I dream of a change, when Chloe was mine?
"No, no," I a thousand times swore;
"My heart cannot rove from a girl so divine;
No, no, it will wander no more."

But Fate, who delighted to laugh at the swain,
Presented a damsel more fair;
My heart! the sad rogue, turned inconstant again,
And sighed to Corinna his prayer.

With Corinna I swore, "Every hour must be blessed;
These eyes shall no other pursue;"
When agen, to alarm with new tumults my breast,
Thou, Sylvia, beam'st full on my view.

But, Sylvia, I'm sure thou hast nothing to fear,
That my heart for another can pine;
Since, to make it a traitor, a girl must appear,
Whose beauty is equal to thine.

"Now sing thy song," the lark-like youth
To Boniface did say;
When Boniface most loudly sung
This merry roundelay.

SONG, BY BONIFACE.

Toper, drink, and help the house—
Drink to every honest fellow;
Life was never worth a louse
To the man who ne'er was mellow.

How it sparkles! here it goes!
Ale can make a blockhead shine;

Toper, torchlike may thy nose
  Light thy face up, just like mine!

See old Sol, I like his notion,
  With his whiskers all so red;
Sipping, drinking from the ocean,
  Boozing till he goes to bed;

Yet poor beverage to regale!
  Simple stuff to help his race—
Could he turn the sea to ale,
  How 'twould make him mend his pace.

Now Boniface to Ellen said,
  "Now for thy roundelay;"
The damsel blushed, and hemmed, and blushed,
  And then she sung away.

SONG, BY ELLEN.

Adieu to the grotto and glade!
  Adieu to the song of the grove!
Since Colin is gone from the shade,
  Adieu to the valley of Love!

When a garland he wove for my hair,
  When he gave me his hand at the stile,
How buxom and sweet was the air!
  How the fields were all clothed with a smile!

But Nature seems changed to my mind—
  The fields are all dark on my eye;
Each song is a dirge on the wind,
  And the flowers seem all drooping to die.

All alone must I wander at morn,
  And lonely, at eve, a poor ghost;
While each object around me forlorn,
  Will pity the peace I have lost.

Then ask me not, virgins, to stay;
  With a sigh seems the zephyr to blow;
And the runlet that murmurs away,
  To wind with a murmur of wo.

O ye virgins! O shepherds! farewell!
  I wander in secret to pine!
May Content be the guest of your cell,
  Who has long been a stranger to mine!

The youth upon her tuneful lips
  Did full of rapture glote;
And seemed so pleased, as though he could
  Have galloped down her throat.

He looked and sighed, and sighed and looked
  With longing wishful eye;
And felt his heart all fluttering beat,
  And guessed the reason why.

For who can see the lovely maid,
  And feel not sweet desire?
With him may Life's fair prospects fade,
  And Hope itself expire!

The clock, the crier shrill of time,
  That ticked behind the door,
Now with his hammer struck the bell
  Twelve times, and lo! no more.

And now the fire was all put out,
  Which Boniface did water;
For fear a spark might burn the house,
  And make a serious matter!

For fire, permitted once to rule,
  Consumeth all it handles;
Even from the palaces of kings,
  Down to a pound of candles.

The cat amid the ashes purred
  (For purs to cats belong);
While chimney-minstrels, crickets called,
  Did join Grimalkin's song.

O gentle crickets, to your airs
  I've listened o'er and o'er!
O lucky imps, where'er ye dwell,
  That house is never poor.

Old Towzer too lay stretched along,
  And yelping much did keep;
And with his trembling joints did chase
  The rabbits in his sleep:

Eager he seemed to hunt indeed
  The nibblers to their holes:
Thus dogs can dream like gentlemen,
  Although they have no souls.

Now Boniface said, "Sir, good night,"
  And shook young Orson's fist.
"Good night," agen young Orson said,
  And then he Ellen kissed;

And on her pouting lip he left
  A thousand wanton wishes:
"Good night," quoth he, "fair maid, whose eyes
  Eclipse thy pewter dishes."

Yes, 'twas a kiss!—a kiss indeed!—
  A very wanton kiss!
Which seemed upon her mouth to say,
  I long for higher bliss.

CANTO V.

Now as he kissed her, on her neck
A golden cross he spied:
"Who gave thee this?" the starting youth,
All fraught with wonder cried.

"A young man gave me this," quoth she,
(And then she dropped a tear)
"A youth who won my heart away,
And still to me is dear.

"But riches forced him from these arms;
And men do wealth adore;
And thus he left my heart to pine,
For I was rather poor.

"A damsel of a great estate
Did steal his heart away;
At which I left my native vale,
For there I could not stay.

"For who can stand the scoffs and jeers
That bitter flow like gall:
So when I lost my sweetheart's love,
Alas! I lost my all.

"Where now he lives God only knows;
Five years it is and more,
That here in Hampshire I have dwelt,
And here my loss deplore.

"Methought, Sir, when the mug of beer
This very night I drew,
That Orson, whom I thought my own,
Did much resemble you.

"My heart so beat, my head turned round;
My eyes both misty taken—
I almost dropped the frying-pan,
With all the eggs and bacon."

"My Ellen sweet," the youth replied,
And hugged her to his heart;
"Behold that Orson thou hast lost,
And we will never part.

"I am not married—no, my dear;
To marry I am free;
And I have searched half England through,
To gaze again on thee.

"But thou wert gone the Lord knows where,
And wert not to be found;
But all the neighbours said with sighs
Thou certainly wert drowned."

"O Orson dear," the maid replied,
"And am I in thy arms?"
"Thou art, thou art," the youth rejoined—
And closely pressed her charms.

"How was't I knew thee not?" quoth she—
Quoth he, "I wasn't so big;
And now thou seest I wear my hair,
And then I wore a wig."

"Ah me! I recollect," quoth she,
"Full well thy natty bob;
And then I only wore my hair,
And now I wear a mob."

"Sweet Ellen," cried the raptured youth,
"The reason now is plain—
The mob and ribband are the cause
I knew thee not again.

"I think that thou art taller grown,
Thy shape's so nice and clever;
And without a compliment thou art
A prettier girl than ever.

"Landlord, behold the girl for whom
I've hunted round and round."
"Gadsbob," cried Boniface, "what luck!
The lost sheep then is found."

To tell the joys of both their hearts,
Would puzzle my poor pen;
But lo, they kissed, and sighed, and kissed,
And kissed and sighed agen.

And now they did a sixpence break,
In plight of mutual troth;
While Boniface with happy looks,
Did smile upon them both.

"Well, now, good folks," quoth Boniface,
"I'll leave you, if ye choose,
To tell your tale, while I go take
A comfortable snooze."

Thus having said, Old Boniface,
Marched, hobbling, off to bed;
And put a good red night-cap on,
Of yarn, about his head.

Night-caps of different stuff are made:
Of different colours, too—
Of flannel, and of cotton some;
Some yellow, and some blue.

Sleep is an article we want,
Although it looks like death;
Since all from mortals seem retired,
Except it be the breath.

How often have I said and thought,
  Lost in reflection deep,
" What pity 'tis, since life's so short,
  To spend one half in sleep!

" But then," quoth I unto myself,
  " Sleep calms the folks that fret;
Unkind to souls with hungry maws,
  And people much in debt.

" Nay, sleep has this advantage too,
  It goodly feasts doth make;
And furnisheth rare food in dreams
  We cannot find awake."

Now Orson with his Ellen sat,
  The damsel on his knee;
No loving couple in the world
  Were blessed like he and she.

And now they smiled and told old tales,
  That happened when they courted;
Together when to fairs they went,
  And danced, and played, and sported.

Time stole most happily away!
  While Boniface, above,
Lay senseless snoring, they below,
  Alive were making love.

Now morning from her clouded east
  Did through the window peep,
Upon the playful loving pair,
  Whose eyes looked not for sleep.

For they were otherwise employed
  In ogling soft desire;
In telling stories of the heart,
  And fanning Love's sweet fire.

Their eyelids did not once pick straws,
  And wink and sink away;
No, no, they were as brisk as bees,
  And amorous things did say.

For eyes are eloquent, though mute:
  They speak all sorts of tongues;
Such very cunning things are eyes—
  Such power to them belongs.

Now Ellen unto Orson said,
  " Retire, my friend, to rest;
Thou with thy journey must be tired,
  And I will seek my nest."

" Ah, Ellen, I feel no fatigue,"
  Said Orson, with a smile;
" I am this moment fresh as though
  I had not rid a mile.

" 'Tis thou hast given me spirits gay,
  And made my heart so light;
Well, Ellen, now I think 'tis time
  Indeed to bid good night."

And now he took her in his arms,
  And said, " Good night, my dear;
When Ellen said " Good night" agen,
  And dropped the tenderest tear.

It was a tear—a precious tear,
  More worth than diamonds bright;
For love and friendship formed the drop,
  That charmed young Orson's sight.

As down her cheek this pearl did flow,
  Young Orson, mad with bliss,
Quick to her cheek his lips applied,
  And caught it with a kiss.

Then gallantly the young man said,
  And swore of oaths a round—
" That pearl of thine, my lovely girl,
  Shall never kiss the ground.

" O dearest Ellen, mind my words,
  And mind I tell thee true:
Wherever that bright gem had dropped,
  The ground had been Peru.

" But I will go, since 'tis thy wish:
  My angel fair, good night;
Sweet dreams to thee, my only dear,
  Ay, dreams of rich delight."

" Sweet dreams unto my friend also,"
  With sweetest smiles, said she;
" Ah, then of Ellen I must dream,"
  With gallantry said he.

And now they both retired to rest,
  Both bidding soft farewell;
And which was happiest in their dreams,
  Is difficult to tell.

Now Sol had mounted up the sky
  A pair of yards at least,
When from their beds the couple sprung,
  And very soon were dressed.

To breakfast down they happy came,
  With Boniface likewise;
Who stretched his limbs, and yawned, and gaped,
  And opened both his eyes.

For Boniface's eyes had long
  The winks of love forgot;
Preferring to the fairest maid,
  A foaming pewter pot.

To tea and toast down sat they all;
And not long after tarried—
Before they went before the priest,
And happily were married.

"And now," said Bóniface with glee,
"You shall not go away;
A sumptuous dinner I will give
In honour of the day."

Now goose and turkey came, and hare,
And apple-pie, and custard;
And chicken, and asparagus,
And Yorkshire ham, and mustard.

And friends invited to partake,
Did from the village come;
Of different ages were they all,
Some young, and aged some.

Within the house did mirth resound;
Without, with cheerful ray,
Sol poured his radiance on the roof,
And all the world was gay!

The chirping sparrows came in flocks,
And linnets with a tune;
And round in merry gambols flew,
To hail the honey-moon.

The wrens delighted cocked their tails,
And twittered many an air;
While redbreasts trilling through the panes,
Peeped in upon the pair.

And eke the pigeons, birds of love,
Did sport upon the thatch;
And cooed and billed, and flapped their wings,
In honour of the match.

No happier hours were known—so swift
The moments took their flight;
'Twas laugh and song, and gibe and joke,
And stories of delight.

At night all slily from their friends
The couple stole away:
Which night, if I don't much mistake,
Was happier than the day.

God prosper long the married state,
And give it every bliss!
And may we kiss the nymphs we please,
And please the nymphs we kiss!

JULIA; OR, THE VICTIM OF LOVE:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Illa mihi sancta est; illius dona sepulchro,
Et madefacta meis serta feram lacrymis.
Tibullus.

From mem'ry nought shall force her form away,
For ever sacred and for ever dear:
I'll seek her tomb at morn and closing day,
And wet each flow'r I offer with a *tear*.

She is dead, who gave life to the groves,
And covers our valley with gloom!
She who led all the Pleasures and Loves,
Now joins the pale band of the tomb.

She whose beauty commanded the heart,
So prais'd, so ador'd, so desir'd;
Sunk, the innocent victim of art,
And the passion her beauty inspir'd,

Yet silent was she on the swain
Whose cruelty doom'd her to mourn;
In secret her soul would complain,
In secret her anguish would burn.

Though faint was the blush on her cheek,
And deep in her bosom the thorn;
A smile 'midst her sorrows would break,
Like a ray through the clouds of the morn.

She would sit near yon willow and sigh,
And pant in the shade of the trees:
"Sweet Zephyr, bring health," she would cry;
But Health never came with the breeze.

And oft she would drink of the brook,
But Health never came with the rill;
Then around on the heights she would look,
But Health never came to the hill.

On her dog she look'd down with a tear,
And sigh'd, as she patted his head,
"Poor Fidelle! thou wilt suffer, I fear,
When thy mistress, who loves thee, is dead.

"*Thou* hast ever been constant and kind;
My fondness ne'er met with a *slight*:
In *thee* a firm friendship I find;
How unhappy when out of my sight!

"When with speed I could travel the plain,
With thy mistress to sport was thy pride;

And now I am weak and in pain,
Thou art heartless and dull by my side.

"When I'm gone, thou, poor fellow, wilt pine,
And seek me, uneasy, around;
Beseeching the swains, with a whine,
To tell where thy friend may be found.

"Shouldst thou find my cold dwelling at last,
Near my sod thou wilt mope the long day:
Nor the night, nor the rain, nor the blast,
Nay, nor hunger will force thee away."

Thus she spoke to her fav'rite, whose eye
Was fix'd upon those of the maid:
Then he licked her fond hand at her sigh,
As if conscious of all she had said!

Sweet nymph! what a sudden decay!
Now her limbs she could scarcely sustain;
Now her head would sink feebly away,
Like the lily pressed down by the rain.

At length on her pillow she fell;
In silence we watched her last breath:
When she bade us for ever farewell,
How divine, though the whisper of Death!

No struggle in dying she knew,
Life passed with such sweetness away!
So calm from the world she withdrew,
Her last sigh seemed the zephyr of May.

Beneath a *plain* stone she is laid,
For needless of *praise* is the tale;
Since the virtues that shone in the maid,
May be seen in the tears of the vale.

TO THE READER.

The unfortunate subject of this elegiac ballad was a young lady, possessed of uncommon beauty, united with a highly cultivated intellect, and the most fascinating manners. A *tender* attachment, terminating in disappointment, so affected her spirits as to occasion a fatal decline. Her lover, from whose professions of regard she expected every happiness, deserted her almost in the hour of leading her to the Hymenæal altar: deluded by the idea of immense riches, he gave his hand to another; thus sacrificing peace, honour, and humanity, at the tinsel shrine of Fortune. His marriage, as might be expected, commencing with infamy, terminated in sorrow, and shortened a life that seemed to possess a claim to longevity. His last hours were those of repentance and horror: before his death he frequently visited the grave of his beloved but deserted Julia, and strewed flowers, mingled with sighs, on her sod; and if a long and unfeigned contrition might be allowed to *atone* for the insanity of a moment, his tears must have obliterated his offences. Naturally of a poetical turn, he wrote a number of what he modestly called his *love trifles*, and sent occasionally to his mistress during the paroxysm of his passion, some of which we have subjoined, that seem to breathe a spirit of sincerity, whose foundation one would imagine could never have been shaken by the feeble arm of a puerile ambition.

ELEGY I.

He despairs of obtaining the Smiles of his Mistress.

What are the thunders of the ruthless wind?
And what the billows that tumultuous roll?
Calms to the raging tempest of my mind,—
Rills to the restless surges of my soul.

Intent to please, I vainly urge my toil;
No hopes, alas! the virgin's looks impart:
O tell me, Julia, what can win thy smile?
O speak, and heave the *mountain* from my heart.

What can I do to win a cruel maid?
The front of Danger willing would I brave:
No coward terror can this heart invade,
Whose chiefest glory is to be thy *slave*.

Fate holds no horror while I please my fair;
Then, Julia, bid me my fond passion *prove:*
All, all thy rigour can command I dare.
But lose thine image, and forget to love.

ELEGY II.

Instead of composing for Fame, he resolves to write the praises of Julia.

No more I'll idly pour the line for praise:
Far loftier hopes my glowing fancy move;
I ask the muses for their sweetest lays,
To tell a beauteous maid how much I *love*.

Vain are our vows to Fame! alas, how vain!
She waits to see us on the mournful bier
Before she yields of eulogy the strain,
What cruel mockery to the lifeless ear!

To Julia's hand I own my wish aspires:
Mean are *my* merits—*her's* how far above,
Yet can I boast what only *she* requires,
A heart to guard her, and a soul to love.

Though courts admired, the modest Julia chose
The silent shade, remote from public view:
How like the berry that in secret glows,
And hides beneath a leaf its blushful hue!

Few are the wishes of the constant pair:
What, though no gold their humble cot display;
Content, their guest, thus cries with careless air,
"Go, leave us, Wealth, and palaces emblaze."

In *rural* bowers Content delights to dwell;
To cull the sweets of Nature's simple vale
To join the *hermit* in the mossy cell,
And join the *nymphs* and *shepherds* of the dale.

To Fortune's tinsel shrine let *others* bow,
And to their wishes rear the golden pile;
To one fair virgin while I breathe *my* vow,
And let *my* only treasure be *her smile*.

ELEGY III.

He complains of Julia's not keeping her Appointment to meet him.

WHAT demons keep my soul's delight away,
And cruel thus my fondest wish invade?
Alas! I tremble at the setting ray!
Pale evening waves around an envious shade!

How expectation loads th' important hour!
Impatience wilder with each moment grows!

Thou loit'ring fair-one, bless th' appointed bower,
And snatch thy lover from a thousand woes.

From vale to vale my eager gaze I strain;
From glade to glade with wild emotion move;
Now turn and sigh, now move and turn again,
Devour each sound, and chide my lingering love.

Desponding, now upon the ground I lie,
And, anxious, murmur to the desert air;
Now call on slumber to my closing eye;
But slumber lights not on the lids of care.

Dark as the bosom of the stormy deep,
Wild as its waves my thoughts succeeding roll;
Cool reason vainly soothes the wretch to sleep—
Oh! what is reason to the love-sick soul?

Ye sweet companions of my lonely bower,
Whose simple melodies my shades inspire:
Oh, that my bosom felt your happy hour!
Oh, that my voice could join your cheerful choir!

Light as your wing that skims the midway sky,
From joy to joy my heart so lately flew:
With me my moments never left a sigh,
Nor bathed my lids in sorrow's baleful dew.

Hate to the nymph I vow, and cold disdain:
Yet at each idle sound alarmed, I start;
To meet her, panting, every nerve I strain,
And show too plain her triumph o'er my heart.

Where is my love? alas! my transports die:
My cheek, that reddened with despair, turns pale;
With disappointment drops my clouded eye,
Each pining feature tells a mournful tale.

See, see, the sun descends beneath the deep;
Behold the melancholy bird of night!—
In vain along the winding gloom I weep,
And wish in vain to stay the parting light.

ELEGY IV.

Disappointed in not meeting Julia, he accuseth her of Inconstancy.

FAINT as the lustre of a lonely star,
That sheds through night's abyss his distant fire,
Hope feebly glimmered on my heart's despair:
Behold, behold, at length her lamp expire.

Know, lovely virgin, thy deluding art
Hath lodged a thousand scorpions in my breast.
Oh, say what happier rival wins thy heart?
Say, am I there no more a welcome guest?

To a *false* fair-one have I told my tale?
For a *false* fair-one fondly sighed so long!
Why, dear deceiver, did thy charms prevail?
Thy charms the subject of my every song.

Ye swains who heard so oft my raptured lays,
False is the damsel that your wonder drew;
Ye nymphs who listened to the lavished praise,
My soul's soft idol proves at length untrue.

Nymphs of the vale, for *me* your pity spare;
Let not my fate, ye swains, your pity draw:
Alas! for faithless beauty drop the tear,
And grieve so fair a diamond holds a flaw.

Can Falsehood's stain that dove-like heart defile?
Ah, see the tear by blushing Honour shed!
Lurks perfidy beneath that heavenly smile?
See Love with horror mark the guilty maid.

Yet, yet the tyrant of my breast she reigns:
Restless for *her* it heaves with constant sighs;
My wounded heart of *cruelty* complains,
Yet softly pleads her pardon while it dies.

ELEGY V.

He condemns the Licentiousness of the Age.

To false delights the youth of Britain fly,
Who court for happiness the wanton's arms;
Who darts on *all* the fond inflaming eye,
And *choiceless* yields to *all*, for gold, her charms.

When in the Syren's fond embrace you sigh,
And on her lip impress the burning kiss,
Doth friendship mingle with th' unhallowed joy,
Or Love's pure spirit swell the surge of bliss?

When droops enjoyment, what is then the fair?
A *flower* that blooms, but quickly doomed to fade;
A *sun* that pours a momentary glare,
And 'mid the tempest sinks o'erwhelmed in shade.

O swains, to Modesty's fair daughters turn:
By *mental* beauty let your hearts be led:
Bid by your flight the venal fair-one mourn,
And press in tears her solitary bed.

When round your neck her fondling arms she glues,
And, bent to please, exhausts each winning art;
With false delights she shamefully subdues,
And leads the passions captive, not the *heart*.

Their midnight orgies whilst they madly hold,
I of a tender maid shall be possest:
What bliss her tender beauties to enfold,
And sooth my slumbers on her faithful breast!

Time from her bosom all its snows may steal,
His iron hand her cheeks' pure blush invade,
Still to my Julia will I fondly kneel,
And love her most when all her roses fade.

Who spurns the weeping fair-one from his breast,
Hard is his heart—in every virtue poor:

Hard is his heart to wound the fair distrest,
Who sighs that she can charm his eye no more.

Cruel to bid with grief her bosom heave,
Because her cheeks no longer glowing warms:
Base, to forget the joys her beauty gave—
And oh, forget it *faded in his arms!*

SONG.

From her, whose every smile is love,
I haste to some far distant cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Yet, as I quit her vale, my sighs
At every step for Julia mourn;
My anxious heart within me dies,
And, panting, whispers, "*O return.*"

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
Nor fondly nurse a fatal flame:
By absence thou wilt lose thy woe,
And only *flutter* at her name.

SONG.

O Summer, thy presence gives warmth to the vale;
The song of the warbler enlivens the grove;
The pipe of the shepherd too gladdens the gale:
Alas! but I hear not the voice of my love.

The lilies appear in their fairest array;
To the valleys the woodbines a fragrance impart;
The roses the pride of their blushes display;
Alas! but I meet not the nymph of my heart.

Go, shepherds, and bring the sweet wanderer here,
The boast of her sex, and delight of the swains;
Go, zephyr, and whisper this truth in her ear,
That the Pleasures with Julia are fled from the plains.

If thus to the maid thou my wishes declare,
To the cot she has left she will quickly return;
Too soft is her bosom to give us despair,
That sooner would sigh than *another's* should mourn.

SONG ON JULIA.

Ere 'witching Love my heart possest,
And bade my sighs the nymph pursue
Calm as the infant's smiling rest,
No anxious hope nor fear it knew.

But doomed, ah! doomed at last to mourn,
What tumults in that heart arose!
An ocean tumbling wild, and torn
By tempests from its deep repose.

Yet let me not the virgin blame,
As though *she* wished my heart despair;
How could the maid suspect a flame,
Who never knew that she was *fair?*

TO JULIA.

From her whom every heart must love,
And every eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove—
Ah! were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on Mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In every rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear:
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around,
Whatever Beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

SONG BY JULIA.

When love hath charmed the virgin's ear,
She hides the tender thought in vain:
How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
Betrays the sweetly-anxious pain!

Dear youth! a mutual flame I own:
The sorrows of thy breast are mine;
Thy virtues all my heart have won,
That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
I trust the drop that dims thine eye;
I see fair *Truth* thy lips adorn,
And hear her voice in every *sigh*.

TO JULIA.

WRITTEN NEAR HER GRAVE.

MUCH-INJURED maid, who liest pale below,
To *thee* a pilgrim sad I steal away:
In mournful silence steal, o'erpowered with woe,
To bathe with floods of penitence thy clay.

Oh! can thy gentle ghost the *wretch* forgive,
Who seeks thy sod at this lone hour of night—
A wretch, whose greatest hardship is to *live*,
Who, dead to pleasure, sickens at the light?

Oh! if my grief could soothe the sweetest shade,
And pardon gain, which Justice must deny;
Near Julia's ashes should this form be laid;
Its crimes forgotten—then what bliss to die!

Tired of the world, my heart no longer prays
(What others covet) for extended years:
For who would madly court a length of days,
To count (alas!) the moments by his tears!

ELEGY TO JULIA.

Detained in Italy by contrary Winds, he expresses his Desire for sailing for England.

FAR from my Julia's arms I lonely sigh,
And wish to clasp thy beauties, but in vain;
The surly winds my only wish deny,
Yet would I dare the dangers of the main.

Ye winds and waves, how cruel to combine!
O let my prayers your rude, rude pity prove;
Think of the gloomy moments that are mine!
Alas! ye know not what it is to *love!*

To stately structures now I urge my way,
And weakly think the minutes to beguile;
But anxious Love will not be led astray:
Love goads my bosom for the virgin's smile.

Now where the painter shows his mimic art,
I strive to free my soul from Love's alarms;
Lo, every Venus but augments my smart,
And to my view presents thy *brighter* charms.

To Music now fatigued I yield my ear,
But Music cannot the dull hours control;
With cold indifference every chord I hear,
While not a sound descends into my *soul*.

Oft as I mark the tribes of air, I cry,
"How with your pinions would I mount the wind!
Oh! with what rapture lifted, cleave the sky,
And, turned to Britain, leave my cares behind!"

In wishes thus, I daily waste my breath,
Chained by the tempest to this hated shore;
When shall I leave, alas! this land of death,
For life and thee, to part, my love, no more?

ELEGY TO A FRIEND,

DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF HIS SITUATION AFTER THE DEATH OF JULIA.

FRIEND of my bosom, all my joys are o'er—
Peace, gentle Peace, alas! no longer mine:
Since Julia, once my idol, lives no more,
To gloom and solitude I steal to pine.

There, as I sit upon the sod, and sigh,
I hear reproof from every happy dove;
In Fancy's ear they cooing seem to cry,
"We know not of inconstancy in love."

Lo, darkness, tenfold darkness, suits my soul!
The haunts of spectres let me court to weep;
The beach where black with fate the billows roll,
And tempests raise the thunders of the deep.

Thou tellest me that Time a balm will bring,
Soothe every sigh, and calm my keenest woes:
Go, seek in Winter's wild the blooms of Spring;
Go, whisper to the restless surge, repose!

Love, injured Love, a sure revenge can boast;
Love hears my groan, and mocks my soul's despair:
"Bleed, victim, bleed," he cries—"thy all is lost;
Such be their portion who deceive the fair!"

I thought that Grandeur with a liberal hand
Could strew my path of life with sweetest flowers;
That Wealth omnipotent could Time command,
And from his pinions pluck his whitest hours.

Constant in Memory's eye her form appears—
Where'er I tread, a source of woe I find;
In every rill methinks I see her tears,
And hear her sigh in every passing wind.

What now remains, my horrors to beguile?
Away, ye dreams of grandeur, wealth, away!
Who cannot give my cheek one little smile,
Nor bribe a single moment to be *gay*.

NEW-OLD BALLADS.

WRITTEN BY QUEEN ELIZABETH, DURING HER IMPRISONMENT AT WOODSTOCK.

Ah! woe is mee, who sighe forlorne,
Sith woe has fixed depe his thorne
In thys poor harte!
The milkmaid's songe when morne doeth smyle,
And Phœbus gildeth fielde and style,
Doth greefe emparte.

I envy birdes that cleave the skye;
Ye live in freedom, imps! I sighe,
Then droppe a tear:
And eke I cast an envious looke
Upon the little babbling brooke
That runneth neare.

Like the swete brooke I wish to flee
From fielde to fielde in merry glee;
But my poor harte doth pant in vayne
To joine the milkmayde on the plaine,
Who seemes so blest!
Dispayre approaches, and thus cryes:
"To Freedom cease to turne thine eyes
Sith I'm thy guest."
O drear companion! ah, most drear!
Whose voice is horror to mine ear!

TO THE GLASS.

Give me the glasse that felt her lippe,
And happy, happy shall I sippe:
And when is fled the daintie wyne,
Something remaineth still divyne.

Heaven's dewes that on the flower doe falle,
Make them to smyle and fayre withal;
And thus the dewe of her sweet kisse
Doth bathe my heart with balmy blisse:

But dewes to vapoure flye awaye,
While her rich fragrance lasts for aye.

J. D.

TO THE DAISIE.

O modest flower! thou tellest of the springe!
Welcome unto this little fielde of myne!
With joy I see thee from the green earth springe,
And smiling in thy silvery vesture shine!

Ah! nought disturbeth thy fayre tender frame;
Zephyrus kisseth thee, and tastes thy sweet:
Thou dost not chide the wanton rogue—no blame,
Nor biddest him sighe lowly at thy feet.

Agayne he whispereth love; and now agayne
He tasteth of thy honeyed leaves, and sighs!

And though he wantons, thou dost not
complayne;
Thy little snowy bosom nought denyes.

O gentle daisie! speak to her I love
When she doeth come, and casteth lookes
on thee;
Persuade her my pure passion to approve,
And not with coldness from her shep-
heard flee:

But imitate thy ways, and learne thy smyle,
When I, like Zephyrus, doe press her
cheke;
Then may no tempest rude thy form defyle,
And of thy snowy beauties make a wreck!

A PRAISE OF FAYRE GERALDINE,

BY LORD SURREY.

I SIGHE mournfulle for Geraldine,
For lovelie Geraldine I playne;
And oft I wish her harte was mine,
But vaine are sighes, and teares are
vaine.

But she perchaunce mote cruel be,
And slighten of Cupid the bande,
Because she may not finde a he
That meriteth her lilied hande.

Ah me! sith none but *such* may wooe,
And turne to her with hope his eyes;
Far hence fayre Geraldine must goe,
And seek a lover in the skyes.

BALLADE OF LOVE.

THOU art the loadsterre of my love,
Which love doth many tempests fynde;
But thou canst all the stormes remove,
And whisper calme unto my minde.
Thy balmy breathe can fille the sayle,
And bless me with a prosperous gale.

But, no—for this I may not hope;
On rocks thou doomest me to mourne:
My vessel without maste or rope,
All on the black rock piece-meal torne:
And there I wis without a sighe,
Thou lettest my poore vessel lye.

But if thy smile would fix on me,
A safe porte then my ship may finde;
Then Phœbus' beams break out, I see,
And leave the tossing waves behinde.
With jocund heart then I do prove,
Thou art the loadsterre of my love.

BALLADE OF GRIEF.

I KNOW not joy, when far from thee,
For thou art all the world to me:
Then come away.
Though thou art farre, yet Love's swift
darte,
For ever flying, wounds my harte,
From day to day.

I seeke to sleepe away the hours,
But thy image my calm devours,
And keeps me waking:
And when, alack! I close myne eye,
I starte, and with keen anguish sighe,
"*Thou'rt me forsaking!*"

Then come, fayre mayde, and with thee
bringe
In thy twin cheeks the blossomed springe,
And sommer's gold
In thy twin eyes, that I may find
The sommer's beam within my mind;
Not winter's cold.

THE PETITION OF THE LOVER.

AH! say not "No" unto my prayer,
For I have loved thee full long;
To these twin eyes thou art most fayre,
Surpassing praise of sweetest song.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

Why art thou with rare beauty blest?
Only to bless mankynde, I wiss;
Not for to robbe the heart of rest,
But fill it with a sea of blisse.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

The sun was made to warme the earthe,
And plenty make, and kepe off blite;
So should thy beauty's sunne give birthe
To our soul's harvests of delyte.
Then say not "No" unto my prayer,
But be so kynde as thou art fayre.

ODE ON AN INCONSTANT.

THOSE peerless lips are both forsworne;
Those lips that roses' blooms adorn,

Ah, too deceiving fayre!
I thought no guile upon thy tongue,
I thought that mouth could say no wrong,
Nor lay for hearts a snare.

But now I see thy vaine, vaine mind,
And now thy cruelty I find
That taketh pride in woe:
In every sigh thy guile I hear,
And see my wrongs in ev'ry tear
Which Sorrow bids to flow.

Where'er I go, I hear thy name,
And hear fierce Anger cry out "Shame!"
On beauty so renowned.
Know, beauty was designed for joy,
Which thou dost cruelly employ
To give the world a wound.

THE LOVER'S PITYE.

My lute, who makedst sweetest sound,
Awake thee now, alack! to playne;
Sith my poore harte doth feel a wound,
And never may rejoice again!
Oh, let thy sounds with my sighs flow,
For her who lies in death below!

O lute! how jocund was thy voice
When she did make thy chords rejoice,
When roses blushed on her cheek!
But now that she in deth lies pale,
Thy voice must tell a doleful tale,
And every harte with sorrow breake!

My lute, thou must no more be gladde,
But tune to dying straines and sadde,
And think no more of *jouissance*.
Grief openeth of myne eyes the springes,
And oft my tears will wet thy stringes,
And make thee mourne our dread mischance.
Then list to me, my favourite lute—
Be sadde, or lye for ever mute!

TO A FLY.

BY THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN PRISON.

Thou little animal, I wiss,
Thou seemest me a child of bliss,
And runnest, fleest here and there
Withoute a pang, and eke a tear;
While, borne to thinke of sceptres, I
Do envy thee, thou little fly!

Fortune doth make small giftes to me,
But what is mine I give to thee:
The bread, the wine upon my boarde,
I yield to thee with much accorde.
Come when thou list, and to thy mynde
Thou something to thy taste shall fynde.

Though gladde thou frisketh to and fro,
Thy life, poor worme, is shorte, I know;
A little while thy legs outspread,
I see thee on the table ded:
And, while thou art at peace, I wail,
And think on thy lyfe's little tale.

But while thou canst my crumbs enjoy,
Thou here may hum withoute annoy;
Runne here and there, and spread thy wing,
And with thy own companions sing.
Though man be cruel unto me,
My hand shall give delyte to thee.

ON THE FAYRE GERALDINE.

Goe, Muse, to Hunsdon, and espye
What giveth to myne harte a sighe;
And yet to every other harte
Bright floodes of joyance doeth emparte.

There may thou see a sunne that cloude
Did never yet with darkness shroude;
And straunge, no mortals on that sunne
Withouten hurte may looke uponne.

Now, Lady Muse, should it be so,
Thou dost not this my loadsterre knowe,
Goe unto Hunsdon, caste thine eien
On all the world's fayre Geraldine.

THE BRENNED MOTH,

A BALLADE.

Ah! silly moth, what hast thou done?
To such mishap why didst thou runne?
Brent be thy legges, and eke thy wings,
And Fate doth pierce thee with his stings.

What folly could thy mynde perswade
To leave thy fields of dew and shade,
Where glow-worms light with lanterns sheen
The little elves that praunce the green?

There mightest thou on pannons light
Enjoy the silence of mute nighte,
And flicker hill and vale around,
Withoute a foe—withoute a wound.

Poor fly!—but why thy folly blame?
We, wiser mortals, act the same!
On mad ambitious fires we gaze,
And doating, perish in the blaze.

WYATT TO BRYAN,

FROM HIS PRISON.

The summer of my hope is ded,
Whyche made my daies, so passing fayre:
Now Hope no more may lift her hed,
Sore chilled by wynter of despayre.

But, Bryan, my dark prison doore
Doest boast of lyght when thou dost come;
Syth Friendshipp's sun hath beames a store,
To make a palace of a tombe.

Then come, and Friendshipp's beame y spred,
And I'll forget that Hope is ded.

WYATT TO POINS,

IN PRAISE OF LIBERTY.

To crawle in courtes is bondage harde!
For who y chooseth chaines I wot?
Yet some, for pleasures of rewarde,
Will flatter—and blow colde and hot.

But Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

What be our wants?—some thinges, not all.
Contentment lyeth not in heaps;
Who hath a little field, though small,
It grete is, if enough he reaps.

Then Liberty will I emplore,
Though Poverty knock at my doore.

SIR T. WYATT

Retired to the Country, to Arlington, where he passed a Life of Tranquillity; he despised Harry the Eighth's Court.—Wyatt boasts of his Liberty.

Free am I nowe—I courtes do follow not,
But myne own pleasure dayly I persue;
I aske aboute no courtiers—no, God wot,
Sith I to courtes have bidden longe adieu:
For when at courtes, on hands and knees they crawl,
Like whipped dogs, and be for aye inthrall.

When morne doth glister, oft bayte I myne hook,
And forthe I go the river's bank besyde;
And there I privilye do searche the brooke,
And trye if fish unneath the surface glyde,
And often do I bringe them to the lande,
And then unhooke them with a happy hande.

She whoame I love doth sumtime straye,
And sees me dragge the prisoner from the floode;
And that it is most cruelle, she doth saye,
To spille of little fish the harmless bloode.
"Eche little fish," she telleth with a teare,
"Which thou dost kille, perchance hath got his dere."

And oft she pulleth a fish from my hande,
And putteth him agayne into the brooke;
Sayinge, "Go fishe, thyne liberty commande,
And learne t' avoide, poor foole, the hyden hooke."
And then she smylinge doth a moral fynde,
And lykeneth fishe betrayed to womankynde.

A BALLADE OF PRAYER,

BY SIR JAMES MELVILLE.

Addressed to Queen Elizabeth, on his presuming to listen privately to her Majesty, while she played on the Virginals; delivered by Lord Hunsdon.

Oh! in your gracious goodnesse deigne
To pardon mee, most mighty queene,
Who dared (not to be forgeven)
To heare on erth the songes of Heaven!

I strofe to flye from soche swete sounde,
But nailed was I unto the grounde;
My feet, entraunced, could not move,
And all my mynde was lost in love.

What punishment your gracious sense
Ordaineth for my rude offence,
Yet be it grate, and life destroye,
It may not equal my *past joye*.

If you would more than cruel be,
Deth must not be devised for me;
But take my ears' quick sense away,
When you, grate queene, shall singe and
playe.

BALLADE,

BY VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

WHERE is the mayde that erst was myne,
Who did with love myne harte begile!
No more on me doeth beauty shine,
No more I proudly boaste her smile.

The roses of her cheek so bright,
Her lippe of berries' purple hue,
No more for me may blush delyte;
To them may Fansie say, adieu.

When I did first her lookes beholde,
Me seemes 'twas summer in her eye;
Me seemes I marked two sunnes of golde,
Upon her face's smiling skye.

Me seemes that on her roseate cheeke
I spyed the season of the springe;
And when that she did courteous speke,
The feathered minstrels seemed to singe.

But all is past and gone, I weene:
From her I meete with icy cold;
I marke no more her eyes' bright sheen,
Nor marke her sunnes of brightest golde.

Sadde is the chaunge sith she's unkynde:
Now cloudes all mirkie darke my daye;
For Zephyrus blow wynter wyndes,
And frost hath killed the gentle May.

BALLADE.

COULDST thou looke into myne harte,
Thou wouldst see a mansion drear;
Some old haunted tower aparte,
Where the spectre bands appear:
Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,
'Mid the ruin shook by storms.

Yet my harte, whiche Love doth slighte,
Was a palace passing fair;
Which did hold thyne image bright,
Thee the queen of beauty rare;
Which the laughing Pleasures filled,
And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.

When shall my poor harte, alas,
Pleasure's palace be againe?
That, sweete maide, may come to pass,
When thou ceassest thy disdaine:
For thy smiles, like beams of day,
Banish spectre forms away.

A BALLADE.

THE maid who pants for lover's sighs,
Doth lay for her own peace a snare;
She rues the conquests of her eyes,
And mourns that she was ever fair:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

Where Beauty doth display its rose,
In tribes the busy swains are found;
And where the richest nect'rine grows,
The hungry flies will buzz around:

Then, lasses, mind the proverb well,
"Too oft the pitcher went to well."

THE THREAT OF OBERON THE FAIRY.

MAIDENS fair, attend to me:
Constant to your shepherds be:
If ye break your vows of love,
Ye my rage will sorely prove.

I know all your dreams by night;
Therefore fear, O maids, my spite:
All your secret thoughts I know;
Fear then my sharp anger's blow.

And, O men! I pray, beware;
Do not harm the maidens fair;
Sigh not love, and then betray,
If ye wish my rage away.

By the moon's pure beam I swear,
If I mark a virgin tear,
I will give the shepherd dread,
And will tear him from his bed.

If I hear a shepherd sigh,
Maids, in jeopardy ye lie;
Spoiled will be the dimple sleek,
Breast of snow, and rosy cheek.

Love our fairy train delights,
While we sport in moony nights;
Eke our elfin king and queene,
As they gambol on the greene.

Love was sent to soften wo,
Sent to bless the world below;
Full of smile, with roses crowned:
Why should Love then feel a wound?

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

Loud blowe the wyndes with blustering breath
And snows fall cold upon the heath,
And hill and vale looke drear:
The torrents foam with headlong roar,
And trees their chilly loads deplore,
And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes, with wishfull eye,
For almes unto my cottage flye,
Sith they can boaste no hoarde:
Sharpe in myne house the pilgrims peep,
But Robin will not distance keepe,
So percheth on my boarde.

Now on the cradle doth he hye,
And kenneth down, with connying eye,
Upon my babe below;
And finding comfort in my cote,
He tweedles forth a simple note,
And shakes his wings of snow.

Come in, ye little minstrels swete,
And from your feathers shake the sleete,
And warme your freezing bloode:
No cat shall touch a single plume;
Come in, sweet choir—nay, fill my room,
And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,
And hoppe and doe what pleasaunt seemes,
And be a joyfull throng,
Till Spring may cloathe the naked grove;
Then go and build your nests, and love,
And thank me with a song.

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY,

ON HER VOUCHSAFING TO REWARD HER HUMBLEST OF SERVANTS, EDWARD FAIRFAX.

Bright sun of England, nay, a sun,
That hath so bright a cercle run,
And on far realms doth spread a blaze!
The humblest servant of your isle
Doth thank your beauty for the smile
That graceth me with golden rays.

Though homely be my muse's speeche
And poore, your praise can make it rich,
Such is the power of your high name.
What you, great queen, may deign to praise,
Although a dwarf you to a giant can it raise,
Sith your voice is the voice of Fame.

WITH A GYFTE OF A GLOW-WORM TO THE FAYRE GERALDINE, IN THE COUNTRY.

Fayre Geraldine, behold, I bring
This elfin imp that gildeth night;
So beauteous was it 'mid the shade,
So calm, so mild its lonely light,
The insects of the dew-dropped fielde
To its pure beame did homage yielde.

When first I didde this worm espye,
Aloude I said, and with a sighe,
"Oh, little imp of night, I see
Semblance of Geraldine in thee."
Amid the shade as it doth shyne,
So fares it with fair Geraldine.

This worm beneath the leaf doth hyde,
Desyring not to be espied;
Natheless it yieldeth all so brighte
A jewel to emblazon night:
And thus on this dark worlde do shyne
The wit and charms of Geraldine.

BALLADE ON THE VIOLET.

Sweete infant of the fielde, myne eye
Doth joye thy modest form to spy,
For thou goode news doth say;
How winter, with his horrid yell,
Hath bid at laste his rude farewell,
And borne his blasts away.

While Wynter his wilde rule did spread,
Thou couldst not show thy tender head,
But from his rage didst hide;
And golden cup, and primrose pale,
Did peeping tremble in their vale,
And eke the daisie pied.

The surly wight your robes had torne,
And on his wings of tempest borne,
And scattered through the skies;
But now the gentle Zephyr's breath
Doth whisper, "There's no dread of death,"
And bid you fearless rise.

Sweet is thy lot, O little flower!
Like man thou dost not life devour,
Well pleased on *dews* to dine—
Of Heaven's pure balm to make thy fayre:
What pity 'tis we cannot share
An innocence like thine.

BALLADE TO A FISH OF THE BROOKE.

Why flyest thou away, with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near,
I have no wicked hooke,
All covered with a snaring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And dragge thee from the brooke.

O harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood;
For Nature unto thee
Perchance hath given a tender wife,
And children dear, to charme thy life,
As she hath done for me.

Enjoy thy streame, O harmless fish;
And when an angler, for his dish,
Through Gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts, a wretch, to pull thee *out*,
God give thee strength, O gentle trout,
To pull the raskall *in*!

TO THE LARK.

O little harbinger of day,
Who welcomest the blushing light!
With glee I list thy cheerful lay,
Sweet recompense for dreary night.

O'er fair Astræa's rosy bower,
Go, tuneful sprite, and wave thy wing;
Go, charm Astræa's morning hour,
To *her* thy choicest ditties sing.

For, if thou please that peerless queen,
Thrice lucky were thy little voice;
For when Astræa gladde is seen,
Her smile doth all the *world* rejoice.

ANCIENT SIMPLICITY.

Folk be too fond of mounting Fortune's wheel;
And though she humbleth thousands in the muck,
Ambition's flame their brenning bosoms feel,
Pardie! they must crawl up, and try their luck.

But when *aloft*—themselves they scarcely know,
Despiseful squinting on the world below:
But when they tumble, none lament their thrall,
But grin, and point their finger to their fall.

To show that I am now not uttering lies,
I'll tell a little tale in Æsop guise.

THE YOUNG CROWS AND THE YOUNG WRENS.

A Crow upon a lofty tree
Did build her sticky nest;
And younglings did she bring to light,
In number five at least.

One morning, on a summer's day,
Did peep eche youngling crow,
And spied upon a brambling bush
Some youngling wrens below.

These simple wrens in happy glee
Did spread their little wing;
And, lightsome, hopped from bush to bush,
And merrily did sing.

"Poor humble creatures," cryed the crows,
"Eche is a beggar wight;
Look up to *us*, and see our state,
Our house's lofty hight.

"*We* look into the beamy skies,
While you through hedges wade!
We gaze upon the morning sun,
While *ye* are lost in shade.

"Poor imps, depart, nor here offend;
Take off eche selie face;
This hill was only made for *crows*,
Then do not us disgrace.

"If you do not this region quit,
We'll dung upon you soon."
The smiling wrens made answer none,
But trilled their little tune.

Short time had passed, when suddenly
Grim Boreas 'gan howl;
The thunder cracked, the lightning flashed,
And frightened man and fowl.

While thus the dredefull thunder cracked,
And lightning broad did flash;
The limb whereon the crows were perched
Did give a sudden crash.

Down came the limb, and with it down
Did tumble eche young crow;
Some broke their legs, and some their wings,
And doleful looked below.

'Twas now the time for wrens to jeer;
So forth did fly the train,
And, twittering, saw with smiles the crows
All sprawling on the plain.

Then taunting an arch wren began:
"Sir Crows, of *high* renowne,
Ye came, by this your dirty trim,
All in a *hurry* down.

"And by the looke of all your limbs,
And feathers soused with rain,
It will be some small time before
Your graces mount again.

"Proud fooles, how selie you descend
From skies to *dirty fens!*
Thank Heaven, with *hedges* we're content,
And happy to be *wrens*."

TO AUTHORS THAT ENDITE ON THE PASSION OF LOVE.

Ye who do songs of love endite,
Knoweth not well of that ye write,
Sith ye nere with passion strove;
Go moan, and hide in groves, and sighe,
Adore her name, and wish to dye,
And then ye well may wryte of love.

But ye may answer make, and cry,
"Where is the object for our sigh?
Who is the mayde may make hearts pine?"
Ah, did ye never marke a mayde
That wandereth in Windsor shade,
Then larne—it is fair Geraldine.

SURRY.

BALLADE.

When Summer's bloome did paynte my cheeke,
I thought of Friendship's tye;
Of Friendship I could only speke,
Unweting so was I.

But now I fynde this grievous truthe,
That Friendship is the dream of *youthe*.

Although I loved the fairest mayde,
My ladye I would yield,
To give a friend a hand of aid,
And be that friend's bold shield.

But now I fynde, &c.

Alas, I mete with no return,
For love I mete with hate;
Instead of smyle myne eyes to mourne
With early tears and late!

But now I fynde, &c.

Friendship's a sunne, I whilom sayd,
That warmeth every harte;
But now that hartes of ice are made,
Which Winter's colds emparte;

But now I fynde, &c.

Friendship, sayd I, a forme doth boast,
A gyant's forme, I ween;
But nowe I see him, a poore ghost,
With pale and dreary mien.

But now I fynde, &c.

Then let no mynstrell, in his song,
Of Friendship take the parte,
Syth 'tis a vertue of the *tongue*,
But never of the *harte*.

But now I fynde, &c.

ODES.

TO CYNTHIA IN TOWN.

Cynthia, the Dryads are in tears,
Because thou visitest not their groves;
The Graces grieve, and Cupid swears,
And very sullen look the Loves.

The Naiads through the vales declare,
No rill of theirs shall purl away;
The lark too scorns to mount in air,
And vows to keep his nest all day.

The sun resolves to hide his head,
And blot his lustre from the skies;
Yet that were little loss indeed,
While we possessed that pair of eyes.

Well then, to *pique* thee, from each lay,
From all my lines I'll blot thy *name*.

"Aye, do," I hear thee smiling say,
"And blot what only gives them *fame*."

ODE.

The Poet describeth the former and present State of his Wishes.

Tempora mutantur.

Courtiers are just so many goats—that leap
From rock to rock, upon the cloud-capped steep,
That overhangs a sea that foams around;
Slip but a foot! *souse!* down they are, and drowned:
Yet how folks scramble, one and all,
To mount the ridge and get a fall!

I own'd I've listened to Ambition's tales,
Sighed for life's *mountains*, and disdained its *vales*;
My youngling ears most greedy drank her story!
With kings and queens, Lord! how was I in love!
Tried to make wings (alas! I *vainly* strove)
Poor fly! to buzz within their orbs of glory.

Yes, vain were my endeavours all,
And still am I ordained to *crawl!*
Although so lofty in my rhyme.
Heavens! how my fibres felt the rack,
When Pye obtained the royal sack,
And Parsons smoothed the ode with *chime!*

Thus can't I to the palace go, alack!
All the court crawlers would be on my *back;*
Biting and scratching, nibbling, swarming—
A circumstance, alas! alarming.

There would be Liverpool, I do suppose,
And Cardigan, and Salisbury, and Rose,
Making a diabolic rout:
"Off with him—turn the fellow out!"

Cut off from Cæsar and his wife,
I pass of solitude a life;
To Cynthia's beauty tune the willing lyre;
And while I gain *her* lovely smile,
(The sweetest that adorns our isle!)
I feel for courts no more a fierce desire:
So little raptured with a *royal mien*,
I would not give *one pin* to kiss a *queen*.

ODE ON THE ANCIENTS.

"All has been said—the world has nought to yield:
Alas! there's nothing new beneath the sun:
The ancients with their hooks have reaped the field;
All that can be imagined has been done.
The ancients for the moderns were too stout:
Yes! the deep mine of knowledge is worked out."

So cries the world! but who are these that speak?
Men of no *nous*, most wonderfully weak!
If things are *so*, why, what a fate is mine!
Lord help the muse! she never penned a line.

Reap the whole field! not *half on't*, I'll be sworn:
They've only taken a few sheaves of corn.
The mine exhausted! Poh! I'll hear no more—
They've only gathered a few grains of ore.

Appear but Genius, Genius soon will find
New matter to improve and charm mankind;
Teach on the wildest heath the rose to blow:
Genius, the rod of Moses at the rock,
Shall, by a magical and happy stroke,
Bid the rice stream of wit and wisdom flow.

The brains of men, in general, are a *pool*,
Wrapped in death-stillness, comfortably dull;
Like motionless poor Lethe, void of spirit.
But now and then (Like Milton, for example,
Or Shakspeare, each indeed a beauteous sample),
Into existence pops a wight of merit:

An ocean, lo, his brave ideas rise,
That mounts, and with its thunders shakes the *skies!*

ODE TO AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

SHALL Virtue feel the cruel blow,
Her tears to earth unheeded flow,
Her soul unheard complain?
Say, will no muse proclaim the wrong?
Why sleeps the thunder of her song,
While Pity mourns in vain?

With every beauty to inspire
Of Love the soft and chaste desire,
And bless the nuptial tie;
With every gentler charm of mind,
Can Fate, to peerless worth unkind,
Condemn thy heart to sigh?

Without a friend, in soothing strain,
To steal thy bosom from its pain,
I hear thy plaintive voice;
And hear the snakes of envy hiss,
While, happy at thy vanished bliss,
The imps of hell rejoice.

Yet through the cloud that hides thy head,
By Calumny's foul venom spread,
I mark a golden ray;
Time on his wing (for Justice reigns),
To calm thy life's tempestuous scenes,
Shall waft the smiles of May.

Hark! to suppress the swelling tear,
A voice prophetic hails thine ear:
"Thy babe shall rule adored;
On Britain's throne, to crown her fame,
The shouts of millions shall proclaim
Eliza's reign restored."

ODE TO ST CECILIA.

O GODDESS of the tuneful choir,
Upon my knees I must desire
You'll give your instrument a smart jobation:
Happy am I a band to meet,
To give my ears a pretty treat,
And fill my heart with sweetest animation.

I like an overture, I needs must own—
Of music 'tis a very noble dish:
But here's the devil—while *some* with solemn groan,
Bawl *flesh*, lo, *others* are exclaiming *fish;*
Rending with sounds of Babel our poor ears,
Much like the noises of the bulls and bears.*

Proud on his nimbler neighbour to advance,
Like elephants that fain would learn to dance,
The double bass attempts his awkward jigs,
Grunting and snuffling like a sow and pigs.

Ambitious, this most labouring bass
Gives to the violincello chase,
Who on the tenor presses like the wind,
Who presses closely on the second fiddle,
Who presses sharply on first tweedle-tweedle,
Who leaps the *bridge*, and leaves them all *behind*.

Alas! are these the *modes* to melt the soul,
Sooth every sigh, and every care control?
If *this* be music, let me leave the riot,
And be the *world of quavers* ever quiet!

PETER'S TRIUMPH.

TO THE MUSE.

MUSE, we have finished now our odes,
And verily the songs of gods;
But let me tell thee, muse, and much it pains,
That those great traffickers in *words*,
Those high and mighty pompous lords,
The booksellers, will barely give me *grains!*
"*Hog's wash* is good enough"—they cry:
Thus can I neither roast nor fry.

'Tis hard that my poor mental mill
Is never suffered to lie still;
Such, such indeed the avarice of the clan:
Forced, every minute of the hour,
To grind, forsooth, for them the *flour*,
And feed myself, alas! upon the *bran*.

Hard is their bridle—Lord! with pains I shrink;
Too hard upon my bleeding jaws they pull!
What shame that they, the lazy imps, should drink
Claret and Burgundy from my poor skull;
And, with a saucy mortifying sneer,
Bid me be happy upon dead small beer.

I boast *one* consolation, I allow—
My name will never be forgotten:
When to Posterity I make my bow,
Those rogues are in oblivion rotten.

* At the Stock-Exchange.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO

BENJAMIN COUNT RUMFORD,

KNIGHT OF THE WHITE EAGLE, ETC. ETC.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford, *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleased, the dainty dishclout dance a jig.

THE bard whose harp immortalized the *louse*,
For which he ne'er received a *single* souse;
Praised Madam Schwellenberg* in lofty style,
For which he never gained a single smile;
Gave to eternity the shaven group,
Yet never saw a ladle-full of soup;
Praised thankless lords besides, and knight and 'squire—
Now to a Yankey tunes the willing lyre:
Spite of the ingratitude of cooks and . . . .
Strikes to Count Rumford's *tuneful* name the strings,
Who from his fav'rite little Rumford* came,
To build on *smoke* his fortune and his fame.

Muse, at the sound of Rumford *raise* thy voice,
And bid our kitchen furniture rejoice!
Though scant our store, a hempen string, alack!
(The simple substitute for spit and jack)
A knife and fork, a dish, a spoon, and platter,
Shall *stir their stumps*, and make a jovial clatter;
The broom shall hop, as merry as a *grig*;
And, pleased, the dainty dishclout dance a jig;
Expressing thus in gratitude their souls
To him whose wisdom saves us pecks of coals;
And means (for Pitt's d-mn'd taxes this require)
To teach us soon to roast *without a fire*.

* Though I have here accused this lady of *ingratitude*; perhaps, if her last will and testament were to be *seen*, I might alter my opinion.—*Where is* this will, I wonder?—Why does it not appear at Doctors' Commons? Is it *ashamed to show its face*? What has it done with the pearls and diamonds, presents from the poor persecuted family of the Hastings?—Is it with the tailor in Pimlico, to whom her poor body was sent about an hour or two after the soul had forsaken its tenement!—Should not this will be publicly advertised?—Am I certain that it doth not contain some handsome bequest; at least a *tender* memorial to *me*, who (she very well knew) must lose *much* by her *death*?—Is this an unreasonable conjecture? I know the will has been *read*, and I know *parts* of it.—O ye *poor* relations of Madam Schwellenberg, now crawling in piteous plight in obscure holes in Germany, must ye *forfeit* the little pittance bequeathed, if ye *dare* approach Great Britain? Such was a cruel clause of the will!—Had ye *enough to purchase mourning*, O ye poor disappointed relations of Madam Schwellenberg? Perhaps ye might have been *troublesome* had ye come to England—if so, things are best as they are.

* *Once* an obscure village, in North America, but fortunately illuminated by the nativity of the Count, who, indeed, drew his first breath there, and afterwards, in quality of a pedagogue, immortalized it by his *abecedarian* powers, teaching little children to read, spell, and write, with the most consummate ability.

Friend to thy fame (and may it last thee long!)
Though G—— and Banks grow jealous of the song;
Howe'er its praise may wound *some* courtly folk,
That song shall thunder to the man of smoke!

Knight of the dishclout, wheresoe'er I walk,
I hear thee, Rumford, all the *kitchen talk:*
Note of melodious cadence on the ear,
Loud echoes Rumford *here*, and Rumford *there!*
Lo, every parlour, drawing-room I see,
Boasts of thy stoves, and talks of *nought* but *thee.*
Yet, not *alone* my lady and young misses,
The *cooks themselves* could smother thee with kisses!
Yes! Mistress Cook would spoil a goose, or steak,
To twine her greasy arms around thy neck.
Through newspaper, through magazine, review,
Happy mine eyes thy splendid track pursue—
Thy sage opinion in each journal read—
A vein of silver 'midst a load of lead!

High o'er the wond'ring world Vanbutchell towers,
And on the *ruptured* mob his trusses pours:—
High mounted Katerfelto and his cat,
Proud of the voice of Fame, in glory sat:—
High o'er the world the mighty Merlin sits,
Though much of gall his jealous mouth emits!
Endeavouring, lo, thy name's bright beam to shade,
The wizard swears that thou hast *stolen his trade;**
Learned from *his* matchless art to conjure up,
From shades below a *shilling's-worth of soup;*
And mean'st on *other tricks* to put thy *pats;*
Plunder chair-yelping curs, and squawling cats;
With all their love-songs of sweet execution,
To please and *lull* the Loyal Institution.—
High o'er the world Sir Joseph soars sublime,
The great and fertile subject of my rhyme!—

* Indeed Mr Merlin has *seemingly* just cause of complaint: but as the *minds* of those great men are surprisingly *similar*, why may not a coincidence of thought occasionally take place, and produce *similar discoveries?*

Yet higher *thou* shalt mount, whose angry toe
Kicked from thy shop* the hero of Soho;
And aiming, too, at Garnet's luckless crown,
Didst, with thy *leaden* journal, knock him down:
For *who* with *sage opinion*, dares appear,
While Rumford's mouth of oracles is near?
Behold the elector bowing to his merit!
Bavaria owns his beggar-hunting spirit;
Who, when poor Munich trembled, almost lost,
With god-like ardour pierced the Egyptian host,
And seized (which history must ever note)
And seized!—a daring gipsey by the throat;†

* Sir J. Banks is *bona fide* ousted; and poor Garnet, a most ingenious chemist, was attacked for a difference in opinion.

† Here I must beg pardon of my readers for violating history.—The Count slightly says, that at the head of the elector's troops he made but *one* gipsey his prisoner, and that he only *tapped* him on the shoulder.—Such is the Count's *modesty.*—A hero is the last man in the world to speak of his own *exploits;* but let me quote the Count's own words, who, like *Cæsar*, can *write* as well as *fight.*

"New-year's day," says the Count in his history, "having from *time immemorial* been considered in Bavaria as a day peculiarly set apart for giving alms, and the beggars never failing to be *all out* on that occasion; I *chose that moment, as being the most favourable* to my operations. Early in the morning of the *first* of *January*, one thousand seven hundred and ninety, the officers, and non-commissioned officers of the three regiments of infantry in garrison were stationed in the different streets, where they were *directed* to *wait for further orders.*

"Having in the mean time assembled at my lodgings the field officers and all the chief *magistrates* of the town, I made them acquainted with my intention, to proceed *that very morning* to the *execution* of a plan I had *formed*, for *taking up the* beggars, and asked their immediate assistance.

"To show the public that it was not my wish to carry this measure into execution, by military force alone (which might have rendered the measure odious), but that I was disposed to show all becoming deference to the civil authority, I begged the magistrates to accompany me, and the field officers of the garrison, in the execution of the first and most difficult part of the undertaking, that of arresting the beggars. This they most readily consented to, and we immediately sallied out in the street, myself accompanied by the chief magistrate of the town, and each of the field officers by an inferior magistrate. We were hardly got into the street, when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I went up to him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, told him from henceforwards begging would not be permitted in Munich. I then delivered him over to the orderly serjeant; and then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would take notice that I had myself, with my own hands, arrested the first beggar," &c. &c. *Vide* the Count's Essays, vol. i, p. 41, third edition.

Such is the Count's elegant and nervous narrative of that glorious day which emancipated Mu-

And *gave* him (what such bravery can reward!)
And *gave* him!—to the serjeant of the guard—
For which the elector decked the man of stove,
With *true-blue* ribands, and the bird of Jove!
Great Man! whose power inventive daily rakes
Balm from a bog,* and dinners from a j—kes!
Great man! whose fertile genius could contrive
To soften rocks, and *flay* the flints *alive*;†

And make (though Envy unbelieving grins)
Pouches and handsome purses of their *skins;*
Nay *more* (but yet, methinks, a *dangerous hint*)
To perfect jelly turn the hardest flint:
For, hence an *inconvenience* may arise—
To this discovery rogues will turn their eyes:
The felons dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will *eat* their *various dwellings*, and *escape;*
Taught by thine art of turning *stones* to *jellies*,
Fly with the walls of Newgate in their *bellies*.

Great man! whose tinkers form, from various metals,
Grillers and broilers, salamanders, kettles!
Steamers and bakers, frying-pans and stewers,
Skillets and saucepans, roasters, toasters, brewers.
Some, blest indeed with such stupendous power,
Shall change old *shoes* to *beef* in half an hour;
And turn, amidst the wonders of the shop,
The *tinker's apron* to a *mutton chop*.
Bones, oyster-shells, and hair, and hoofs, and claws,
Shall form, too, jellies for the *nicest* jaws:
Thus shall the *cuckold*, who his *honours* scorns,
Bless his dear wife, and fatten on his *horns!*

Great king of fire, who know'st the powers of meat,
And know'st how necessary 'tis to *eat;*
And yet, not only eat, but eat with *pleasure*,
Without one bit of bolting—quite at *leisure!*
By which slow movement in the mastication,
Millions may soon be saved to this poor nation!
What gratitude, what thanks, to thee are due,
Instructing a great empire how to *chew!*
In work-houses, where ignorance abounds,
And all the poor, voracious, feed like hounds,
Sharp *overseers* shall at the table stand,
And give the *word*, with *serjeant-like* command:
Thus will their crackling jaws in concert chime,
And, like a fiddler's elbow, move in *time*.

nich from the tyranny of the beggars? With the hero of antiquity, the Count Rumford may not only say, *Veni, vidi, vici*, but moreover add, *scripsi*, to increase the catalogue of his wonders.

* His first and grand object being to complete the sum total of human happiness, by a prudent attention to economy, he shows how from the { *recre* / *excre* } mentitious parts of human food and fuel, as well as from many hitherto shamefully neglected natural productions, to derive a wholesome and pleasing and nutritious diet.—There is a filthy old proverb (that I cannot repeat) instructing people how to grow rich;—and which proverb, though treated as ludicrous by our ancestors, will be soon pronounced a serious economical maxim. After many laborious days and sleepless nights, the Count has at last succeeded in the detection of that grand desideratum, before and since the days of the great Martinus Scriblerus, viz. the extraction of sunbeams from cucumbers; so that any gentleman may store up heat and light for the winter, in the same way ice is preserved for the summer. This fortunate discovery (it will be observed) supersedes all his former methods of saving fuel, and consequently precludes all further researches in the consolidation of smoke and the conversion of soot into sea-coal.

† With a machine which the Count invented on the Continent, he flays flints, and by an *alkali sui generis* converts them into palatable soups and jellies; and he is now carrying on a process for preparing their skins to make purses for such as have money, and tobacco pouches for such as have none.

The philosophical tinkers and bellows-menders, whose ideas he has generously adopted, make kettles, saucepans, frying-pans, salamanders, skillets, stewers, roasters, toasters, &c. &c. of the most astonishing and unheard-of powers; some of these utensils rendering shoe-leather as masticable as beef-steaks, and the toughest horse-hide as tender as the best veal in Leadenhall Market. By a little higher charge of heat, bones, hair, horns, hoof, shells and claws, are reduced to a jelly; and chopped straw, bean-husks, potatoe-skins, &c. are turned into palatable spoon-meat. The extensive use and application of these inventions, especially in the present times of famine, must be obvious to the intelligent.—Already the workmen are so far reconciled to this new species of food that they begin to make themselves comfortable messes of their old aprons and leather breeches. In short, the Count is not without hopes of introducing the animal food of the ancient and modern Scythians, and the more cooling vegetable diet of King Nebuchadnezzar.

Oh! if I, too, might cater for the belly,*
Old fiddle-strings should make us *vermicelli;*
Cockchaffers, with a very trifling art,
Compose a pie—at least a pretty tart;
Soap-suds to syllabubs and trifles change,
And bullocks' lights and livers to bla'mange;
And sheep's-dung, without quantities of studying,
Gleaned from the fields, produce a fine plum-pudding,
A wool-stuffed pin-cushion would make a *puff*,
And tripe start forth from breeches of old buff;
And, with Sir Joseph's leave, with fish might pass
His *fleas*, his *fav'rite fleas*, for *lobster-sauce*.
But what an insolence in *me* to prate!
Pretend to *him* to open Wisdom's gate,
Who spurns advice, like weeds, where'er it springs,
Disdaining counsel,† though it comes from *kings*.
Yet say, why physic‡ from thy house exclude?
On physic, ponder—what a public good!
Hygeia weeps, poor nymph, to be neglected—
Shame on thee! let the fair-one be protected—
Of physic didst thou never own the skill?
Say, did thy *purity* ne'er need a *pill?*
Go, go! harangue the members—goad 'em, goad 'em!
And make them send away for Doctor Brodum;
Or Doctor Meyrsbach, who with sapience sees
A mighty empire fall by *toasted cheese:*
Or doughty Doctor Solomon invite,
Who cuts the *talons* of Disease, the kite,
That hovering, threatening, spread abroad, prepare
To lug us *goslings* to the *fields of air*.

And why Divinity be banished, pray?
Souls are of *some importance*, let me say.
In God's name, send a card to Rowland Hill,
Who to a tittle knows his Maker's will:
The film of darkness banished from his eyes,
He kens the darkest secrets of the skies;
Of cherubim and seraphim the host,
As though they wrote the parson every post.
Hill knows what Satan *does*, and *means* to do;
Knows all the plottings of th' infernal crew;
The tools, the tortures for a sinful soul;
And what the fire to roast it—*wood* or *coal;*
Oh, while mechanics hold with thee a sway,
And blacksmiths, tinkers, hammer it away—
While such obtain thy smile, a lucky lot,
Let not *ingenious* Aris be forgot!
To shine a *worthy member*, Aris sighs—
Aloft his *excellency* lifts his eyes:
Pitt's bosom friend, O grant him then his prayer,
Whose *gags* and *hand-cuffs*, wondrous worth declare;
Whose *whips* of thong, to radiant wire allied,
Tickle with neatest touch the human hide.
With rapture have I visited thy house,
And marvelled at thy vast extent of *nous*,
Thanks to thy care that, 'midst its ample round,
Soup, tea and toast, and coffee may be found,*
And wine, and punch, and porter, freshening draught,
Mending the monstrous *wear* and *tear* of thought.—
Thus a *new birth* shall Rumford's glory tell,
And from its bowels spring a grand hotel!

* The experimental dinners promised by the Count, are expected by the members of the R. I. with great avidity.—Grass broth, flint soup, fricasseed leather-breeches, stewed old shoes, &c. &c. will soon be forthcoming, set on the table, too, by automatical waiters, to the vast surprise and instruction of all beholders!!!

† Here I must beg leave to quarrel with the Count.—Although a man may, like the Count, possess extraordinary intellect, and although a man may be the best judge of himself, nevertheless it is indecorous to treat the opinions of others with contempt.—The Count's constant assertion is, "I never was yet in the wrong—I know every thing." Granting this to be true, the declaration is nevertheless arrogant and supercilious.

‡ "All discussion relative to religion and medicine will be carefully avoided."—*Journal of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.*

* "To render the house of the Institution more pleasant and agreeable to such proprietors and subscribers as frequent it, an additional room has lately been set apart for their private and exclusive use:—this has been called the *conversation room*, and is distinguished by an inscription over the door. As conversation in the reading rooms could not fail to interrupt those who read, the managers are confident, that all those who frequent the house will be so sensible of the reasonableness of the regulation, as to abstain from conversation in the reading rooms when any person engaged in reading is present.

"To render the conversation room still more useful and agreeable, it will be furnished with a collection of good maps; and, as soon as some necessary previous arrangements (which are now actually making) shall be finished, those who frequent this room will be furnished, at the most reasonable prices, from the housekeeper's room below, with soups of various kinds, tea, coffee, chocolate, and other refreshments."—*Vide the Count's Journal.*

Yet 'mid thine house's philosophic glooms,
Since conversation has its *private* rooms,
Extend the thought by love delicious led;
And give of Graham the *celestial bed!*
In would subscriptions like a torrent pour!
Nymphs of *delight* would leave each Cyprian bower—
The bond-street loungers to thy call repair,
And form, like Smithfield, a perpetual fair.
Say, canst thou make (whose brains have not their *fellows*)
Fire blow itself without a pair of bellows?
Soon shall we see a haunch, with equal wit,
Turn round and roast itself without a spit;
Fish without frying-pans come hot and hot,
And dumplings boil themselves without a pot;
Nay more, *Automata* shall rise!—I see
A pin pursue, and pierce the nimble flea;
Now in the bedstead old, or in the rug,
Pluck from its lurking hole the wounded bug:—
Untouched, the handkerchief shall wrap the nose;
Untouched, the pen-knife cut the corn-clad toes;
Untouched, the comb the vermin tribe assail,
And scissars opening clip the finger nail—
The soap unaided the rich suds shall spread,
And razors trimly shave the beard and head;
Formal as Pitt the treasury bench shall rise,
And, bowing, ope the budget for *supplies;*
The church's *desk* put forth its pious prayers,
And Lincoln's pulpit preach like Parson Nares.*
Great man! the culinary tactics studying,
Instructing *worlds* to *eat* a hasty pudding†—
To thee poor poets shall their offerings bring,
Who roast like *me*, their victuals by a *string*,
All struggling with a laudable intention,
Who best shall praise thee for thy *vast invention.*
And since thy skill (believe me not in joke)
Contriveth *traps* to catch our London smoke;
Soon, very soon, mayst thou proclaim aloud
(Rare news for farmers), *traps* to catch a *cloud*—
Quick on his *pris'ner* Hob will lay his hands,
And tap his watery belly for the lands;
And thus our parsons will be saved the *pain*
Of putting Heaven *in mind* to *send down* rain.

O why will Scandal thus let loose her tongue,
And call the voice of Knowledge, Folly's song?
Great are the beauties of *association!*
What charming union, *soup* and *conversation!*
Assisting each the other with delight;
Thus babes are pleased their *alphabet* to *bite;*
And thus, without the harmless fraud discerning,
With *gingerbread* the urchins swallow *learning.*—
I know that Envy turns her head away,
And calls the Institution puppet play;
But, ah! in censure people should be *mild;*
Philosophy *herself* was *once* a *child:*
Yet still those rude sounds stab mine ear's poor drum;
"A *bite—palaver—nonsense, fudge*, a *hum.*"
In vain wits call thee (blasting thy machines)
"A *walking bundle* of old *magazines.*"
Believe me, immortality is sure:
Long as thy chimneys shall thy praise endure;
Oblivion ne'er shall swallow Rumford's name:
Aloft ascending, lo, thy *radiant fame*,
With thy own curling clouds of smoke shall rise,
And *sun-like* give them *lustre* on the skies!

* A staunch stickling parson for preferment, the salvation of souls, and the state.—Newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, ballads, &c. proclaim the merits of our Lincoln's-Inn preacher.—The pulpit itself is a weekly witness of his various enthusiasm.—He does not yet deem himself properly remunerated—Is there nothing more for the poor gaping priest?

† "The hasty pudding being spread out equally on a plate, while hot, an excavation is made in the middle of it, with a spoon; into which excavation a piece of butter, as large as a nutmeg, is put; and upon it a spoonful of brown sugar, or, more commonly, molasses. The butter being soon melted by the heat of the pudding, mixes with the sugar or molasses, and forms a sauce; which being confined in the excavation made for it, occupies the middle of the plate. The pudding is then eaten with—a spoon, each spoonful of it being dipt into the sauce, before it is carried to the mouth; care being had, in taking it up, to begin on the outside, or near the brim of the plate; and to approach the centre by regular advances, in order not to demolish too soon the excavation which forms the reservoir for the sauce."

Such are the Count's culinary tactics in regard to the siege of a hasty pudding. Nobler generalship perhaps was never exhibited by Marlborough, Turenne, or even Bonaparte himself.

I know they mock thee (in their laughter loose)
Because thou sweep'st a chimney with a *goose;**
I know the world a jealous spirit fosters,
And christens thee the weakest of *impostors;*
'Stead of a war-horse, one of Folly's *hacks;*
The *prince*, the *king*, the *emp'ror* of the *quacks.*
Sir Joseph of thy journals makes his sport;
Laughs at thy dinners,† keeps thee from our court,
Or long, *long* since hadst thou received commands
To come and *lounge* at levees, and *kiss hands.*
Yes! to eclipse thy blaze, behold him strain,
And rummage the *dark coal-hole* of his *brain;*
But not *one nob* is in it, do not doubt:
All, long ago, (believe me) *all* burnt out!
Too plain I see him (jealous of thy name),
Try every *jockey trick* to *pass* thy fame:

* The Count certainly lays claim to the invention of sweeping chimneys with a goose, by forcing down the animal alive, with a string about its neck, from the top of the chimney; when the poor creature, by flapping its wings, as it is pulled up and down, sends the soot about its business: but it is really an Irish discovery, used also to extinguish fires in chimneys, by which means the goose becomes roasted at no expense. No bad hint this, for the Count's economical system!

† Take, gentle reader, the Count's own words from his own Journal, on the subject of what he calls experimental dinners:—"In order that the proprietors and subscribers may be enabled to judge, from actual experiment, of the merit of any new method of cooking, or of any new dish that may be proposed, a dining-room has been built, and will soon be ready for use, at the house of the Institution, in which the managers will occasionally order experimental dinners, to which the proprietors and subscribers will be invited, as far as the accommodation will admit; the expense of such dinners to be defrayed by those who partake of them."

In vain! the fates against the knight combine—
Strive as he list, the glorious race is *thine:*
To snap more snakes, Sir Joseph means, I know,
And swallow alligators in Soho:
More tadpoles down his cable gullet pour,
And frogs, and butterflies a mealy shower;
From hieroglyphics a *new name* he seeks,
And tastes and pores on Babylonian bricks:
Still, with his 'squire,* the knight in *fancy* sees
Fame in his blanket—lobsters lodged in fleas;
And swearing that in future nought shall foil 'em,
Has ordered honest Jonas to *reboil* 'em.

Unrivalled Rumford, ere I close my song,
Hear, hear an oracle from Peter's tongue:
Great scholarship with *wisdom* linked are *rare;*
Yet these unite in thee, I do declare—
For scholars seldom are the most *discerning:*
'Tis true, each Priscian swallows *loads* of learning;
Yet a *poor moth* (that paper-idolizer)
Devouring wit, but not a *whit* the *wiser.*

O since, from every corner of our isle,
Books court thy hand to gain thy gracious smile;
Regard *my* offer, nor the trifle slight;
Receive a poet's *solitary mite;*
A *little* incense to embalm thy shrine;
A life exceedingly resembling *thine;*
The history of that hero with a *hunch*—
The *laughable*, th' *immortal* Mister Punch.

* Honest Jonas Dryander, the *sine qua non* of Sir Joseph.

THE ISLAND OF INNOCENCE;

A

POETICAL EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in Fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh;
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleased, with thee in nightly visions stray.

To thee, my friend,* amid that peaceful Isle,
Where bounteous Nature blooms with sweetest smile;
Where never Winter, on his northern blast,
Howls on the hill, and lays the valley waste;
O'er a pale sun, the cloud of horror throws,
And buries nature in his vast of snows;
Ah, no! where endless Summer, ever gay,
Opes a pure ether to the orb of day;
That gilds the tree, and flower, and grassy blade,
And works his threads of gold in every glade;
To thee, my friend, where shrubs of incense rise,
And pour their grateful fragrance to the skies;
Where rills, in wanton mazes, wind away,
Diffusing health and plenty, as they play;
Where the rich treasures of the pine reside,
And orange-branches bend with golden pride;
Where from the boughs of odour, mingled notes
Of rapture warble from a thousand throats:
And blest, from vale to vale the cooing dove
Wings with his mate, and teaches man to love;
To thee, I yield the Muse's artless line,
And envy all the blessings that are thine.

Yes, on thy simple isle, in fancy's eye,
Envying I often look, and often sigh;
In fancy rove thy small domain by day,
And, pleased, with thee in nightly visions stray;
Behold thee happy at thy wonted toil,
And mark the blossoms of a fruitful soil:
While at thy side thy Julia plants the ground,
With all her little progeny around;
Who study shrubs and flowers with eager eyes,
And learn of *simple* Nature to be *wise*.

Pleased to explore the insect world, they rove,
Tribes of the flood, and minstrels of the grove;
With all the varying species of the field,
Whose forms and lives delight, and wisdom yield;
Display the page of Providence's plan,
That shows his wondrous works to wondering man.

* A gentleman whom the author of this poem met by the merest accident, on a small island situated near the Gulf of Mexico.—His companions were his wife, a most lovely woman, and four beautiful children, whose history would form an interesting romance:—persecuted by their parents for a mutual love attachment, they forsook their native country (America), to seek some distant asylum. On their voyage they were wrecked; but fortunately escaped with their lives, and preserved their property. Finding the little island on which they were thrown, to be in possession of a few inhabitants of the most perfect simplicity of manners, and the most lively friendship; pleased also with the salubrity as well as beauty and fertility of the spot, they adopted the resolution of passing their days in this remote corner of the globe; convinced that the most perfect happiness resides oftener in simplicity than splendour. Their opinion soon became realised: fond of the innocent natives, and equally beloved again, the delightful little republic flourished under their auspices, and restored the golden age.

No wish is theirs (forbid it, Heaven!) to hurt,
To wound and murder a poor wretch in sport;
To lift the tube of death, with hostile eye,
And dash a fluttering victim from his sky;
To bait with writhing worms the barb'rous hook,
And drag the finny nation from their brook:
Justly forbid the cruelty to know,
And gather pleasure from the pangs of woe!

Blest on their boughs, the squirrel tribes they see,
And call the hungry urchins from their tree,
Who, fearless, hast'ning at the kind command,
Fly to their food, and court th' extended hand;
Now scud in playful gambols o'er the plain,
And, fully feasted, seek their groves again.
And now they beckon to the feathered throng;
Forth fly, in flocks, the little bands of song;
They hop, and chirp, and flutter round each head,
Pleased to be called, and anxious to be fed.
At length content, they flicker to their spray,
Adjust their plumes, and pour the thankful lay.

Now, happy, to the stream they haste to feed,
With liberal hand, the little finny breed:
Fearless of danger, lo, the sportive fry,
Mount to the water's brim with watchful eye,
And leaping oft as urging hunger calls,
Meet the dropped crumb, and catch it ere it falls.
Such are the blisses of thy girls and boys,
And such the blisses innocence enjoys.

Oh, when will Britons list to reason's voice,
And, changed, no more in cruelty rejoice?
How nobler thus t' address the harmless hare:
"Child of the field, O come beneath my care;
Safe in thy lonely slumber pass the day,
Along the moonlight hills in safety stray;
No dog is mine, nor engine that destroys;
Peace to thy loves, and all thy nightly joys:
When Heaven's kind bounty made those valleys *mine*,
Heaven made the freedom of those valleys *thine*."

How nobler to the winter's bird* to say,
"Poor stranger, welcome from thy stormy way,
Drop in my groves, enjoy the tepid springs,
And lodged in peace, repose thy wearied wings;
The food and shelter of my valleys share:
Like *me*, a child of Providence's care."
How nobler to the finny tribe to say,
"Yours be the rills that 'midst my pastures stray;
Enjoy your sports, enjoy the sunny beam;
Health form your food, and wholesome keep your stream;
Torn be the net, and broken be the hook,
That wanton carry *death* into your brook;
The Power who gave to mortals every good,
Forgets not *yours*, his infants of the flood."
Humanity, how few thy merits see!
How scarce the altars that are raised to *thee!*
Nymph of the tender heart, and melting eye,
Vain o'er the savage million is the sigh!
O could thy gentle spirit more impart
Of softness, sweetness, to the human heart!
But lo, by cruel nature led astray,
The *ruder* passions rule with boisterous sway;
Drowned is thy voice—a zephyr's sigh—no more!
The murm'ring rill 'midst ocean's mighty roar!
On plumes of down, my friend, *thy* moments fly,
Peace in thy heart, and pleasure in thine eye!
Thy cot, though humble, all the virtues there,
Forbid an entrance to a sigh or tear.

Yes! oft in fancy's eye thy cot I view
Enwrapped with vines and flowers of vivid hue;
The pebbled avenue, the murm'ring spring,
Crowded with fearless birds of various wing,
That sportive flutter, pouring happy lay,
A mingled minstrelsy the live-long day;
And oft, on fancy's ear, thy Julia's lute,
Whose melting sounds the soul of pity suit,
Complaining die; and oft I hear again
A loud, a happy, cheerful grateful strain,
Joined by a little offspring's throats that raise
The song of wonder in their Maker's praise.

* The Woodcock.

Sweet is the humble prayer that Heaven implores!
Divine the voice of mortal that adores!
In fancy, too, I see, beneath thy care,
The simple natives at thy stories stare
Of street and churches, palaces and towers,
And busy million that through London pours;
And animals that stately, stout, and strong,
Drag to a rout a golden house along;
Alas! with many a wondrous sight beside,
Begot by luxury, and nursed by pride.
Yet fond of these our *wonders* should they sigh,
And cast to Britain's scenes a wishful eye;
O give the hist'ry of our horrid deeds;
Proclaim how love laments, and friendship bleeds!
How virtue pines, how merit hides the head,
And pity steals to tombs, to mourn the dead:
Paint all the horrors of domestic strife,
And give the gilded snares of polished life;
Tell tales of Fortune, at whose tinsel shrine,
Fools daily kneel, and for her favour pine;
Who, when she yields, means only to beguile—
Fate in her hand, and ruin in her smile.

O paint our dungeons, where, with putrid breath,
The wretch, desponding, pants, and sighs for death:
Paint the poor felon, doomed, ah! doomed to die,
Wan the pale cheek, and horror-struck the eye;
With languid limbs that droop to earth in pain,
Pressed, loaded, lab'ring with a clanking chain;
While, on the stillness of the midnight air,
Sad moans the voice of Mis'ry and Despair:
Paint all the horrors of the midnight shade,
Theft's iron crow, and Murder's reeking blade.
Paint the poor objects that we hourly meet,
The wrecks of beauty crowding every street;
Daughters of Innocence, ere Demon Art
Won on the weakness of too soft a heart;
And doomed to infamy the tender kiss,
Due to pure love alone and wedded bliss.
Paint courts, whose sorceries, too seducing bind,
In chains, in shameful slavish chains, the mind;
Courts, where unblushing Flatt'ry finds the way,
And casts a cloud o'er Truth's eternal ray.
And quote the sage,* who courts had served and known:
"O Crassus, let me fly, and live alone:
Though much I love thee, let our commerce end,
Nor from his solitude recall thy friend.
Thanks to the gods, my servile hours are o'er,
And, oh, let Mem'ry mention courts no more!"

Behold the courtier—there the eye surveys
A willow crawling to each form with ease:
But mark the man in rigid virtue bred,
An oak! in majesty he lifts the head;
Asserts his freedom, base control defies,
And tow'ring hides his branches in the skies.
Friend of my heart, nor let thy sail unfold,
To court Peru, with all her hills of gold;
Nor court her sister Mexico, whose ore,
Possessed by demons, *curses* every shore!
The splendid mischief ushered to thy vale,
What but a *plague* that taints with death the gale?
Too soon the imp would blast the sacred scene,
And damn of innocence the cherub reign!
Fame, Justice, own the omnipotence of gold;
Nay, blushing modesty herself is sold.
Alas! one virtue more illumes the mind:
Than all its envied wealth illumines Ind.
Owned be my folly—yes (seduced my eye)
I saw the golden mountains with a *sigh;*
Saw with delight the fatal mischief shine,
And envied even the *slave* that dug the mine.
How like the foolish insect† of the night,
That leaves his cell, to seize the taper's light!
Pleased and unconscious of the treach'rous rays,
He hugs his fate, and dies amid the *blaze.*

From thine, how diff'rent is my lot!—Alas!
In calms of sunshine while thy moments pass,
Mine, 'midst the murky clouds that life deform,
Unequal rush, and mingle with the storm.
Fired with the love of rhyme, and, let me say,
Of virtue too, I poured the moral lay;

* A philosopher named Alexander, the friend of Crassus.

† My readers will quickly perceive that this allusion is not new, though differently applied.

Much like Saint Paul (who solemnly protests
He battled hard at Ephesus with *beasts*),
I've fought with lions, monkeys, bulls, and bears,
And got half Noah's ark about my ears:
Nay *worse!* (which all the courts of justice know)
Fought with the *brutes* of Paternoster-Row.

THE MIDDLESEX ELECTION;

OR,

POETICAL EPISTLES, IN THE DEVONSHIRE DIALECT,

BY

MR JOSEPH BUDGE, IN LONDON,

TO

LORD ROLLE, AT WEYMOUTH.

Voakes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make me sweat,
To hear their lees—I doubt mun—
Zome cry mun up as thoff divine;
And if they do in manners shine,
I wish they'd carr't about mun.

A PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Thou must know, O most courteous reader, that Mr Joseph Budge is not a *fictitious* name, a mere creation of the fertile brain of me, Peter Pindar, Esquire; but the actual name, real name of a man and a hero, who was the actual 'squire and attendant, and mentor of my great countryman, Lord Rolle, and who fought with him in his Irish campaigns, and partook of the various skirmishes and battles that now illuminate the pages of history, and immortalise the present reign. Mr Budge, ambitious of cutting a figure on Parnassus as well as in the field, and resolving to give his great patron a specimen of his great historico-poetical abilities, found a subject in the Middlesex Election.

Joseph being therefore on the spot, and an eye-witness of the scene, felt a divine impulse; and, like the Mantuan Bard, exclaimed, "*Paulo majora canamus;*" and became the historian of a most important event.—The letters were written at the once much-frequented house of a worthy peruke-maker in Wyche-street, and sent to his lordship at Weymouth, enjoying the smiles of his sovereign, as well as the inspiring and salutary fragrance of sea-weed and mud. In respect to the execution, Mr Joseph Budge seems to possess a genius very much like that of Mr John Ploughshare, of Morton Hamstead, in Devonshire, who a few years since wore a poem of extraordinary merit and celebrity:—the same provincial expression—the same spirit—the same happy vein of humour—the same mode of thinking, would induce us to imagine that they must be the inspirations of the *same* genius.—*Ovo prognatus eodem.*

P. P.

LETTER I.

A Lick at the City of London—the cleanliness of the Londoners compared with Mr Budge's acquaintance in the Country, who admit Pigs and Poultry into their Parlours—The population of London described by a *stinking* comparison—Observation on the *Ladies* of London, with a *wicked* Suggestion of Mr Budge—Mr Budge imitateth Virgil in his fourth Eclogue to a Mister Pollio, who exclaimeth, "*Paulo majora canamus*"—Mr Budge hinteth at the Middlesex election—professeth to write the Truth, and nothing but the Truth—He complimenteth his Lordship on his *great* Connexions at Weymouth, and Powers of exciting *royal* Risibility—Mr Budge entereth on the Subject of the Election—defieth Sir Francis Burdett, and maketh sure of Conquest—exulteth over Sir Francis, with a Quotation from the Devil to a Crab—abuseth Sir Francis in rather an indelicate comparison—applaudeth Mainwaring for close Adherence to *magistratial* Duty, and his Excellency Governor Aris—A bold Attack on Sir Francis—the Popularity of Mainwaring at the Alehouses—the licentiousness and unparalleled impudence of Sir Francis's Mob before the Palace Gate—Mr Budge's heroic resolution—he vows to cudgel Sir Francis, and fight any of his Friends—Mr Budge boasteth—praiseth Mainwaring's Speech in *part*, but not in *toto*—Mr Budge quitteth the Subject of the Election, for a Conversation with our ex-minister, Pitt—Mr Pitt's melancholy Answer to Mr Budge's kind Inquiry—Mr Budge's fine Original Comparison between the *Court* Game of Put, and the *County* Game of Put—Mr Budge commendeth Lord Rolle for adhering to Mr Pitt, as he was the Author of his Lordship's unexpected Elevation.

And now, my lord, I've zot me down
To write vrom theese perdigious town,
  Villed with more *sin* than *grace;*
Learge az Jerusalem, I'm tould,
Aye, or az Babylon of ould,
  Zo wonderzom the place.

Exeter's a fool to't, let me zay,
And zo is Plimmoth every day—
  The howzes high and big;
And in the parlours, too, zo neat,
Where all the gentry munch their meat,
  I've never zeed a *pig*.*

No, nor a hin,† making a rout,
With chicken rennin in and out,
  Hunting about the room;
Nor goose-checks, no, nor gabbling ducks,
Flapping their wings all wet and mucks,
  And quaakin vor a crume.

Things be quite different here, my lord,
They be, they be, upon my word—
  Fine clath upon the vloors;
Fine chairs, fine pectures 'pon the wall;
Fine glasses in the sarvants'-hall,
  Brass locks upon the doors.

O Lord, my lord, I'm in a maze,
I do so look about and glaze,
  Just leek a stinking hare;
And than the vokes!—Lord, what a heap!
Thick as the meggots 'pon a sheep—
  I'm always in a fair.

And than the ladies, zuch a rout,
Walking and gigling zo about,
  All in their silks and lace;
And though zo fine, they make me stap,
Geeing my shoulder a small rap,
  And zmiling in my face.

But meend, my lord, that I've be tould
Thoose gentry may be bort and zold
  Leek bullocks, or leek sheep;
And thoff zo handzom, vor small pins,
One now and then mert‡ buy their skins—
  How wonderzomly cheap!

But now, my lord, vor gerter things,
Vor now I'll screw my fiddle-strings,
  Forsooth, a leet§ *bit higher:*
The vokes nere thoft that Middlesex
Would rear its head the curt to vex—
  But the fat is in the vire.

And now, my lord, you may believe
I shaant be laughin in my sleeve,
  And telling packs o' lees;
And yet, zo zur az I can spy,
From London people's mouths they fly
  In swarms, like swarms of bees.

Therevore, whatever I shall write,
No soul shall zay it is not right—
  They shaant zay no zich thing;

* In many of the farm-houses and villages, pigs and poultry are generally parlour-boarders.
† Hen. ‡ Might. § Little.

And if I tell the truth, and zo,
I'll gee ye leave, my lord, to show
My letter to the king.

Vor well I know that every day
You've zomething clever to'n to zay,
You be zo wondrous frisky;
Vor when at Ex'ter* if you meend,
You often teel'd un all an eend†
To laugh leek any pisky.

Well now, my lord, than to begin,
The curt voke wodn't gee a pin
T' ensure their man, Mainwaring;
When (who'd a thort it?) fath and soul,‡
Out leaped Sir Francis vrom his hole,
And zot us all a staring.

But never meend, we baant afeard;
Vor, sir, az zur as I've a heard,
We all shall ha our wish;
Burdett wull zoon look dev'lish blue,
And zo we shaant much meend the crew,
No more than stinking vish.

But still to make shor o' the game,
The curt hunth out the blind and lame,
And mainly stur their stumps;
Zo that I think the game is shor,
If Fortune is n't a d——d old wh——,
As we have got the *trumps*.

Burdett waant do, my lord, he waant;
He can't succeed—he can't, he can't:
He conquer *us*, the scab!
He, that ne'er renn'd a race before;
"Yes, you're a *racer*, to be sure,"
Cried the Devil to the crab.

Mainwaring is a clever justice—
In *he*, Lord, every body's trust is—
Burdett's a ratten meddler;
Volks shud tern round and zee their backs,
And meend old proverbs—*Little packs*
Become a little pedlar.

He zaid he did not care a lowze
About his setting in the Howze;
But that, my lord's, a hum:

* When his majesty did the city of Exeter the honour of a visit, Mr Jan Rolle (afterwards his lordship) endeavoured to crack a few jokes in the royal presence, to display to the people his familiarity with crowned heads: one was most unsuccessful, as it carried stronger marks of impudence than wit; for, on introducing a country clergyman at the levee, "An please your medgesty," cried the 'squire, "Passon ——, a very good subject, and, leek your medgesty, hath made a howzevull o' cheldren."

† To place in a state of much expectation.

‡ A small oath.

Zee how he beggth and stirth his zell—
A fellow must love bacon well,
To kiss the old sow's b—m.

Burdett shud cast accounts at Coote's—
The counting-howze his genius soots,
And there he may be saving;
There he may sheen, and be a king;
A *handsaw* is a useful thing,
But never made for *shaving*.

Mainwaring is a clever man,
Doth every bit o' good he can,
Az every one believes;
Attendth the office very duly,
Never takth bribes—behaving truly,
And hangth a power o' thieves.

And then a hath a power o' spies,
To zee that no rebellion rise,
And markth down all black sheep;
And thoose he dooth suspect, he zens
To Aris, to vill up his pens,
And there in clover sleep.

They've got the sheriffs, whose damn'd droats
Approve their own poor ratten votes,
While ours they dare deny-all;
Cunning anew there—to secure ye,
A fox should not be of the jury
Upon a goose's trial.

And should Sir Francis git the day,
Lord! what will all the country zay?
Why, that it gitt'th a rogue—
Burdett and Middlesex agree!
Agosh! a marriage it will be,
Between a cat and dog.

Look to the public howzes all:
I've beed into mun gert and small,
Drinked beer from every tap;
Mainwaring's health went always round,
With zich a noble clattering sound,
With zich a glorious clap!

Think o' their impudence, his crew—
They zet up zich a hallebulloo,
Close by the palace doors!
Just like a pack o' lyons roar'd,
They did, the dogs—they did, my lord,
The saucy sons of wh——.

I wish that I'd a beed the king,
I'd a made jobbernowls to *ring*,
And cool'd mun var ther bras;
The maids of honour should a got
In every hand a chumber pot,
And washed mun all leek shags.

Vokes said it was a burnin shame,
Disgrace, too, to the English name,
To zet up zich a howl;
The *soldiers* shud a helped the crown,
And shet mun just like sparrows down,
And sent mun to the Dowl.

Zome zay ther gang have sense and larnin:
Why then, it is, to my disarnin,
Good wine in filty flasks;
Or, if you please, my lord, good beer,
Zich as you brew in Devonsheer,
Put into stinking casks.

I'll do my best to make mun zick:
I daant know that my oaken stick,
Wull do *much* execution;
But zich as 'tis, they're welcome to 't,
And with my oaken stick to boot,
Good-will and *resolution*.

Agosh! I long to try a bout
With zom o' Burdett's rabble rout;
I'd quickly pug their guts:
I'd gee mun zich a lammin* lick,
I'd make mun of elections zick;
I'd gee mun all the butts.

If courage wull but win the day,
By gosh, my lord, I'll nack away;
I'll zoon be in their beef;
Now if I could Sir Francis meet,
All by his zelf, and in the street,
Dam un I'd whapt the thief.

On e'er a one o' mun, agosh,
A pack o' saucy trumpery trosh,
That stiddy nort but treason—
On zich rare fellows let *me* looze,
Zoon as I'd kill a duck or gooze,
I'd sliver every weasen.

I'll answer I'd nack down my zell;
Iss, to the ground, I'd waage, I'd fell,
A dezzin to my share:
When I'm put to 't, Dowl take my skin!
Life's not worth a grammar's pin—
I'm mad az a march hare.

And that Burdett may vend perchance:
I think that we shall make un daunce,
Or hugely I'm mistaken;
Agosh! az I zee metters go,
And perty well I simm to know,
The rogues waant save their bacon.

Mainwaring made a perty spoech,
As vur 's my judgment well could reach;
And what he cou'd, he dood;
He made poor work o' Cold-bath howze—
The trap that wishth to catch a mowze,
Shud never smell of *blood*.

My lord, I giss you wish to hear
What vokes palaver here and there,
All about 'Squire Pitt's disgrace:
Ah, Lord! poor disappointed fellow,
I daant believe he gitt'th zo mellow,
Not zince he lost his place.

I zeed 'n in St James's street:
Close by his howze, we chanced to meet:
"Ah! Budge," zaid he to *me*,
"How doth Lord Rolle do, by the by?"—
"Hearty's a farmer, sir," zaid I—
"And how be you, sir—hee?"

"Why, Budge," zaid he (but looking blue),
"Thank God, that I be well enew,
Considerin every thing:"
He zaid it too in zich a way,
As plain as thoff I heard un zay,
"Oh, Budge, I've lost the king."

You know, my lord, when in wet weather
You and me played at put together,
The *king* would win the *knave;*
The queen, you know, cou'd do zo too—
Slam off a went, without more ado:
Nort could his bacon save.

But, Lord! in curts 'tis altered quite:
Even *I*, with my poor blinking sight,
Zee quite a diff'rent thing—
Vur there, agosh! 'tis not the game;
For there they *backwards* play the game,
And *knaves* can win a *king*.

I speak not in 'Squire Pitt's despraise,
Because you simm'd to leake his ways,
Though by zum vokes abhorred—
You, to be shore, wan't let 'n down,
Who did so worry the poor crown
To dub a gert lord.

For hadn't it beed for Mister Pitt,
I daant think *we* had got the wit
To get the pretty feather.
And let me zay t'ye, fath and soul,
You still had been but poor '*Squire* Rolle,
Nether one thing nor tether—

That is, my lord, nothing at all,
Nor high, nor low, nor gert, nor small;
In short, what vokes call *fudge*.
And now, my lord, by the next post,
I'll write if things be winn'd or lost—
Your sarvant, Joseph Budge.

* Violent. † Beat.

LETTER II.

Mr Budge proudly triumpheth in the Prospect of Success—is inclined to *curse* Sir Francis and his Party—is jealous of Mr Fox, Lord William Russel, and Sheridan—describeth the Cavalcade—he is witty on the Virtues of the Patriots—Mr Budge is violent towards the Ladies that wished well to the cause of Sir Francis—Very ungallant is Mr Budge indeed—he enumerateth the Duties of Women—Mr Budge commenceth an attack on the charming Duchesses that employed their Interest for Sir Francis—draweth a comparison between the Duchesses and a great Lady and a great Man—He giveth an Account of an odd Fellow that came every Day, in a Lawyer's Dress, before the Hustings, and harangued the Counsellors of Mainwaring, viz. Sylvester and Maddox, and Mainwaring the worthy candidate *himself*—Mr Budge greatly hurt at the Exhibition of Irons, Whips, &c. the *insignia* of his Excellency Governor Aris, of the Cold-bath-fields Goal, commonly called the Bastille—he wisheth this Bastille the Fate of his great Brother and Predecessor of France—Mr Budge displeased at his Treatment by the Mob—The Aperture of Mr Budge's loyal Mouth unfortunately filled with a Cabbage-stump—treated in a most *ungentlemanly* Manner—hustled—robbed—He reproveth the Mob—Mr Budge's Conversation with one of the Mob, more *consequential* than *edifying*—Mr Budge concludeth in a Strain of Exultation and Defiance, with less *Sublimity* than Isaiah on the Downfal of the King of Babylon, but with equal *Rage* and *Abuse*.

Things go on zwimmingly, my lord:
Dree hundred votes a head we've scored—
  Dree hundred! aye, and more.
Had I ten thousand pounds, d'ye zee,
I wuddn't one brass vardin gee,
  To make th 'election shore.

To help a lame dog, there's that Fox,
And there's Lord William, with a p—x,
  And Sheridan the Devil—
Aye, let mun go—but poor Burdett
Wull vend to's cost, that zich a set
  Wull gee his *corn* the *weevil*.

They ride to Brentford to harangue—
Lord! how I lang to shet* the gang,
  They make me look dam zour;
With gert good will vor theese black job,
I'd take my wetch out o'my fob,
  And cuss mun by *the hour*.

In coaches vull as they could stuff,
Damn mun, off zot the blue and buff,
  Parading droo the Strand;
Zich holding up of derty paws,
Zich waving hats, and *zich* huzzas,
  Enough to stun the land!

With Mizzic, too, G-d d—n their bones,
Crowds, horns and organs, with their groans,
  Zich as we hear in charch;
Now, had they axed me vor a tune,
Well had Issf vitted mun, and zoon,
  I'd gid mun the *Rogue's March*.

Amongst the derty, lowzy crew,
There's zich a touse and hallibulloo,
  Enew to stun ould Nick;
With zich a mob, too, to their tails,
Peeked, I suppose, vrom all the jails,
  Leek meggots all zo thick.

Vokes talk a deal of Fox, Burdett,
And Sheridan, and make us sweat
  To hear their lees‡—I doubt mun—
Zome cry mun up as thoff divine;
And if they do in manners shine,
  I wish they'd carr't about, mun.

Peepel should *Practise* what they know;
Or where's the use of it, I trow?
  No, no, I'm not the fool
To think that they have much to *spare;*
Vor he that goeth vor *manners* there,
  Goeth to a *goat* vor *wooll*.

The women, too, the bissy jades!
Zome o' mun *gentlevokes*, zome *trades*,
  Push vore their polls from windors,
And toss their hankitchers about:
I wish I had the rabble rout
  One minute in my grinders.

I'd gee the devils *zich* a squeeze,
I'd make mun look zo small as meeze,§
  Well chowed by our ould cat.
Iss, iss, I'd gee mun zich a grip,
I'd bang mun well, had I a whip,
  I'll warrant mun vor *that*.

* Shoot. † I. ‡ Lies.
§ Mice.

Is', iss, I'd make the madams squall,
I'd lerrick* mun—iss, one and all—
  I'd pent their pretty skins.
What bissens† have *they* to rant and stare,
And hoist their nackens‡ in the air,
  And show their nasty grins?

What bissens ha wimmen wey election,
That should be always in subjection,
  And know we be their lords?
Zwunds, let mun meend their howze and stitching,
And net be vor election itching—
  We want none o' their words.

Their bissens is to *wash* and *mend*,
And car and vetch, and husbands tend,
  Make puddins, pies, and tarts;
Zee that their maidens meend their broom,
To zweep the spiders, cleanse the room,
  And wash the shefts and sharts.

The ditchesses be mainly blamed;
Vokes zay they mert be all ashamed
  To trollop with the men.
My lord, vor sartinty I know
Those ditchesses must never show
  The nose at curt agen.

If well they wud their zels demean,
Let mun take pattern from the——,
  That jewel o' a oman;
Zo good, zo generous to the nation;
Zo kind to ev'ry poor relation;
  A thing zo main uncommon.

In Windsor when there was zich bustle
About a member, zich a tussel,
  Did *she* go round to vokes,
And zay, "If you daant vote for Powny,
Meend, not a vurdin of my money
  Shall go to you vor smocks?"

Did *she* run round her *zell*, and maids,
To shopkeepers and wother trades,
  And moil and make a fuss?
Zay to the mercer, "Maister Inkle,"
And to the vishman, "Maister Wrinkle,
  "You geef your vote for us.

"We be great peeples, Maister Inkle;
We be rish peeples, Maister Wrinkle,
  And haf a goote long puss;
And dan we haf grete power, mine Gote!
Now dink 'pon diss, and give your vote,
  Vid out more vords, vor us."

Or did vokes hear zich zounds az thoose,
"Must vote, must vote, musn't refuse:
  No, no—hæ, hæ—no, no,
Won't buy—won't buy a broom or mop—
Hæ, hæ, won't recommend your shop—
  My borough—must, must be so.

"My borough this, hæ, hæ, Tape, Tape,
Shan't come and buy my coat a cape,
  Shan't purchase at your shop—
Must vote for Powny—must, must vote,
Or mind I never buy a coat,
  No, no, man—not one slop."

My lord, you tould me in your laast,
You wished to know 'bout all that past.
  My lord now you shall hear:
A fellow, but we daant know *who*,
Belonging to the wother crew,
  Comed vore, and talked dam queer.

Comed vore the hustins ev'ry day,
And leek a lawyer talked away,
  In a lawyer's wig and gown:
Made our poor counsel cursed zick,
Tiched Counsellor Maddox to the quick,
  And nacked Sylvester down.

Zayed to Mainwaring zich hard things,
Zweared that he was a tool o' kings,
  And kissed the tail o' Pitt;
That az vor glory, or disgrace,
As long as he could hold his *place*,
  He did not care a nit.

That az vor Englishmen he thort,
'Twas best their commons should be short,
  A gang of saucy knaves;
That geeves and whips, and little met,
Wud manners (what they wanted) get,
  Full good enew vor *slaves*."

The varmint* had got wit at will,
And gid the lawyers *zich* a pill,
  Though a wasn't worth a shilling;
I must zay this, I vow to G d,
A was zo comical a toad,
  He zot us all a grilling.

Maddox stood buff, and stood it out,
Though soundly pulled, faith, by the snout
  He veeled zom ugly blows;
But poor Sylvester, he poor soul,
Just leek a mowze, sneaked to his hole,
  And never showed his nose.

I wish your lordship had been there,
To zee the saucy dog, and hear
  Zome lees, and zome things true;

* Beat. † Business. ‡ Handkerchiefs.

* Vermin.

His wit was leek a two-edged sword,
And I do really think, my lord,
He was a match for *you*.

My lord, it nearly terned my brains,
To zee the vetters, whips, and chains,
They carr'd about the town;
Sound of *Bastille* mak'th menny quiver,
And petrifieth their very liver—
I wish the place was down.

Vor why?—becaze 'tis *zich* a *name*,
I shud not grieve to zeet in flame.
I'm cruelly afeer'd
The chains wull do the cause no good:
They pushed mun nearly as they coud
Up to Mainwaring's beard.

My lord, I daant leek Lendon ways:
Vor hap'ning 'mongst the mob to praise
Mainwaring—zounds, at once,
One scoundrel gid my tail a kick,
Another, with a slammin stick,
Comed souse upon my *sconce*.

'Tis true my pate was roundly mauled:
I opened than my mouth and bawled
Mainwaring and his cause;
Bevore I closed my mouth again,
A rascal rammed, with mert and main,
A colestump in my jaws.

And than they hustled me about,
Drode me along, the rabble rout,
And what was worse—odd chuck it!
Zoon as I got up vrom the ground,
Where I lied sprawling, Lord! I vound
The dogs had peeked my pucket.

My puckethankitcher and gloves
I neatly lost between their shoves—
Confound mun with a p-x!
A corkscrew and a penny bun,
And, ah! the worst of all the fun,
My poor old backy-box.

"You ought to be ashamed," zaid I,
To one o' mun that stude close by,
"To sarve one zich a trick.
"Wud Ex'ter vokes ha sarved one so?"
Quoth I to'n—"no, they wud'n—no—
They'd zooner zee Old Nick."

Zo then they laughed—'pon which, quoth I,
"I'll tell my lord of this by'n by,
And zend ye all to jail."
Quoth one, and winking with his eye,
"What lord dost mean?"—"Lord Rolle," zaid I;
"He'll make ye drap your tail."

"Lord Rolle," quoth he, "may come and kiss
"My"—"what?" quoth I.—Quoth he, "Why *this*,"
And then he tacked his rump.
Zaid I, "I'll tell'n o't, be ashored;
Dam me if I daant tell my lord,
And *he* shall make thee jump."

Zo zays the rogue, "With all my soul,
And give my sarvice to Lord Rolle—
I've heard a deal about'n."
Zaid I, "*No harm*, ye dog, dost zee."
"No, nor no *good*, by G-d," zaid he.
Lord! how I langed to *clout'n!*

But let mun bluster it away,
Let the poor jackasses all bray,
Their bacon waant be saa'd;
Their poverty is plain anew,
The divils wull zoon ha all the crew:
Bald pates be quickly shaved.

Stap, stap a leet, and we shall zee
Who will the lords and measters be—
They'll ha no cause to laugh;
There wull be bellowing enow,
Egosh! exactly leek a cow,
Just parted vrom her calf.

POSTKREP.

WULL ye be pleased, my lord, to go,
Just run to G—— L——, or zo,
You know 'tis but a stap;
And ax the sarvants, they can tell,
If any old cloathes they've got to zel,
Becaze I've got a chap.

Or candle-eends, or some zich thing,
Belonging to the —— or ——,
Wud vet a perty penny.
Pray trat away, and ax my lord,
And be so kind to zend me word,
My lord, if there be enny.

I'm told old gowns, zome good, zome bad,
And cheap, too, may zometimes be had,
Smocks, hankitchers, and shoes;
And wother sorts of ladies' geer,
Little the worse, I'm told, vor wear,
That vokes may peek and chuse.

Pray go, and try your hand, my lord:
Ax lady—, and zend me word,
Vor all I zay is true;
I want zome finery for my dame;
Zo that, my lord, I'll do the same
Vor Lady Rolle and you.

And could I get a king's old wig,
Lord! I shud look zo fine and big,
The parish wud zo stare!
And, as the man's upon the spot,
Ax Curnel Gwyn if he hath got
Zome baby-cloaths to spare.

I think I have no more to zay,
But that my dame and I both pray
Vor yours and madam's soul;
And hopes (if we may crack a joke)
That Ex'ter and the Devonshire voke
May never want a *Roll*.

LETTER III.

Mister Budge seemeth in a most terrible Funk about the Election—prognosticateth woefully—Mister Budge talketh mercifully of his Excellency Governor Aris—repeateth a short and pithy Speech of the Mob to the Soldiers that guarded Governor Aris's castle, also the loyal and brave Reply of the Soldiers to the Mob, proving themselves to be a Sort of State-machines—Mr Budge painteth the Abhorrence of the People to Governor Aris's Dwelling and Jail, and his Mode of Treating his Prisoners—Mr Budge very impartially summoth up the Matter, and subscribeth to the Punishment of Governor Aris, provided his Guilt can be fully established—the same Impartiality likewise in respect to Mr Pitt, the great Friend and Patron of Governor Aris—Mister Budge breaketh out into Strains of Pity—Mister Budge most naturally professeth a Scepticism, that is to say, doubts, concerning the Cruelty of Governor Aris—Mister Budge most heroically supporteth Mister Mainwaring, and, with his poetical Cat-'o-nine-tails, belaboureth the Backs of his Calumniators—be triumpheth in his own Discernment, and becometh positively vain-glorious—Mister Budge descanteth sensibly on the Fallibility of Rumour, and the sad Consequence of believing every idle Report—bringing in Kings and Bishops, and the Lord knows who—Mister Budge talketh of Scandal—not even the most virtuous, the most meek, the most humble, the most economical Lady of the Land, free from the Aspersions of Scandal—Mister Budge Counselleth Sir Francis, and concludeth most epigrammatically.

O Lord! my lord! Lord, what d'ye think?
Our cause, I fear, beginn'th to stink,
But God Allmerty knows;
'Tis thort by many that Burdett
Will gee the justice a d—mned sweat,
And zend'n to the crows.

Zome zay Burdett wull get the field—
The mob vor'n all be mad and weeld,
They doat upon'n zo;
Because he mounth the stage, and rails,
Forsooth, against bastilles and jails,
And wanth to lye mun low:

And nack up Aris, if they can,
Zome zay a very honest man,
That keep'th a sharp look out;
That watch'th his pris'ners leek a hawk,
And dothn't care a fig vor voke—
All very right, no doubt.

'Tis zaid his gaolbirds all complain,
And daant admire his whip and chain,
Nor hole as black as soot;
But Aris swearth they may be damned,
Into the hole they shall be rammed,
If he think'th rert to do't.

Mob wanth to tear un all to rags,
And pent "*No bastille*" 'pon their flags,
And just leek tigers growl;
And wan to gee the jailbird dogs
The vlesh of cows, and calves, and hogs,
And dainty vish and vowl.

And than they to the zoldiers zaid,
"O ye gert fools!—O! what a head,
To guard theese place—vor *who?*
Why if ye dare speak out your meend,
In a veew minutes ye wull vend,
The place was bilt for *you*."

But "'twudn't do:" the zoldiers zed,
"That by their trade they got their bread,
And lived upon the land."
And than they answered very well,
"That if they were zent off vor Hell,
They must obey command."

And yet the people cuss bastille;
Zomthing about that place they veel,
That gall'th and make'th mun shiver;
In short, my lord, they hate the name,
And wish it, vrom their souls, in flame,
And damn the poor man's liver.

Aris, the governor they call'n,
Their itching vingers itch to maul'n,
They zay he is zo cruel;

Stuff'th pris'ners in a vile old hole,
Cramm'th men together, cheek by jowl,
And geeth mun water-gruel:

Flogg'th mun az 'twer zo menny dogs,
Call'th mun zich names, az though 'twere hogs;
And this he doth vor sport.
Now this is what the people zay;
It maant be true, and yet it may:
Then let the knave be cort.

Than let un veel what wothers veel,
In these most horrible bastille,
And drink as wothers drink;
And eat the *trade* that wothers eat,
And sweat in holes as wothers sweat,
And stink as wothers stink.

If Aris be that cruel dog,
E'en let'n suffer vor a rogue,
A potcrook let'n veel:
I'd gee'n of whip his belly vull,
I'd make un bellow leek a bull,
And aken un leek an eel.

And if 'Squire Pitt upholdth us in it,
I'd run and tear away, theese minute,
His howze about his ears:
I grieve to think on the poor souls
That groan amidst their dirty holes,
And wash mun with their tears.

But I daant take it in my head
To credit every thing that's zed—
No, no, all is not Gospel;
People tell hummers every hour,
Vor which, if I had got the power,
I'd cool mun in a hoss pool.

Maister Mainwaring's much abuzed,
Most greevously for things accused,
By all the dowlish pack;
E'en let mun all their poison spit,
My lord, there is no wooll so whit,
That a dyer caan't make *black*.

They try to make the world believe,
He glorieth in a whip and geeve,
And things that can torment;
And when that Aris is attacked,
He's always by Mainwaring backed,
And so scap'th punishment.

I know who's who, and *what* vokes be;
I haan't yet lost the power to zee,
No more than that o' veeling;
I never make a gooze a swan—
A thief may be a gentleman
That git'th estates by stealing.

I can distinguish straw vrom hay,
Can tell a cuckoo from a jay,
A peacock vrom a starling;
Dogs vrom a pig that's in the looze,
A Christian vrom a pack o' Jews,
A yaffer* vrom a yarling.

I baan't zo mazed to put belief
In every dirty, lying thief—
It mak'th my hair to *bristle*.
Zom people gee themselves gert airs,
Zay every thing besides their prayers,
And thoose, agosh! they *whistle*.

If one believed in every thing,
God bless his majesty, the ——,
He'd look a little *blue;*
If zich be martyrs to a *hum*,
Lord! then, my lord, what wud become
Of zich as *me* and *you?*

And than how wud our bishops stand,
And half the parsons of the land?
Scandal's a fine keen blade;
He meet'th with zomething every day,
And mainly cutt'th and hack'th away,
And simm'th to know his trade.

That vartuous lady, our good ——,
Zo humble, and so *neat* and *clean*,
Caan't even 'scape the mucks;
The world wull always zomething zay,
To take a body's name away—
Oddrat their lying chucks!

But zee! with all their leeing art,
They dare not vall upon her *heart*,
But vall upon her *nose;*
About her handkitchers and stuff,
And aprons vull of dirty snuff,
And how her nose she blows.

And than they talk of *poor relations*,
And tell zich lees, Lord! nations, nations,
O Lord! iss—lees galore†—
Lees that a body almost *veels*,
Making one's hair stand up leek queels
Upon a hadgy bore.

Let Burdett meend his countin-howze,
And know his zelf to be a mowze,
Or zoon he'll be a ballet;
Let'n be humble, zuck his paws—
A diself‡, by an ass's jaws,
Is thoft a pretty sallet.

Charles Fox and he may notes compare;
What one wull zay the tether'l zware,

* Heifer. † In abundance. ‡ Thistle.

And so they stand in haranguing;
And try to blend us all, d'ye zee;
Iss, iss, leek *bells* they agree,
Want nothing now but *hanging*.

LETTER IV.

Great Doubts and discouraging Presentiment in the mind of Mister Budge, who seemeth not to like the Posture of Affairs—he is hurt and offended at a Kind of Triumph among some of Sir Francis's Party—Mister Budge comforteth himself with *Similes* drawn from Cock-fighting and Hunting—Mister Budge meeteth his Lordship's good Friend Pitt, of whom he giveth a most melancholy Account—No Nod from the ——, no Curtsy from the ——, and the Avenues of St James's shut—Mister Pitt not in *total* Despondence—Mister Budge seeth Mister Pitt in a broad Stare on St James's Clock, and St James's Palace—Mr Budge's deep Reflections on the Mutability of Fortune, with a beautiful and original Comparison—Mr Budge more than *suspecteth* Mister Pitt's boasted Patriotism and Disinterestedness, from the Circumstance of oppressing the Nation with Pensions for his *Tools*, and Wives and Mothers of his *Tools*, at the Time of his Dismissal—Mister Budge exhibiteth a splendid Account of Mister Pitt's Table—he concludeth wittily.

My lord, I daant leek things to-day:
Things look dam quare, az I may zay;
Something is in the wind—
Zome ambuscade—zome mine, I fear,
To whisk us into the air,
Az var az I can vind.

Odswinge! my lord, we weer long jaws,
We simm to hold out tiger claws,
Without the power of *pinching*,
Our foes, the refugees of jails,
I'm much afeard, wull clip our nails:
Our corps, my lord, simm'th flinching.

The dowl the dirty rogues confound!
They simm more bould—simm gettin ground;
Zich impudence they show!
"We be cock-sure," the knaves all zay—
"Iss, iss, cock-sure to git the day;"
And zo they peertly crow.

But let mun crow and flap their wings,
We must noteimm to meend those things—
Battles baant got by *crowing*;
Foxes and hares baant catched by *noise*,
By huntin-horns, and yowlin boys,
By *hollowing* and *blowing*.

Zo let us put our trust in God,
And hope that he hath got a rod,
A handsome one, in pickle;
To warm their pretty little sides;
To please their nice and tender hides,
And gee a pretty *tickle*.

My lord, I've zeed 'Squire Pitt again;
He shaked his head, and simmed in pain,
'Bout Mainwairing's election;
He shrinketh his shulders, wisheth un well;
But vur az I can zee and tell,
Can't gee un much protection.

Vor Pitt his zell, I vend, my lord,
Can't git vrom *one* gert man a word,
You know who 'tis I mean—
No, nor a syllable, I'm tould,
No, truly, not for love nor gold,
Vrom his old friend the q——.

Agosh! Saint James's doors be barred,
And that, you'll zay, is cruel hard:
But Pitt is still in hopes:
Stoutly resolveth to risk his all,
To storm the fortress—mount the wall
By ladders or by ropes.

I zee un both by day and night:
A look'th a mallancholy sprite;
Zo zad, zo woe-begone!
He had most damnably been *dished*,
And zo *must* look confounded *wished*,
When all is zaid and done.

Zome days I zee un go an airing,
And in the street I've zeed un staring
Against Saint James's clock;
And when the yard I zee un spy,
"Ah, Lord! zome people's tails," zaid I,
"Have had a dowlish *dock*."

He, that was once so gert, thoft I,
That cocked his nose zo mainly high,
Zo gert in all the *shows*;*
And now chopvallin, terned out o' place;
Among the gold and silver lace,
A daan't put in his nose.

But to my zell I zaid agen,
"It is the common case of men—
Now *up aloft*, now *down*;

* Levees and drawing-rooms.

Leek boys and girls a laughing rout,
In flying coaches terned about,
  In fair and market-town."

And yet, my lord, I cannot zay
Pitt travelled with clean hands away;
  Vor when at last he vound
That all his cunning wudn't do,
And that a must be forced to go,
  And couldn't keep his ground:

What did a do?—Why bad enough—
All that his *tribe* could carry off,
  Egod, away they carr'd it—
Lord Grenville and his mumping wife,
The Lord knows what they did for life—
  Most lovingly they shared it.

Agosh, my lord, 'twas leek the French:
When they be kicked out o' the trench,
  And forced, the dogs, to run;
They catch up every thing they ken,
Daan't leave a duck, nor cock, nor hen—
  All goeth az shore's a gun.

Zo that the conquerors, when they cum,
Caan't vend a drap o' gin nor rum,
  No, nor a rend o' cheese;
All that they leave behend, agosh,
Is not but mucks, and rags, and trosh,
  Bezides the *rats* and *meeze*.

And then one Canning, a poor boy,
Took from a school to his employ,
  Once thoft a huge deep thinker—
He, like a very duteous son,
Got nice tid bits for Mother Hun,
  And brother Tom the tinker;

And zister Peg, and zister Joan,
With scarce a flannel *dicky* on,
  As vur as I can learn;
Broken-down actresses, they zay,
That in the country used to play
  For herrings in a barn.

Now though this curious young man got
A hundred thousand with Miss Scott,
  (Egad? a fortune thumping)
Behold! a hadn't got the heart
To give *his* family a peart,
  Zo zent mun out a *mumping*.

I caan't zay that I leeke the plan,
That every labouring sarvin man
  Shud zweat to nurse *their prides*;
But zome (or there be lying tongues)
Can very coolly cut large thongs
  Vrom *other* people's hides.

My lord, zince Mister Pitt's disgrace,
I often knack in at Park Place,
  A liveth at number vive);
And there I talk with Will and Tom,
About things past, and things to come,
  And zee'th they be *alive*.

Vor though they zay the man is poor,
I zee no signs of that, I'm sure;
  There's meet for man and mowze.
But where he get'th it I can't tell,
But fath I leeke his kitchen's smell—
  He keepth a roaring howze.

Servants in lace zo fine and big,
And every one as fat's a pig—
  And why?—vor every minute
Out cometh a bottle and a jug,
In cometh a choice and foaming mug,
  And every nose was in it.

While he, poor man! I'm bould to think,
Hath nearly now drinked up his drink,
  He may thank his own self vort't;
If any body might *suppose*,
And take a guiss from his red nose,
  His veins all run with port.

You know, my lord, that people zay,
How every dog hath got his day—
  Now Mister Pitt's was *fine*;
And you've had *yours*, leek all gert men:
And now, my lord, I wonder when
  That I shall look 'pon *mine*.

POSTKREP.

I've just knacked in at Mister Pitt's—
The sarvants half out o' their wits,
  Zich running in and out!
Poor man, he maketh most cruel groans—
Sir Walter tryeth to ease his bones,
  And calleth it *flying gout*.

I daan't know what a meaneth by *flying*
I think the gentleman is dying,
  Now that's my sense of things:
A flying gout—well! zo it may—
And zoon I think will fly away
  With Pitt upon his wings.

Excuse the liberties I take
And observations that I make—
  God knoweth, I'm no great judge.
Having no more to zay or write,
I wish your lordship a good night,
  And rest your sarvant, Budge.

LETTER V.

A wonderful and unexpected *peripetia* in the Election Drama, by the Means of the Millers in Ambuscade—Mister Budge seemeth full of Lamentation—his Friends put on sad Facés—comforteth himself with the hopes of *future* Success—Mister Budge desponds—wisheth to have a pitched Battle with some of Burdett's Party; but, on Recollection, deemeth it not prudent to exhibit his Prowess, giving an Irish Reason, rather unfavourable to the heroic Character of Lord Rolle and *himself*—Mister Budge disliketh the Triumphs of Sir Francis, and also the honourable Circumstance of being drawn in his Coach by the Mobility—he entertaineth Hopes from the *Virtus* of a *select Committee*—Mister Budge telleth a very good Story of Farmer Tab, which seemeth to be *known* by many People *out* of Trade as well as *in* Trade—Farmer Tab's Story endeth, and Mister Budge concludeth.

Good Gosh! my lord, prepare to hear
Something that waant much please, I *vear*;
A two-and-forty pounder!
Zounds! we have nort but loosing tacks;
We now be humbled 'pon our backs—
Lord! Lord! as vlat's a vlounder!

When all simm'd quiet, neat and snug,
Safe as a vlea within his rug,
Afeared of no vlea-killers—
Up vrom their ambush where they *lied*,
And rushing like a main spring tide,
Up leaped a pack of millers!

To tell your lordship of our looks,
It is not in the power of *books!*
Now, what then shall I say?
Why, fath we looked as whit as witches,
At all those dourty sons of b—ches—
'Twas horror and dismay.

Sir Francis laughed—Mainwaring stared,
And thoff a justice, cursed and sweared,
And zed it could not be?
And all Mainwaring's friends about,
They kicked and made the damdest rout,
Zo down in the mouth was he.

'Twas sartingly a cunning trick,
And zo our cock hath had a nick;
Iss, iss, we've lost the main—
His droat is cut, and there he lieth;
He must give up the ghost—he dieth,
He'll ne'er get up again.

It is in vain to curse and swear;
Az Frenchmen zay—"*fortin a guere*"—
'Tis nonsense to be subbing;
And though they now have got the battle,
Hereafter we may meet the *cattle*,
And gee the dogs a drubbing.

My lord, I lang'd to try a bout
With zum o' Burdett's rabble rout—
I'd zoon a pugged their guts;
And gid mun menny a lammin lick,
And made mun of elections zick;
I'd gid mun all the *butts*.

And *it*, 'tis best as 'tis, perhaps;
We mert a catched zom arterclaps,
And be well drashed for sterrin;
Iss, iss, I mert a goad to pot,
And got less credit than we got
In Ireland by the berrin.

You meend, my lord, the famous day,
When vrom the corpse we runned away,
Afeared the French wud skin us;
Dreaving nor looking once behind,
Coosing leeke greyhounds and the wind,
As though the devil was in us.

Well, now again for th' old affair—
We be zo mad az we can stare,
Leek curs we drap our tails;
While Burdett's rogues in triumph run,
And whoop, and hollow—make zich *fun*—
Zo proud they hoist their sails.

And leek gert fools, the rabble rout
Took from the coach the hosses out,
To drag Burdett along—
Had I beed coachman, I'd a drashed mun
Leek jackasses, I'd zo a lashed mun,
And weared out many a thong.

The mob waan't leave bevore they're hanged,
They want most hugely to be banged,
They caan't leave their vagaries;
Near Cold-bath-fields they lerk about,
To try to get the jail-birds out,
And flay alive poor Aris.

We talk of scrutinies, my lord;
The curt th' expenses wull aford,
And zom vokes in the city:
We *yet* may zend mun all to hell,
If we contrive to manidge well,
And chuse a *good committee*.

I'm tould, and I believe 'tis true,
There is not in Burdett's whole crew

Dree honest men among mun;
Though carrin, negers, mangy curs,
Oh! how I lang to comb their furs!
Oh, d—n it! how I'd thong mun!

They shud ha zom veow honest men,
At least 'bout one or two in ten;
But, zounds! they've none at all—
And if we sarch the crew all round,
Lord, Lord! what iz there to be vound,
Examine gert and small?

With your good leave, I'll zet before ye,
My lord, a midget of a *story*
Of Farmer Tab, my neighbour—
Zays Farmer Tab, one day, to me,
"When I begun the world," zays he,
"I was obliged to labour."

And zo zays Farmer Tab, zays he,
"I thort that I wud honest be,
An never wrong a soul—
Ah! Lord, I quickly went to pot—
Iss, by my honesty zoon got
Into a dirty hole.

"Now, what shall I do new? quoth I—
A bit o' *roguery* let me try—
And zo I terned a rogue;
And got a mint o' money zoon,
Could lie abed, agosh, till noon—
A charming lazy dog.

"But, Lord, Lord, Lord, it was not long,
Poor bird, bevore I changed my zong;
God! I was forced to tridge
Vor writing 'pon a piece o' paper:
I really thort that I shud *caper*,
When brought bevore the jidge.

"But by God's marcy, and a bribe,
Delivered to a sartin tribe,
I saved my neck a rope.
Well, what, quoth I, shall I do now?
What method take to speed the plough?
Ah! Lord, I'm out o' hope.

"Not *honesty* nor *roguery* do,
Says I, Lord, looking wondrous blue—
And then I scratched my pate;
And fath, scratched in a pretty thought,
That grist to mill abundance brought,
And made a good estate.

"And zo upon a scheme I fixed:
Roguery and honesty well mixed
May do, says I, the feat;
And zo at once to work I went,
And mixed mun to my heart's content,
Half honesty, half cheat.

"And now, thank God, I turn a penny,
Live creditable too as enny,
By mixin mun together—
By this, Jo, thee and thy old wife
May laugh at all the storms of life.
And ha good sunshpen weather."

So endeth the tale of Farmer Tab:
But Burdett and his crew, the scab,
Treat honesty as *nort*—
And thoff they've prospered theeze one time,
I hope that vor zom other crime
The devils wull all be *cort*.

LETTER VI.

Mister Budge having finished his history of the Middlesex Election giveth a History of his Visit at Mr Pitt's House, in Park Place; where a very curious Conversation taketh place between Mister Budge and the Servants, that showeth what wonderful liberties Servants take with their Masters, behind their backs.

You bid me go, my lord, and quare
Vor Mister Pitt—zo I went there
And nacked—and zo stapped in;
Zays I, "My lord hath zent to know,
How Mr Pitt doth do, and so."—
Zo Thomas stroked his chin;

And hemmed and ha'ad—at last, says he,
"Look, Joe—I'll tell thee what—dost zee—
Our measter is dam bad—
A drinketh too hard—muddleth his head,
And not till your a goeth to bed,
That maketh me cursed mad.

"Measter's a toper every inch:
Egod, I never know'dn flinch,
Iss, measter wull die *game*;
He'll never *run*, Ill answer vor't;
He waan't forsake the good old port,
And quinch his nose's flame.

"And zo what signifieth the pills,
And trade, that a large basket vills,
That Doctor Farq'har zends?
Lord, Lord! why every sarvant laughs,
To zee the bolusses and drafts,
While measter never mends.

"Ere long he'll zing another tune—
I think we shall ha mourning zoon,

Death wull be vor'n too cunning.
We have rare times o't, to be shore—
No key upon the cellar door,
The cock for ever running."

"*Thomas*," quoth I, "I hugely itch,
To know if measter Pitt be rich,
Hæ, Thomas—lean or fat:
By many peepel I've been told,
That was a to be bought and sold,
A ins't worth a grat."

"Zo many peepel za," quoth Tom;
"But trust me, Joe, 'tis all a hum,
A *trap* to take in ninnies;
Pretending to be cruel poor,
But az we zay here, that's a *bore*,
Our master *rolleth* in guineas.

"Yes, mun, he shams, and foams, and frets,
Pretendin a caan't pay his debts,
To prove to all the nation,
He doth not take their goods away,
Stidding their interest every day,
And bring about salvation.

"I, I," quoth Thomas with a wink,
"I fear my measter's name will stink,
Like carrion, vore 'tis long:
Vokes make about'n now no rout—
They all begin to ven'n out,
And freely gee their tongue.

"Meend me," quoth Tom, "the man I know—
To Walmer Castle zoon he'll go,
And zimm zo poor, good Lord!
Pertendin there was nothin sterrin:
Zo make a dinner 'pon a herrin.
Upon an old deal board.

"He'll git a box of wood or tin,
To put his zalt and pepper in,
And munch his meal at noon,
Without a rag o' table clath:
And now shall ha a dish o' brath,
And use a wooden spoon;

"Make meals on barley bread and tates,
'Pon trenchers too, instead o' plates;
Drink nort but dead small beer;
And that too from a penny jug,
Not able to avord a mug,
Poor man—no, that too *dear*.

"Old Chatham did the very same,
To git a little crumb o' name,
The damnest eat-all glutton.
He too could live, forsooth, 'pon *leet;*
Could feast upon an ounce of meat,
And peck a bone o' mutton.

"But when old Pynsant, the mad fool
(Beginning, I suppose, to *drule*),
Played zich a mazeg'rry trick,
And gidd'n all his fine estate;
God help the poor old fellow's pate!
'Twas comfortably thick.

"How quickly changed old measter's pallet!
Down his long droat, Lord, zich a wallet,
He stuffed of vlesh and vish;
Vensun and turbot—ev'ry thing,
Fit to be put bevore the king,
With ev'ry dainty dish.

"Zich slaying, Lord! vrom morn to night!
The cocks and hens in zich a fright!
'Twas all *devour*, *devour!*
The pigs and poultry, ducks and geese,
And terkies worth a crown a-piece,
Cried "murder" every hour.

"Loads tumbled in of every kind:
Cook laughed, and nearly burst her wind—
The sarvants all stood grinnin;
'Twas roast, and boil, and fry away,
The spits were ternin all the day,
And all the jacks were spinnin.

"Iss, iss, old Chatham dood the same,
That made the kingdom cry out shame,
Aye, over, mun, and over;
And measter's one of the old brood,
The heart and soul, the bones and blood,
As vur's I can discover.

"He trieth to zee the king, I zay,
Drowing his zélf zo in his way,
To ketch a wink or nod—
But, ah! that hacky mun waan't smoke:
The k—— waan't take agen his yoke,
No, no, a waan't, by G—d."

"The —— was hampered long anew,
And now biddeth leading strings adieu—
Iss, biddeth mun go to H-ll.
Now this geeth all the world delight:
The gentleman is in the right,
Agosh! to please his zell.

"Thou zeest, Joe, that I speak my mind;
And trust me, zoon the world will vind
Our measter's virtue *fudge*—
'Tis true, Joe, every bit, I'll swear,
As true, Joe, as that thee stand'st here,
As true's thy name is Budge.

"One may zee daylight—iss, iss, faith,
Droo a'small hole, the proverb zaith;

I neither make nor mend.
O Lord, I daan't tell all I know;
But mum, I'm dumb, I'm dumb, and zo—
Cats wink that be not blend.

"Zome friends call now and then to zee'n,
And little crumes o' cómfort gee'n,
And tell'n about the k——;
Then with a stare he shak'th his head,
Az much az though his mouth had zed,
Ah, Lord! 'tis no zich thing."

"Now Tom," quoth I, "about reform—
Thee mendest the gert and merry storm,
Bevore he got in place."
"Aye, aye," said Tom, "I meend the day,
When measter starmed and fumed away,
And put up his long face.

"I heer'd un often with his gang,
Aboo stairs 'pon th' affair harrang,
And joking with the duke;
Yee, fath, I heard their conversation;
To think how nice the gudgeon nation
Got hanged upon their hook!

"But, Joe, th' Old Balley was the worst,
Where measter gin'st his will was forced
To gee his davy in;
The curt at once leek'd bullocks stared,
His friends that follow'd'n were scared,
His enemies 'pon the grin.

"The jidge, his friend, that wished un well,
Wished he would recollect his zell,
Ecod, he was near *cort!*
Zo measter hemmed, and stettering zaid,
He thort his memory was *decayed*,
And cruel, cruel short.

"And zo the jidges said they thort—
And then a wink went round the curt;
And Sheridan, the thief,
Who never spar'th a man an inch—
Gid'n a dam confounded pinch,
Agosh! was in his *beef*.

"Joe, thee'st a zeed a paper keet
Heigh mounted, tackle all complete,
When, Lord, the string breaketh, snap—
Than how a wheelth! now high—now zunk;
Dipp'th here and there, leek a man drunk,
When down a tumbleth *zwap*.

"Agosh! zo our poor measter valled.
Most cussedly the man was mauled;
Iss, iss, a zinged dam smaall.
'Twas lucky too—vor, had the jidge
Owned a spite, or bit o' gridge,
T'had been a harder vaall.

"But all's blowed over now, friend Joe;
Thee know'st that happened long ago—
'Tis now become a joke.
But there, Joe, as vor thee and I,
We mustn't speak our meends—vor why?
We must'n tich gert voke.

"Measter's a greandenstone—zo rough,
He is not complaisant enough,
Not civil to the crown.
And than remember the poor prince:
Lord! how my measter mad'en wince!
Zwinge! how a let'n down!

"He did behave t'un cruel hard;
And now he meet'th with his reward—
It is too late to flatter.
His royal highness waan't forgee't:
He loveth un, fath, I plainly zeet't,
As the Dowl lov'th holy water.

"Holwood wull by and by be zold,
To make a view good bits o' gold;
Zo he mak'th wise and frets.
But meend, my maister dothn't want *wit;*
'Ere long he wull contrive to git
Zome fool to pay his debts.

"He caan't come in agen, vokes say—
Too menny bars be in his way:
Besides—the people hate'n;
And could they git'n in their claws,
Ecod, they'd pound his lantern jaws,
And leek a bull they'd bait'n!

"Canning the school-boy lurk'd in here,
And zaftly whispered in his ear,
He'd git'n from disgrace;
He'd quickly tak'n by the poll,
And lug'n vrom his dirty hole,
And mak'n show his face.

"He said he had be'd sly about,
To veel the marchants' pulses out,
And for subscription caall;
Vor a brass image vor the town,
To which the people must bow down,
And worship leeke old Baal.

"But this was laughing in his sleeve—
Contrived to make the king believe,
That when he turned out Pitt,
Off went the wisdom o' the court—
All that remained was good vor nort,
It wudn't sarve a nit.

"The marchants, thoose that dealed in loans,
That fattened up their skins and bones,
All runned into the trap;

'An image, image,' was the cry—
Od dam the blockheads then! thought I—
What! gulled by *zich* a *chap!*

"That *zich* a *boy* shud take mun in!
Lord! every mouth was on the grin,
Dree pearts of theese gert town.
'Iss, put the image up,' vokes zay,
'Iss, put'n—and that very day
We'll try to *put'n down.*'

"And zo they wull, except vokes race
To Newgate vor a strong safe place,
Or inside Bedlam walls;
Or if the world must *zee* his phiz,
The image must be made to *quiz*,
Aloft upon Saint Paul's.

"Zo much vor images, friend Joe,
But thee and I baan't blend, dost know—
I giss we know what's what.
Well, Joe, as I were zaying, hee,
Az no more hopes of courts I zee,
I'm looking vor my hat.

"I've made zome hundreds in my place:
But az my maister's in disgrace,
What must a body do?
Thou zeest I speak my meend out, Joe;
And as the maister's *on the go*,
The sarvant shud *go too.*"

Now zich was our discoose, my lord—
I daan't know that I've missed a word,
No, not a single thing;
And if you shud think fit, or zo,
Your lordship, if you please, may show
My letter to the king.

POSTSCRIPT.

My lord, bevore I wrote theese letter,
I heeard the sarvants grin and chetter,
About a thing in hand;
'Tis caal'd a statue for 'Squire Pitt,
To honour'n vor his powers o' wit,
And sense that *saved the land.*

They do zo laugh, and make *zich* jeers,
And d-mn mun, zo torment my ears,
And mock'n zo in print:
The cheeldish fools should wear a *bib*—
And zee, my lord, a louzy *squib;*
I'm sure you'll zee nort in't.

THE STATUE.

"Each good-natured cit
Votes a statue to Pitt,
For actions enormously evil;
'Tis supposed very soon,
At the full of the moon,
They will *order* a bust to the *Devil.*"

O Lord! O Lord! I'm pleased anew:
Is this all London wits can do?
Is this all it possesses?
I'd hang my dog up to a stake
This moment, if a didn't make
'Pon one leg better vesses.

Now this they christian London wit,
That leek a razor cutteth 'Squire Pitt—
Aye, let mun make their bregs;
Against dree straws I'd bet my soul,
That Stephen Tag, of Nacker's Hole,
Should beat'n all to regs.

PITT AND HIS STATUE;

AN

EPISTLE TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

Stay but a little month or so,
Your fondness will be much abated;
Even your own hands will overthrow
The idol that ye have created;
No more your pyramid supports its *rat*—
Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat*.

ALSO,

LORD B—— AND HIS MOTIONS, &c. &c.

You call yourself a pillar of the nation!
I fear your lordship means to *beast*,
Pray make a *trifling* alteration;
And, 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post*.

PITT AND HIS STATUE.

So then, messieurs, ye men of loans,
Who eat our flesh, and knaw our bones
Clean as a dog would pick them, all so white,
With goodly gratitude ye look
To your great friend, the old state cook,
And kindly offer him your mite
To rear a *statue* to support his fame,
On crutches hobbling—rotten, lank, and lame.

'Tis very kind in ye, I'm sure,
Let 'tis but *rouge* on an old w——,
That can't conceal the wrinkles and the scab:
The nation's eyes are vastly clear;
Their scrutinizing power severe,
Discerns a vestal from a dirty dab.

What sort of statue will ye have,
To snatch his *glory* from the grave,
That seemeth in a terrible decline?
The vulgar statues to surpass,
Let it be formed of *kindred brass;*
In *pure Corinthian* let your hero shine.

Colossal it will be no doubt,
To push his head among the gods;
Cocking his pert, imperious snout,
Much like the bully of old Rhodes.

Upon the pedestal his worth,
And great achievements will start forth:
In staring capitals I mark reform,
With Colonel Sharman's volunteers,*
With pointed muskets, swords, and spears,
To raise for dying liberty a storm.

* The letter sent to Ireland by a *noble* duke and his *associates*, in order to *force* themselves into power, would have furnished the neck of the author of such tr—on of the present day with a *halter*.

There shall we see the name of war,
That many a soldier sends, and tar,
To sleep with their *still* fathers and *still* mothers;
For war, though seeming very *dread*,
By knocking thousands on the head,
Makes comfortable elbow-room for *others*.

In letters too, all large and fair,
Old Bailey on the eye may stare;
Where Justice, with her sharpened shears,
Has lopped off many a liar's ears.

In letters too, superb and *bold*,
The name of income tax be told,
That made so many millions *blest*;
And *eke* of poor old penny-post,*
That gave so sweetly up the ghost,
T' oblige the gaping treasury's chest.

* On Mr Pitt's silly, cruel, and unproductive *imposition* on the penny-post letters, I felt for the humbler classes of society, who seem to be born with passions somewhat of the same quality with those of our *lofty* rulers, and composed a pretty little elegy, called the Tears of the Penny-Post.—The following stanzas are faithful extracts from that tender performance, which on some future day may probably be given *entire*, for the gratification of the public.—

After a most pathetic *exordium*, Madam Penny-Post thus lamenteth:

The pensive housemaid, pensive Susan, sighs—
Susan, a soft, a sweet, and tender lass;
Susan, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes,
And pouting lips that might for cherries pass.

"Oh, the vile Pitt!" she cries—"poor folks to rob?
This with my humble wages won't agree!
With pleasure twice a week I wrote to Hob,
And Hob, dear youth, wrote twice a week to *me*.

"Now only once a week can we afford
To breathe our souls on paper—harmless blisses!
But what is that to *him*, the savage?—Lord!
Who careth not three straws for woman's kisses.

"Soon as a maggot crept into my head,
I caught a stump of pen and put it down:
'What is a penny?' to myself I said;
So sent it Hob, a dozen miles from town.

"Unmoved by love is Pitt; for lo, at college,
He felt no charm in faces, feet, or hips;
But hunted, with the proctor, to my knowledge,
Poor girls that lent young gentlemen their lips.

"And when they caught one, like a brace of bears
They gripped her, swearing she should *pay* for *sinning*;
And, deaf as haddocks to her squalls and tears,
Lugged her away, and set her to hard spinning.

"But they were paid in their own coin again,
For clawing the poor creature—huffing, snubbing:
Now tell us where ye mean to place
Your fav'rite hero's brazen face?
Ev'n at famed Newgate let him soar,
And swinging grace the debtor's door.

Ye make *too much* of this poor man,
Stifling your creature with caresses;
A simple goose is not a swan—
Ye ought to blush at your addresses.

"What a great soul is William Pitt!
What mind! what energies! what wit!
Give him a statue—vote him money!
Great creature! greatest thing alive,
The lab'ring bee of our large hive:
Fill his dear throat with half the honey:
His wants are many—ease him, ease him;
Ev'n let the nation *starve*, to please him."

How like Lord Froth and his dog Faddle,*
Who makes his family's head addle
With orders, cautions for his Pug!
Faddle has got a four-post bed,
With pillows for his gentle head,
Nice sheets, and comfortable rug,
With curtains of the finest chintz,
Fit for the chamber of a prince.

Faddle, the fav'rite of Lord Froth,
Is comforted with richest broth,

For, with their sticks, with all their might and main,
The good young gownsmen gave the brutes a drubbing.

"Oh, gemini! how I should like to spin
A hempen cord th' unnatural rogues to throttle,
That give up beauty for a glass of gin,
And leave nice girls to hug a nasty bottle!

"But some low fellows—*wretches*, let me say,
(But not my Hobby, I am proud to think),
Think eyes were only made to see their way,
And mouths for nothing else but *meat* and *drink*.

"The very birds their time on love employ;
And see our pigeons how they kiss and coo,
And nod, and bill, and flap their wings for joy,
And fondly whisper, Dovey, how d'ye do?

"When Hobby leaves me with a kiss and squeeze,
All brisk as bees my spirits in a minute,
I twirl my mop about with so much ease,
And scrub and sing away like any linnet.

"With such good will, indeed, I do my work,
Thinking of Hob's caresses all the while,
I feel my heart a-dancing light as cork,
And feed the pigs and poultry with a *smile*.

"This, this I swear—Though hungry as a hound,
The *stomach* shall not steal the *bosom's* bliss,
True to Love's passion shall these lips be found,
And loose even *beans* and *bacon* for a *kiss*.

* This dog story is not imaginary; Portman Square knows all *about it*, and enjoys its laugh.

And victuals, too, of sweetest picking;
And while the servants of the house
Can scarcely give their plate a *mouse*.
Faddle enjoys his roasted chicken.

Is Faddle sick? Lord! what a yelling,
Heavens! what a bustle in the dwelling!
Susan and Molly, turn and turn,
Watch the poor creature night and day,
And *such* solicitude display;
And sigh, and hang the head, and mourn;
And tread with cat-like step the floor,
And with such *softness* shut the door;
Such whispers, and *such* tiptoe stealings,
For fear of wounding Faddle's *feelings;*
And straw is also strewed before the door,
That coaches may not spoil his pretty snore!

My lord, too, half his time attending,
O'er his sick fav'rite kindly bending,
Administers *himself*, his pills and potions;
Tucking with sympathising tears,
The bed-clothes round his chin and ears,
Examining, too, all his *motions;*
For fear that Faddle's tender tripes,
Poor thing, might suffer by the gripes:
And quitting him at night, there's *such caressing*,
When, bishop-like, he leaves the dog his *blessing*.

Now tell me, ev'ry candid cit,
The difference between Pug and Pitt*—
Now, to be serious if we can,
Speak—are ye laughing at the man?

What! to a *wolf* a statue give,
That scarce would suffer us to *live;*
Tearing, poor bleating sheep, our fleeces!

* I this moment am informed of the actual death of Poor Faddle! The ladies are locked up in their rooms, to indulge their melancholy; a death-like silence surrounds the kitchen; not a jack flying; not a spit turning, nor a poker stirring—his lordship inconsolable, carrying about the house his lifeless companion in a box, kissing his cold black muzzle, and bathing it with tears. Cards of condolence are expected from every quarter, and the dog is to be sent, with all pomp, to W——, to be interred with due funeral honours; and to whose precious memory a monument (peradventure a *statue*, by the hand of our *female* Phidias, the honourable Mrs Damer) is to be erected, with a suitable inscription—

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Frothii.

It is universally avowed, that *Faddle* was killed by *kindness*.—Mr Pitt, the great favourite of his pensioners, placemen, and loanmen, seems to be *dying* in the very identical manner.—A parallel between the manners of Pug and Pitt may probably form the subject of a future effusion.

Should Honour, Glory ever stray,
And meet this statue 'midst their way,
They'd pull the *folly* all to pieces;

Exclaiming thus—"A statue! gods!
To *one* that mischief only plods;
A nation's horror—such a known defaulter;
If *something* to his fame *must start*,
Let Master Ketch employ his art,
And weave the gentleman a h——."

I think subscriptions will be thin,
For flattering our great nation's hope:
Heavens! how the guineas had poured in,
'Stead of a statue had it been a *rope!*

Before I finish, let me sing,
Sweet nightingale, before the king;
And warbling tell him that this fellow,
This Pitt, whose virtue d-mns a *punk*,*
Though not averse to getting *drunk*,
Even in his *soberest* moments *mellow*,
Wants much to mount the old *state-coach agen*,
If majesty will give his hand the rein.

Yes, much he wants to mount the old state-car,
And hear a world his highness hail—
But humbler stations suit him better far:
What think ye, sirs, of the car's *tail?*

His majesty in wisdom shone,
Soon as he brushed him from the throne;
Just to his glory, to his kingdom just:
Yet see! the worm crawls round its feet,
Wants much to enter it to eat,
And render it a heap of rotten dust.

As for his knowledge in finance,
Not far his majesty need dance
Before he found one of a happier wit:
In this good nation may be seen,
And *felt*, state-razors full as keen
For shaving us, as Master Billy Pitt.
Pitts are as plentiful as crabs,
Or shall we say Saint Giles's *drabs?*

With nice old proverbs some old books are stored;
One I remember of a *fowl*—

* It is a known fact, that when at Cambridge, Pitt delighted in hunting down, with the proctors, the poor unfortunate damsels that came fresh from the country, who only endeavoured to sell their lilies and roses to the young gentlemen, and sometimes to the *graver* dons of the university.

The man that has not *woman* in his soul,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.

"A man must be hard driven to find a *bird*,
Who offers two-pence for an owl."

Talk of an *Irish face of brass*,
While Pitt exists! let tongues be still—
A common to a blade of grass—
An ocean to a creeping rill!

Why come again upon the heath?
Already we have lost our purses—
We've nought to give but blasting breath,
Deep sighs of poverty, and curses.

Pitt licks his lips again at power,
Just like a bull-dog that has tasted *blood*—
Wants the bull's nose—ripe to devour,
And split his belly with the vital flood.
Pitt brings to mind a pupil of the gallows,
Part of whose history is as follows:

THE THIEF.

A ROGUE, by Honesty long left,
Was by Dame Justice ordered to be stripped,
And whipped,
For burglary—that is to say, a *theft*:
A work performed by men and boys,
Studying the *nat'ral history* of shops,
Who most ingeniously, without a noise,
Contrive to ope their unsuspecting *chops*,
Drawing forth money, watches, muslins, laces,
With other trinkets, that supply the Graces;
Assisted much by Mistress Night,
Of whom the Bow-street Authors write:
A lady, who the world believes
Keeps the bad company of *thieves*.

The cat o'-nine-tails to his hide
Was most ingeniously applied,
Graving upon his memory the word *shop*—
Puss, *Pitt*-like, *deeply* drank the *purple flood*—
But, lo! the rogue with Stoic patience stood,
As though puss had not drank a single *drop!*

As soon as justice had performed her part
Upon the rogue's unwincing hide,
He calmly turned his back upon the cart,
And, musing, rolled his eyes from side to side
With a most solemn philosophic face,
Like my Lord Eldon, on a crabbed case,
Which often comes into the Court of Chancery;
Where his *grave* lordship, and *grave* wig,
Both with the first importance *big*,
Are very often puzzled how to answer ye;
So very *undecisive* in *decision*,
Leaving for future chancery-traps *provision*.

"Well! what art thinking of?" exclaimed Jack Ketch—
"Thy brain seems devilish hard upon the stretch."
"I'm thinking," quoth the thief with sharpened ken,
"Of gutting *that there* shop to night again."

Now, gentle sirs, pray ope your eyes,
And learn the art of being *wise*;
Your schemes are idle wholly, wholly:
Ye show a wondrous want of wit;
Th' immortal statue raised to Pitt,
Immortalizeth too—*your* folly.

Stay but a little month or so,
Your fondness will be much abated;
Even your own hands will overthrow
The idol that ye have created:
No more your pyramid supports its *rat*—
Your *tiger* dwindles to a *mangy cat*.

LORD B—— AND HIS MOTIONS.

PROEMIUM.

WITH a set of *weak* timbers *most miserably* put together, with neither mast, sail, rudder, compass, nor ballast, Lord B. undauntedly ventured to launch his lugger on the surge of politics; which, as might naturally be expected, became the *sport* of every puff of wind. As the *trifling* intellect is too frequently and *unfortunately* ambitious of exhibiting its imbecility, his lordship has been often indebted to the *compassion* of the House. The star that refused him *ability* was not wanting in the gifts of *presumption*. A *stranger* to the wisdom of political debate, yet resolving to be *something* in the annals of Parliament, his lordship has of late dealt in *motions*. The principal *motion* was for a vote of thanks to Mr Pitt, for his *great services* to his country. Lord B. places his chief glory in fighting under the banners of the *Heaven-descended* minister, *whom*, may God, of his infinite mercy, for the interests of

this empire, *take to himself again* as soon as he pleases—the *sooner* the *better*.

What an Herculean labour, to impose silence on petulant loquacity, and convince Folly that she possesses not talents!—Ask Lord B. his opinion of himself;—"he shines in *discrimination*." It was his *profound judgment* that led him to his *golden calf* Idolatry.—Through this error of the mind, he mistakes the humming-bird for the eagle; spiritless declamation for eloquence; inanity for solidity; the mephitic and deleterious vapours of a dungeon, for the open and pure air of vitality; and the cold, greasy, wandering light of a *willow-o'-the-wisp*, for the fervour and steady radiance of a vertical sun.

Great Lord of Greek! it is my humble notion,
That yours was verily a *paw paw* motion;
Much like a motion by the doctor's art
Produced, by jalap or by sal *cathart*,
Working for Cloacina and her maids,
In water-closets and embowering shades.

You've learnt to face a knock-down laugh,
And though detected in a blunder,
And though your fancied *corn* be *chaff*,
You will not keep your windmill under.
No matter *how* folks *grin*, or *what* folks *say*,
'Tis your *own* mill, and mill *shall* grind away.

And many a monkey thought himself a man;
Too many a goose hath deem'd itself a swan,
With reason, too, for 'mongst the monkey nation
I've met with many a happy imitation;
Nay, if to speak the truth compelled,
I've seen the originals excelled!

How many a man, because he has *two eyes*,
Thinks himself capable of *seeing*;
And finding he has motion, and *calf*-size,
Believes himself an *animated being*!

Discovering in his mouth a *tongue*;
He must not its *palaver* balk;
So keeps it running all day long,
And fancies the *red rag* can *talk*.

Your lordship tells me that I joke,
Swearing you never saw such folk:
If that's the case, upon my word,
You keep no *looking-glass*, my lord.

Numbers are fond of hearing themselves chatter,
Promising wine and giving milk and water,
Or that most mawkish mess called water-gruel;
This is not fair, my lord—'tis very cruel.

Most men of splendid fortunes, glittering titles,
Think that in *wisdom* they must also *shine*;
As though a house whose front is very fine
Could not want handsome furniture and victuals.

You thought a speech would be the *bladder*,
To speak more pompously, *balloon*;
Nay, let me rather say the *ladder*
To mount your lordship to the moon;

It was a fatal resolution
(Ambition oft mistakes its aim),
'Twas not the ladder of your *fame*
Alas! but of your *execution*.

If Pitt was wonderfully great
With wisdom, wit, and fire replete,
Sublime, gigantic, half a god,
'Tis strange he should descend to *you*
And *yours*, so ignorant a crew—
This is a puzzling case, and odd.

And yet we see, without surprise,
A log of wood, a needle, nail,
O'er the fierce lightning oft prevail,
And lure the tyrant from his skies;
Send him about, a poor tame thing,
Just like a lap-dog in a string.

There is a certain and true saying
Of animals inclined to *braying*;
(My lord, I hope to be forgiven)
"An ass's voice ne'er reached to Heav'n."

There lives a lady, christened Vanity,
Compassion oft of Inanity,
Much like a finch that feeds the bird of May,
Called cuckoo—a most silly bird,
Resembling my dear Grecian lord,
Resembling speakers that have nought to *say*;
For *words* are not *ideas*, although words
Are in such plenty found with *noble* lords.

'Tis said some men may make their wills
On their *thumb-nails*, for aught they can bestow;
And pray, my lord, whose voice St Stephen's fills,
I should be very glad to know
If all your wits and eloquence's grace
Might not be all bequeathed in the same space?

Had I the power, my first endeavour
Should be to stop your mouth for ever;
And really I am pleased when Sherry,
With his smart stick,
Unto your shrugging shoulders gives a lick;
Making the pleased spectators merry.
And yet in spite of Sherry's sneers,
And my admonitory metre,
Your eloquence *must* drown our ears,
Must flow—*labitur et labetur*.

In short, this motion said, of thanks,
Seems one of Folly's *weakest* pranks:
Great is Imagination's power!
Fancy boults *bran* and thinks it *flour;*
And thus when Pitt was *boulted* on the nation;
Numbers, to superstition given,
Thought it a *meteor* dropp'd from *heaven;*
Such was the effort of Imagination!
Yet if we judge from deeds and fiery face,
This meteor issued from a *hotter* place.

My lord, I hold your knowledge *dog-cheap;*
Sad work, indeed, indeed, you make;
You're like one ambulating in his sleep,
That does the actions of a man awake:
Leaps, runs, stands, listens, rides—and then
Unconscious goes to bed agen.

"And am I that poor mechanism?" you cry.
My lord of Greek, I say it with a sigh.
You call yourself a *pillar* of the nation;
I fear your lordship means to *boast;*
Pray make a trifling alteration,
And 'stead of *pillar*, say a *post*,
You cannot make, my lord, I fear,
A *velvet purse* of a *sow's-ear*.

I grant your life a *virtuous* life;
I had it from the baker's wife*—
The fascinating Muffinilla;
Who, visiting your lordship's villa,
Informed you how the *fiend* with foot all cloven,
And horns, and tail, and goggling eyes,
Tried to take people by *surprise*,
And that he lurked within her *Sunday's oven;*†

And then she begged your lordship's help to stop
Her oven, and drive Satan from her shop.

The tears of piety and sweet devotion
That, trickling, washed the roses of her cheek,
Produced, undoubtedly produced the *motion;*
What's strange, without one syllable of Greek—
A motion that most humbly hop'd
The lady's oven might be *stopped*.

'Tis said, moreover, that the spouse,
Of this same honest Millbank baker
Has charms, has beauty, that might rouse
A smile on any undertaker.

But what of that? 'twas not the *smile*,
Nor *eyes* that might a saint beguile,
Nor Muffinilla's dimple sleek,
That *won* upon the lord of Greek.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *cheek*,
The blushing rival of the rose;
Nor swelling with desire, her *neck*,
Fair rival of the Alpine snows.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *waist*,
The throne of chastity, her pride;
Whose zone, so chaste, so very chaste,
None but the baker's *self* untied.

Nor was it Muffinilla's *arm*,
That might a cold Marchesi warm;
Nor *hand* possessed of *such* nice *points*,
Such fingers, all so round and taper,
Whose touch would make an angel caper—
And then *such* sweetly-dimpled joints!

Nor was it Muffinilla's *foot*,
Nor ancle clean, nor tapering leg,
All near Millbank, in *high* repute;
These ne'er had made him *stir a peg*.

No! 'twas a rage for curbing evil,
And drubbing that vile dog the Devil.
No! 'twas to break the legs of Sin,
Who dances in the pie and pudding;
A bramble, hooking Christians in,
For ever blossoming and budding.

And yet the world won't give you credit;
They say it, and have boldly said it;—
"Who work for Virtue?—poh! a pretty story!
Who would not rather toil for Vice,
Her pay and pleasures great and nice?
Who fish for *haddock* that can hook *John Dory?*

* Pious and pretty—residing in the vicinity of Millbank, much addicted to *methodism*, and one of the *elect*.

† A strict observance of the Sabbath-day had long engrossed his lordship's pious and sublime speculation. The wicked bakehouse fell first in his way; and, had not the *motion* been *smelt* and *smoked* by the House, his lordship had proceeded in his triumph to a most tremendous attack on milk and mackerel.

"Let Virtue preach, and Beauty ogle,
To gain the soul—Lord! which will win?
A pair of minutes ends the struggle—
Poor Parson Virtue must *give in*."

"'Tis no fair bet," the million cries;
"Pit Virtue 'gainst a pair of eyes!
A peacock and a rusty wren!
Jove's *eagle* 'gainst a *cackling hen*.

"A roguish leer from charming Phillis,
Of which th' interpretation's clear,
Viz.—'Look, sir; please to buy my lilies,
My cherries, and my roses here?'
Most archly pointing to her neck,
And pouting lips and crimsoned cheek.
Even metropolitans of London
Would find their pious efforts undone;
And *aks* the solemn saints of Canterbury
Might from their holy office slide,
Feeling of love a strong spring-tide,
And passions, bustling, running *hurry scurry*.

"Nay, metropolitans of York
Would find it an Herculean work
To keep the imp of darkness under:
If so, a *weak* and *carnal lord*,
With little stock of grace on board,
For him to *founder*, where's the wonder?"

Thus cries the world, my lord, all sneering;
On Muffinilla's beauty leering.

Now, my *good* lord, if you think fit,
We'll leave the baker's wife for Pitt:

Some gratitude is due, I own,
To your staunch patron, Billy Pitt;
He took much care of you, 'tis known;
A *louse* most surely loves its *nit*.

Yes, Pitt took most especial care
To shield his stupid friends from harm;
And, when the day of trouble came,
To keep them safe, and snug, and warm.
Full oft he saved them from hard knocks
Of wicked Sheridan and Fox.

Thus, when old mother hen, for food,
Is prying, scraping, clucking, picking,
Amidst her scudding, squeaking brood,
The poor weak band of hungry chicken;
Soon as the winds begin to sing,
Or rather *play* their *overture* to thunder,
Immediately she spreads her wing,
For all her trembling chicks to huddle under.

For God's sake talk no more of Pitt,
His *taste*, his *wisdom*, or his *wit!*
A man with *music* in his soul,
Would never keep vile *squalling parrots*,
Nor leave a *haunch* and *salmon's* jowl,
To dine upon *sheeps'-heads* and *carrots*,
Whose palate wished to be thought *chaste*,
And get *some* small repute for *taste*.

Yet Pitt could keep his *squalling parrots*,
And dine upon *sheeps'-heads* and *carrots*,
When *nightingales* had waited on his wish,
And every table dainty, *flesh* and *fish*.

Now why that stare, my lord? By G—
'tis true:
Ye *moths* that fluttered in his ray,
The favourite *insects* of the day,
I talk of *you*, and *you*, and *you*, and *you*.
What need I *name* what all the world *supposes?*
The B—ves, W—dh-ms, G-ffords, C—ings, R—es.

My lord, I've not one grain of spite;
I only wish to set you right,
And save your future hours from folly:
Of idle vanity the slaves,
Our men of rank are food for *knaves;*
A common fact, and melan-*cholly!*
Keen parasites, whose cunning gains
Most plenteous crops from barren brains.

They bid you *talk*—my honest song
Bids you for ever *hold your tongue;*
Silence with *some*, is wisdom most profound;
Cracked pipkins are discovered by the *sound*.

Now, *good* Lord B———, to conclude;
Since so unmannerly, so rude,
The Devil is pleased our hearts to *harden*
Against your *state schemes* and *devotions;*
Whene'er you choose to make *more motions*,
Begin and end them in the *garden*.

PROH IMPUDENTIAM!

AN ODE.

PRETENDING *love* for his *dear* country,
Not love for his *dear self* and *dear relations*,
Pitt came with all the family effrontery,
And took possession of the highest stations:

Began of politics the game:
Gambled and lost;
But who must answer for the cost?
Not *he*, indeed!—a *duck* confounded lame,
Not *unattended*, waddling—no—the nation
Sent after him her *warmest execration*.

How like the *gambler!*—betting *high*—
A *thousand* on the spinning die!
For *him*, poor devil, a large amount!—
He lost—but how must he account?
"Well!" quoth the fellow, "Gemmen, *kick away;*
For, curse me if I've got one doit to *pay!*

Pitt brings to mind—a father to his son:
"Tom, you are going into trade;
A handsome fortune may, perhaps, be won;
Perhaps you fail—don't be dismayed,
And let your *modesty* ambition stifle,
So, do not be a *bankrupt* for a *trifle*.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

AN ODE.

Fond is the human heart of *power!*
Indeed, it cannot be denied:
We see the tyrant every hour,
Stuffed, like a *pincushion*, with pride.

Pride is a very *stubborn* evil—
Set but a *beggar* on a horse,
Lord! what will be the fellow's course?
The knave will gallop to the *devil*.

Pitt with his green bag once *looked small*,
Could *beg* and *pray* in yonder Hall,
Courting the *honour* of a *brief;*
Ready to plead for any thing,
Jacobin, traitor to his k——,
And every despicable thief.

But leaving off, at length, *brief-mumping*,
And *strangely* into *office* jumping;
Adieu, the *modest*, *asking* face!
Features assume a *different* form:
The *calm* is banished—and the *storm*,
With all its blust'ring insolence, takes place.

Nothing his *grandeur* could withstand!
Hustling and bullying, *such* a rout!
In short, the *noblest* of the land
Were just like foot-balls kicked about.

How like the negro on his mule;
Tormenting him beyond all rule;
Beating him o'er the head and ears,
His spurs into the creature sticking,
Abusing, damning, cursing, kicking—
For Blackey, like a *Christian swears*.

His *quondam* master, passing by,
Beheld the beast with pittying eye—
"You scoundrel, hold!—is *murder* your design?"
Quako turned round, with a broad grin,
Not valuing the rebuke one pin—
"Massa, me was *your* nega—*dissy mine*."

When Pitt is the subject, I scarcely know when to remit the lash, he is such a feast for satire. Should he be restored to that power (which, let me say, he in a manner *usurped*, and which he now *fawningly courts*,) our liberties will have reason to *tremble*. The calamities of kingdoms have often been produced by the sole *ignorance* of a minister; but it is to be hoped, for the sake of humanity, that our late misfortunes arose *solely* from that pitiable source, and not from the dark, turbid bosom of *malignity* and *vengeance*.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;

OR,

THE SQUADS IN AN UPROAR;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF POLITICS;

OR,

EPISTLES, POETICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

WRITTEN BY TOBY SCOUT, ESQ.

A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION;

AND EDITED BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

Had Britain an atom of wit,
  And wished her lost health to regain;
She would kick out the mountebank F—,
  And consult her old doctor again.

Ah! silly John Bull, or John Ass,
  Deserving full many a drub;
Thy long ears can with pleasure let pass
  Any lie, *any* Tale of a Tub!

Surrounded by wolves—a gaunt pack—
  With praise and fair promise they treat thee,
And so thick is thy head-piece, poor Jack,
  Thou suspectest not their plan is—to *eat* thee!

TO MR PITT.

SIR,

THE numerous and too successful attempts of Ministers, and their hirelings, towards the annihilation of literary genius, renders it a hazardous undertaking for an author to commit a liberal sentiment to paper.—The mousing owls of power have so often hawked at the eagle, that they have nearly killed it.—Your old *friend*, and unwearied coadjutor, Aris, governor of the Bastille, has, I am informed, been giving "dreadful notes of preparation" with his hammer and files; putting his machinery into the nicest order, for the *accommodation* of the hands and legs of his *free-speaking*, *free-writing*, and *free-thinking* visitors—*Machinery* which has contracted a most *unpleasantly-looking* rust, for want of *proper exercise*, owing to the gentle spirit of Addington, rudely shouldered from his station, by a *rival* who was dismissed the public service, unaccompanied by a *sigh*, and who is, by some uncommon fatality, returned to it without one single solitary congratulation. Even his meanest parasite (and I call on Mr C . . . . . for the truth of my assertion) is ashamed of

an *Io Pæan!* But "*Quo tendit hoc opus?*" you exclaim—"What is the purport of this address?"

It is, *lofty* sir, *humbly* to *implore*, that, as you have contrived, by a most refined specimen of political jockeyship, to snatch the reins from the hands of your competitors, and vault into the seat of the old state coach, you will not, in the *fury* of your career, *drive over* Mr Scout and his Editor, from a mistaken conception, that a *smile* at man John, or man Will, must be a *sanguinary libel* at man John's or man Will's master. You, sir, have been an *author;* witness your various pamphlets on the *beauty* and *necessity* of a constitutional reform, printed in St Martin's Lane, and which you endeavoured, by the most indefatigable industry, to *suppress*, as soon as you arrived at the summit of your *modest* ambition. As your present *reign* forbodes rather a transient existence, it is probable that you may, in your *zeal* for *expiring* liberty, resume the *goose-quill*, and, forgetting the traps laid for poor thoughtless scribblers, may *yourself* become a melancholy and *blushing* prisoner. *Nec lex est justior ulla, quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*

P. P.

TO N—— S——, ESQ.

EPISTLE I.

PREPARE thy two ears, Cousin Nic;*
Lo! our senses are all of employ full;
And our stomachs of poverty sick,
Will speedily sing, "O be joyful!"

Hope peeps from a cloud on our squad,
Whose beams have been long in deep mourning;
'Tis a *lane*, let me tell ye, my lad,
Devilish long, that has never a *turning*.

But now for this nice bit of news—
Know, our worthy old monarch is dying!
If we mind but our P's and our Q's,
We shall quickly be roasting and frying.

Yes, Fame will soon publish aloud,
Of good eating and drinking a story;
As the sun of Pall-Mall from his cloud,
Will soon be ascending in *glory*.

* Nicholas Scout, Esq. of the city of York, a gentleman of Fortune, and a first cousin of Toby Scout, Esq. The letters were written at the commencement of his majesty's late unfortunate indisposition.

Cousin Nicholas, credit the muse,
Who scorns to report a false tale;
That the minister shakes in his shoes—
Harpooned is our mighty state-whale!

How he flounders about, and makes fun,
Poor Mister Leviathan Addy!
Lo, his grandeur, so lately a *sun*,
Is sinking (sad fall!) to a *caddy*.

Yes, poor Addy, is deep in a bog;
A nice pickle, you well may suppose—
Very like between sawyers a *log*,
His sharp-toothed *good friends*, and his foes.

Yes, the fellow will get a dry shave;
His chops will be held pretty fast;
And, thank God, Cousin Nic, we shall have
The loaves and the fishes at last.

Believe every sentence I speak:
Sailing orders are issued—and mind,
G——'s anchor is really *a-peak*,
Sails all set, with an excellent wind!

The Doctors, good servants of Death,
Are called in, and prescribing their slop!
When thou wishest to shorten thy breath,
Nic, send for pill, potion, and drop.

Yes, the quacks are called suddenly in—
Pepys, Heberden, Reynolds, and Millman!
Who would now for his life give a *pin?*
Four! enough, *without* fever, to kill man.

"In a number of counsellors," Nic,
"There is wisdom"—so says the black cloth.
Yet a proverb as good we may pick;
And as old—"The more cooks the worse broth."

On the call for the knights of the potion,
Some look pleasant, and others full sad:
All London in short is in motion,
And much on th' *alert* is our squad.

The tradesman, once proud of the *feather*,*
Now cast higher glory their eye on—
Soap, herrings, wigs, mousetraps, and leather,
Are all looking out for a lion.

The tailors cross-legged on their boards,
Needle-armed, hand-extended, prepared
To stab the black cloth with their *swords*,
The instant the death is declared.

* The crest of the prince's arms.

And likewise the milliners all,
Armed with scissars and pins, on the gape;
On the blacks with dire fury to fall,
And cut through deep columns of crape.

Such a mob around Buckingham-house,
Like shrimps altogether they cling,
That there's scarce room enough for a *mouse*,
So alarmed for the life of the king!

From the mountain, and forest, and fen,
(What a tumult, and bellow, and roar!)
Rush the beasts to peep into his den,
To spy if good Leo's *no more*.

T. S.

EPISTLE II.

THURLOW now is the Carleton-house mentor!
You know him, Nic—bony and big,
With a voice like the voice of a Stentor;
His old phiz in a bushel of wig.

All the pages, and footmen, and maids,
As his *wisdom* marched solemnly in,
(The impudent varlets and jades!)
Gathered round him with wonder and grin.

Cousin Nick, thou hast hawked, I'm sure,
And witnessed a large German owl,
Hopping forth with a visage demure,
To attract all the nations of fowl.

At once all the birds of the air,
Grey, and yellow, green, brown, black, and blue,
Flock around him with chatter and stare—
"Whence d'ye come? who the devil are *you?*"

All our laws he will sagely expound,
Give the parson a twig by the ear;
And to add to the *graces* of sound,
He will teach his new pupil to *swear*.

At some of his thoughts you would wonder;
Rudely uttered, we dare not deny;
He resembles a loud clap of thunder,
That frightens and *brightens* the sky.

Yet this in his praise I will say,
That whether he's *sober* or *mellow*,
Though as blunt as a bear in his way,
True genius *admires* the old fellow.

"So much for old gravity!" Nic,
Thou exclaimest, "Oh! *tempora mutantur!*"
Or swear'st I'm clapping a trick.—
Cousin Nic, I'll be c-rsed if I banter.

T. S.

EPISTLE III.

O FRIENDSHIP, thy sighs I revere!
Sweet balm on the heart that has *bled!*
O Love, what a treasure thy tear!
A rich pearl on the tomb of the dead.

How d'ye relish this *flight?* rather *rare*,
And *sublime* for the *lead* of these days!
And now let me talk of a fair,
Sweet object of pity and praise.

To Blackheath when the messenger came,
And announced the small hopes of a cure,
He expected a smile from the dame,
With a purse for his news, to be sure.

When she put her white hand to her pocket,
He thought some rare gift would appear.
Ah! her handkerchief only!—She took it,
Sweet mourner, to hold a fond tear;

A tear to which Friendship gave birth,
And Love, of the Passions the queen;
Pure pearl! had it dropped to the earth,
In treasure how *rich* it had been!

When he said that the little and great,
That kings, like their subjects, must die;
She looked *up* with a visage *so sweet*,
Bade *farewell*, with *so* tender a sigh?

Her fate is uncommonly cruel—
Yet a lustre she casts on her race—
By the lord, Cousin Nic, she's a jewel,
And her *heart* is as fair as her *face*.

But Scandal has always her *mud*,
At Merit, *poor* Merit, to throw;
Of ink has forever a flood,
To blacken a bosom of *snow!*

Sweet stranger! from splendour withdrawn,
On wisdom and charity bent,
To Health, and the breeze of the lawn,
To the cottage of Peace and Content.

Cousin Nic, with the subject I'm fired—
Yes! I've really drunk *deep* of the stream;

Yet a *goose* must be really inspired,
When the Virtues and Loves are the theme.

T. S.

EPISTLE IV.

I MET mother H——n in the Park:
The dam of our *great* Master C-nn—g;
Forth flying, as brisk as a lark,
With her daughters perspiring and fanning!

"Lord bless me! my dear Mister Scout,
I'm this moment come up in the hoy:
I'm so glad, then, to find ye here out;
Lord! Lord! I'm *transparent* with joy.

"Let's sit down upon one of the benches—
Tell one t'other what each of us hears:
But first, Sir, these girls are my *wenches*—
Jolly jades, Mister Scout, for their years.

"I'll sell no more *ointments*,* not *me!*
No! that would my consequence *level!*
Great *preferment* I quickly shall see,
So my boxes may roll to the Devil.

You have heard, Mister Scout, I suppose,
How I got my *nice* little *appointment:*
Mister Pitt, sir, whom *ev'ry one knows*—
I opened his winkers *with ointment!*

"So raw and so swelled was each eye,
He could not peep out of a *hole:*
Sir, it is not a bit of a lie,
The man was as *blind* as a *mole!*

"Sir, administration is weak;
Water-gruel no *more*, Mister Scout,
We shall soon hear the minister squeak;
We shall hear him for mercy cry out.

"You remember, Lord North, the great ox,
How he ran in a frightened condition,
And bellowed to Portland and Fox,
And so formed the *fine* famed coalition.

"This will happen agen, if *we please!*
Yes, yes, and the thing shall be *done;*
And Addington crawl on his knees,
And bellow to Pitt and my son.

"We shall get out the statue at *last!*
It *shall* be brought forward—it *must*—
Yes, yes, we'll make up for the *past:*
I'll kick up a devil of a *dust.*

"Mister Scout, we can now muster strong—
This day will I go to the grocer's,
And give him a spice of my tongue,
And call them great fat-headed *dozers.*

"I'll have Pitt, in nice gingerbread, too,
Finely gilt, with the anchor of Hope;
And thus will expose him to view,
In the baker's and pastry-cook's shop.

"There are numbers of methods, no doubt,
By which popularity's made,
And I know them all, Master Scout;
I think I'm no fool in that trade.

"I would take forth an owl from his hole,
(Now I don't mean a sarcasm on Pitt);
And I'd put the grave bird on a pole,
And the nation should kneel to tee-whit.

"You have heard of his marriage, I guess—
Nice match! oh, a very nice match!
Half a million of money! not less!
O Lord! 'twas a *beautiful catch!*

"Yet how *mortally proud* they all *be!*
Three days, sir, before the grand wedding,
Bundled off were my daughters and me;
Pack'd off in the mail, bed and bedding.

"For we wern't of importance enough,
Our court to *great people* to pay;
And so we were all *ordered off*,
For fear of *disgracing* the *day!*

"But the pride of the Scots was *so hurt*,
When they found we sold *bobbin* and *inkle!*
O Lord! 'twas *descending* to *dirt;*
It was coupling a whale with a *winkle.*

"I dare swear, if I sat by her side,
Her elbow away she would twitch,
For fear of her elegant *hide*—
I might *probably* give her the *itch!*

* It is called Costello's Collirium, which has experienced a most uncommon sale, from the very fortunate circumstance of having opened the eyes of the Heaven-born minister, who, to exhibit to the world a rich specimen of disinterested gratitude, saddled the nation with pensions on Madam H——n, the Miss H——ns, alias C-nn—gs, alias Reddishes; a pension on her husband, Mr Richard H——n; a place in the West Indies for one Master Reddish, and military promotion in the East for the other; and to crown the whole, a pension for poor Uncle Tommy, the tinker of Somers Town What a beautiful nest of caterpillars, ordained by the Heaven-born economical minister to devour the few remaining leaves of the old oak!

THE EDITOR.

"Proud ma'am need not *toss up her nose*,
Who, *perhaps*, owes her fortune to *jobbin:*
A shop is no *sin*, I suppose,
And *jobbin's* no better than *bobbin*.

"I could whisper a word to a *Scot*,
That amongst the *great munchers* of *curry*,*
That *lacks* are not easily got,
Not *honestly* made in a *hurry*.

"'Slife! what's all her money to *me*,
That *I'm* to be clapped on the shelf?
Thank Heav'n, I'm as wholesome as *she*,
And a Christian as good as herself.

"What signify riches and titles?
What signifies richness of blood?
Or what ev'n the nicest of victuals,
If a body ben't *vartuous* and good?

"Pray had Adam and Eve an estate,
Poor souls, when they dropped from the moon?
No! they had not a knife nor a plate,
Not a table, nor dish, nor a spoon.

"Does she think I ha'n't *larned* to *behave?*
Does she think I *caan't* sit *to* a table?
That my parents good *scholarship* gave,
To eat hay with a horse in a stable?

"That my meat, like a hound, I should *tug;*
That, hog-like, my grinders would work?
Does she think I should *cough* in the mug,
And pick all my teeth with a fork?

"Or snuffle and grunt in my broth,
Then *whisk* out a mouthful of *wind;*
Lick my plate, *for* to save the clean cloth,
And drink healths to the fellows behind?

"Does she think I was born to be *dumb?*
Of my tongue, that I have not the *use?*
Made to listen, and stare, and be *mum*,
And cannot say, 'Boh!' to a *goose?*

"She thinks I'm a *heathen*, no doubt,
Some *outlandish beast*—that I *howl!*
I waan't born, no, indeed, Mister Scout,
In a wood, to be *scared* by an *owl!*

"*Ups* and downs we all see, Master Scout—
This world makes a terrible *touse;*
Here and there, sir—some *in*, and some *out;*
Now a *man*, and next minute a *mouse*.

"Son C-nn—g shall start up a lord!
Great speaker! a wonderful thinker!
A *staff* for my boy of the *sword;*
Rank for Richard, and Tommy the tinker.

"My girls will *so blaze* on the town,
Their chariots and phætons sporting;
Billet-*doxing* with bucks, derry-down!
Such a keetle of fish! such a courting!

"Lord St Vincent must go—he *shall* go—
His anchor's *a-peak*, never doubt it—
For the man for *his* office, you know,
Is the man who *knows nothing about it*.

"Lord! what has he done worth admiring?
No *huge mighty* matters, depend on't!
A little hard fighting and firing,
And boarding, and so there's an end on't!

"Well! Heav'ns bless ye! call soon on me, pray,
To settle the affairs of the nation—
I now can *afford* to be *gay;*
And we'll have a nice *jollification*."

Thus ended this nightingale's song!
What a *bore*, Cousin Nic! what a clack!
What a cock-and-bull tale, what a tongue!
Zounds! 'twould distance the fly of a jack!

EPISTLE VII.

CORINNA talks *loud* in her airs!
"I *will* have what I've fixed my delight on—
A fig for *some people! who cares?*
Nothing less than the Duchess of Brighton!

"Ye dames all *so pure* and *so chaste*,
Who have *blinked* me, I'll handsomely *swinge!*
Of the cup of Contempt ye shall taste,
Or I ne'er knew the sweets of *revenge!*

"With *envy* your pride shall be kill'd—
To *my* circles ye shall not be beckoned;
With princes *my* rooms shall be filled;
And my name shall be Ninon the Second.

* General Scott, the father of Mrs Canning, made an immense fortune in the East Indies, by his profession, and a *lucky throw* of the dice.

"*I know who* dared *squint* at my routs!
I know who ne'er asked me to *theirs*,
Who turned up their impudent *snouts*;
For their *honour*, Lord! filled with *such fears!*

"*I've* a catalogue fair of *nice* dames—
A pretty black list of each *chit*:
And if Vengeance, dear Vengeance, have flames,
The *torch* shall be speedily lit!

"Too long have I acted the *dove*:
I will soon play the part of the *viper*;
I will rant like the mistress of Jove!
I shall *dance*, and the —— *pay the piper*."

The lady is clever and pleasant;
Much a fav'rite, of *yors*, with the *men*;
Nice picking about her—a pheasant!
Now tasteless and tough—an old hen!

Though the Loves are all fled, the young elves,
With the actions of youth *she will bore us*—
Time always *stands still* with *ourselves!*
We think the world *grows old before us!*

Toad-eaters rush in like a tide,
To their *int'rest* most *lovingly steady*;
And to *tickle* the *trout* of her *pride*,
She's *be*-graced and *be*-duchess'd already!

Is she *beautiful?* so much the better:
By this magic thy business is done;
One half of a word, or a letter,
Is enough—'tis the *sine quâ non*.

O Beauty, how formed to *beguile!*
Thy *charm* will for ever endure;
Lo, the *loftiest*, seduced by thy smile,
Descend, like the hawk, to the lure!

Thy *pride*, I suppose, may be *hurt*—
But the world is a dev'lish queer *stick*.
Dost thou wish for the smiles of a court?
Make love to a petticoat, Nic.

EPISTLE VIII.

Cousin Nic, couldst thou see *some* court faces!
Most rueful indeed! a yard long—
Gone, gone are the smiles and the graces;
Most capital subjects for song!

I've just met with *some* of the *crew*:
Bull-head C-rd—n, dead in the dumps;
Salisbury, looking confoundedly *blue*,
And his countess as *blue* as poor Numps.

Maids of honour, all wand'ring about,
Are seen with a sorrowful air—
With their lily-white handkerchiefs out—
Sad flags, cousin Nic, of despair!

Old Liver—you know who I mean—
Old Jenk—of the closet old rats—
Will feel his bones cracking I ween,
(Heav'n grant it!) by one of *our* cats!

Smart lads in the council will shine,
Instead of the stupid and tubbish;
Choice spirits, instead of dull swine;
Bright Jewels, instead of *old rubbish*.

The bed-chamber lords are in dudgeon;
And cropsick the grooms and the pages,
As if struck on the head with a bludgeon,
Seem to say, "Farewell honour and wages!"

The cooks, in a pitiful stew,
The scullions, half out of their wits—
"Adieu to the platters! Adieu
To the dripping-pans, sauce-pans, and spits!"

Lord Salisbury's *poor* butler and groom,
With other young knights of the mews,
And other young knights of the broom,
For their places all shake in their shoes.

As a whisper is current abroad,
When the prince shall arrive at the *throne*,
Farewell to the farce of an *ode*;
Thus the "Black's occupation is gone."

Or *should* this same ode be in *vogue*,
Musicians will come* from that class
Which know the sweet *lark* from a *hog*;
Braham's voice from the bray of an ass!

Pitt is just like a fox for a hen,
Slily squinting and creeping about,
Snuffing wildly the wind—but what then,
If Dame Partlet refuse to come out?

How *cut down!*—from the *line* to a *lugger!*
The grocers observe him at Dover,
And *may* send him a pound of brown *sugar*;
But as to the statue, 'tis *over*.

* Unfortunately for the credit of his majesty's band of music, it is not composed of musicians, but of people of mean occupations, who receive the salaries; and hire, for a trifling sum, performers to *fiddle* for them.—Lord Salisbury knows *all about it*.

Ah! Lucifer, son of the morning,
How fall'n! ah! how lost all thy light!
No longer the heavens *adorning!*—
Poor planet—good night t'ye—good night!

And yet—though the fellow I hate,
I still must acknowledge his merit;
Though his *quack'ries* and insolent state
I despise, let me honour his *spirit.*

Retired, from political battle,
To his castle to learn to be *wary*,
He *astonies* the fields and the cattle,
With tactics *yclep'd* mili-*tary!*

He has got all the *technicals, pat*—
Studying Saxe and Vauban, night and day:
And already has killed one ram cat,
Three magpies, two owls, and a jay!

Over hedges and ditches and quags,
Huge feats he is seen to perform!
He has torn a poor dunghill to rags,
And taken a bog-house by *storm!*

To Pitt, are all weapons alike:
With his bayonet he stabbed an old sow;
He pierced a large calf with a pike,
And slew with a broad-sword the cow.

Many rams has he tumbled about,
And crack'd of some yearlings the skull;
Put of oxen a score to the rout,
And leap'd on the back of the bull!

For his tutor, he takes General Moore,
As great in a battle his skill is;
And thus a fit Chiron, I'm sure,
For instructing his pupil Achilles.

Together for glory they run!
If a *hedge-hog* they meet, he is dead!
If a *squirrel—bounce*, off goes a gun!
If a *mushroom—smack*, off goes his head!

Is a stump of a tree in their way?
With a fury heroic they rend it!
Is a mole-hill? in battle array,
In *column*, they march to defend it!

On counterscraps, curtains, and ravelins,
Mines, sausages, bridges, and ditches;
Pikes, bayonets, and ramrods, and javelins,
Palisadoes, and guns, and their breeches—

They *so* talk! *such* a history of wars!
Ev'n at meal-times untir'd is the tongue;
When, lo! with the voice of a Mars,
They sing of proud triumph the song.

INVITATION TO BONAPARTE:

A DUET,

By Mr Pitt and General Moore.

BONAPARTE, come over:
We will meet thee at Dover;
And the generals our forces commanding
Will salute thy *two* ears
With *three* excellent cheers,
And a warm *Cornish hug*, at thy landing.

Louis, Jerome, and Jo,
Let us see too, and know,
With thy uncles and aunts—a *brave* band:
Bring likewise thy cousins,
Of whom thou hast dozens—
And bring the old fox, Talleyrand.

Thou'lt be frightened to see
How brisk we shall be,
To bestow every thing in our power:
Most excellent air;
Nice *lodgings* to spare;
Ev'n the *best* to be found in the Tower.

As *French manners* are thine,
And so *very divine!*
Thou never wilt fail of delight;
As the monkeys by day
Will chatter away;
And the *tigers* howl music at *night!*

As thou oft did protest,
That a *fight* is a *feast;*
And as no man, indeed, can be *thinner;*
Thou shalt have—*not* a *pullet*,
But a dainty hot *bullet*,
And a *pike* for thy *teeth*, after dinner!

Come the Consul whenever he will—
And he means it, when Neptune is calmer—
Pitt will send him a d-mn'd bitter pill
From his fortress, the castle of Walmer!

T. S.

EPISTLE IX.

LAST night I dropped in a club;
The *great* Mister Squibb in the chair—

Who became a *grand bear*, from a *cub*—
Important in *look* as lord mayor:

Or a certain law lord of our days,
A great *un*-deciding decider;
Very rarely a subject of *praise*:
But oft of a wicked derider!

Who *hems* with *much wisdom*, and *ha's*—
And seldom concludes in *a minute*:
And whose *wig* might as well in a cause
Be employed, as the *head* that is in it!

Thou hast witnessed, full many a time,
The *magic* that waits upon place—
Where the note of the owl is *sublime*,
And sheer *grease* a fine sample of grace!—

From the coal and the smoke of his shop
To the bench let black Mulciber move;
Lo! his tools into consequence hop,
And his *sledge* is the *sceptre* of Jove!

Squibb now with much gravity rose—
A most solemn and sanctified look!
"Pray inform us all, what you suppose
Is our s-v—gn's complaint, Mister Puke!"

Puke answered—"Indeed, Mister Squibb,
Of opinions, I'm not a *free* giver;
But, I think, that a child with a *bib*
Must pronounce the disease in the *liver!*"

Now Gripe started up, in his pride,
Whom no death of a *patient* affrights:
"Mister Puke, you and I differ *wide*—
'Tis no more in the *liver* than *lights*."

Puke, nettled, now answered and said,
"Though your *wisdom* was never *suspected*;
If I know any thing of my *trade*,
Mister Gripe, 'tis the *liver's* affected."

"Sir, I don't think you do," answered Gripe,
With a smile, and a squint, and a leer—
Now Puke, in a rage at this *wipe*,
Thought of dealing a box on the *ear!*

But sagely suspecting *return*,
And possessing some love for his *hide*,
He was forced in his bowels to *burn*,
And submit, to Dame Prudence, Miss Pride.

How few boast the wisdom of Puke—
A present, not *ev'ry* man's lot!—
How *easier* to *bear* a *rebuke*,
Than a sword in the heart or a shot!

Honour likes to *shoot*, *stab*, and *slice*,
When *affronted*—wild, panting for *blood!*
Very strange, that a lady *so nice*
Should prefer *such indelicate food!*

"Well," quoth Puke, "thou shalt have thy own way,
Master Gripe, or to *prate* or to *kill*;—
Allow me the freedom to say—
Thou art *vox et præterea nil!*"

"Well," quoth Gripe, "what hast thou been *a saying?*
Master Puke, that redounds to thy glory?
Goose gabbling—a jack-ass's braying!—
To talk Latin—mere *nugæ canoræ!*"

To high words now the disputants rose,
Indeed, words not in flattery *rich*—
Gripe talked loudly of pulling a *nose*;
Master Puke talked of kicking a breech!

"Thy physic," quoth Gripe, "is all *slop!*
Not fit for a pig, or a porter:
Could I catch thee but once in my shop,
I would pound thee to dust in my mortar."

"With *such fellows*," quoth Puke, in disdain,
"I scorn, like a blackguard to *wrestle*;
Yet, Gripe, had thy head any brain,
I would dash it all out with my *pestle!*"

The company now interfered,
To set those hot matters to rights—
They drank friends—and no longer was heard—
The dispute between liver and lights.—

And, as now, cousin Nic, I beg leave
(As *labour* and *I* don't agree)
To my pen a small respite to give—
And indulge in a pinch of rappee.

Peace now being happily made,
Up rose, on his legs, Master Sly:
And thus to the chairman he said—
Whilst "*Hear him! hear! hear!*" was the cry.

"Sir! administration is *weak!*
Very feeble—*exceedingly*, *sir*—
It has not a *man* that can *speak*—
Not a tongue on a topic to *stir!*

"The premier, I grant *very good*—
Fit to join with his *wife* in *debate;*
Prescribe a child's *physic* and *food*—
But he should not *prescribe* for a *state.*

"His judgment on *mutton* and *beef*,
I allow him without hesitation—
And of *tea*, too, it is my belief,
There is no *sounder judge* in the nation.

"In a boarding-school, too, he might *shine*,
And make a most excellent *teacher;*
Nay *more*—make a *decent* divine,
And, *per*-haps—prove a *popular preacher!*

"But we want, sir, a *man* of *deep thought*,
Of political, sharp, penetrations—
In the school of experience, sir, taught;
Well versed in the interests of nations:

"The man from intrigue who refrains;
Scorns to creep, spaniel-like, to disgrace;
Who, firm in his virtue, disdains
To enrich an old cat, for his *place.*

"The man who would *die* for the *state*—
Of freedom, the glorious defender;
Not a fellow of *infinite prate*—
Not a noisy and bullying pretender.

"Not the man who encourages *spies;*
For poor liberty laying the *snare;*
Affected no more by her cries,
Than a poacher, by squeaks of a *hare.*

"Not a childish, vindictive, poor fool,
Against men who may *smile* at his name,
Who fancies the praise of each *tool*
Nothing less than the *plaudit* of Fame.

"'Tis the man who, sublime, for the *state*
His neck to the axe would submit,
To *bless* it—to snatch it from fate;
And *that* man!—is the great William Pitt!

"Great man! who even *kings* would *resist*,
And pawn for the realm his *last shirt;*
Too *virtuous* to make civil list
The *fount of corruption* and *dirt!*

"Great man! *so sublime* in his station!
The pilot who weathered the storm!
Good man! who ne'er *promised* the nation
A *thing* which he did *not* perform!—

"How *nobly* from office he went!
Great man!—not a doit in his fob!
Great man, with his *conscience* content,
Retiring as poor as poor Job!—

"*He* wished not to *burthen* the nation—
He wished not for mountains of *pelf!*
He wished for his country's salvation—
He never once thought of *himself!*

"Other barks on the ocean of time
Shall be lost! into atoms shall split!
While, towering in triumph sublime,
Through the foam, moves the *great* William Pitt!

"Of sweet woman he courts not the smile—
Of Venus, *ne'er* seen in the school—
An *animal, rare* in our isle—
Heaven grant that he mayn't be a *mule!*"*

Having finished his splendid oration,
Down solemnly sat Master Sly;
When lo! of a different persuasion,
Up rose, in much form, Dicky Dry:—

"Mister Chairman, the very *neat* speech
Just delivered by good Mister Sly,
Demonstrates how well he can *preach*—
His *assumptions*, I beg to deny.

"Sir, 'tis no very difficult matter
To be *florid*, and *roundly assert*—
With *irony*, names to bespatter;
And characters cover with *dirt.*

"I allow his oration is neat—
Full of point, sir, I freely admit;
But, sir, the distinction is great,
Very great, between *wisdom* and *wit!*

"Mister Sly must be surely in *sport*,
So ill is the character suited;
Mister Sly may have found out his port—
Not the talents and virtues *imputed.*

"Survey him in Westminster-Hall—
Poor youth! not a brief in his bag!
There he looked very small—very small!
Not a client to make his tongue wag!

"Next behold him in league with a duke,
Busy then as the Devil in a storm,
Attempting poor *gudgeons* to hook
With a bait—a fine bait, called *reform!*

"*Pretty* doctrines they scattered around!
Pretty letters to Sharman they wrote!
Sir, I quickly should visit Lob's pound,
Should I dare even a passage to quote!

* I do not allude to the proverbial quality of that animal, but to his well known inability of perpetuating his species.

"Master Aris and I, very soon,
Should be trying of handcuffs a pair:
When his honour would teach me a tune—
Bread and water—a fav'rite old air.

"Well! at length Master Billy *got in*—
Arrived at the summit of power;
What's reform?—Oh! a *d—nable sin*—
A *demon*, from that very hour.

"Now terrier, cur, spaniel, and hound
(No matter, rain, sun-shine, or storm),
Were to hunt, and, whenever they *found*,
To strangle *that vermin* reform!

"Now trace him in administration:
Take a peep at his pretty vagaries—
His *rare engines* for calming the nation—
Messieurs Reeves and *mild* Governor Aris!

"Of kindness so full, the *sweet* saint;
So ready some *comfort* to give us;
When we *opened* our mouths with *complaint*,
His gaols opened *theirs* to receive us!

"Next at Newgate behold the *great* man!
Sad scene of *sad-ir*-recollection—
Where tongues with much *liberty* ran,
And dealt in most saucy *reflection*.

"What a pity that mem'ry should *fail*—
Great pity, indeed!—I repeat it,
That a *yesterday's* action or tale,
To day, one should *cleanly forget it!*—

"What a day of dire mortification!
What a day of proud triumph for *foes!*
How *nimbly* the *gem* reputation
Was going, that day, to the *crows!*

"Mister Sly says his *hero* was *poor*,
Which a deal to his glory redounds—
If the *huntsman* was *lean*, we are sure
The *lean* Nimrod *well fattened* his *hounds!*

"Mister Sly says his *hero, so pure*,
Never courted the smiles of the ladies—
Sweet Joseph! not woman allure!—
What a comical sort of a blade 'tis!

"That Pitt from the ladies should fly,
Is rather an odd sort of whim:
But I never should wonder, not I,
If the women all scampered from *him*;

"From his *credit*, I scorn to detract,
For candour I always revere—
And if Fame ever mentioned *one act*;
'Twas in *whispers* no mortal could *hear!*

"Civil list, sir, 's a dangerous affair:
On *this* head he had better been *mum*;
Wisdom looks on *that list* with a *stare!*—
But no more on *that* subject, sir—*hem!*

"*Great* man!" said the *great* Mister Drake—
Whose *virtues* and talents *surprise!*
Not of *wretched* mortality's *make*;
But sent us, *express* from the *skies!*

"If P— was sent down from on high,
The world, in *opinion*, must join;
And pronounce, with one voice, that the *sky*,
Like Houndsditch, passed *counterfeit coin!*"

T. S.

AN INSTRUCTIVE EPISTLE

TO

JOHN PERRING, ESQ.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON;

ON THE PROPOSAL OF AN ADDRESS OF THANKS TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON, FOR HIS GREAT AND UPRIGHT CONDUCT WHEN PRIME MINISTER.

—— *Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*
Hor.

Sublime, who sacred holds his word;
Loved by the Virtues, Wisdom, Wit;
By Freedom's friends caressed, adored—
Muse, send this character to Pitt!

BELIEVE the bard, my good lord mayor,
That we have been upon the *stare*,
For your address, for just administration;
Which brought the premier so much fame,
With peerless lustre crowned his name,
And spread a smile of pleasure o'er the nation!

Wild Expectation, on her toe,
Has been a month, at least, I know,
Looking for this fair tribute of your thanks.
Perchance some *demon*, secret, sly,
Has marked th' affair with *jealous* eye,
And, deep in dark intrigue, been playing pranks:

Some Pittite, mad, vindictive, crost,
Because the *statue* has been *lost*,
Has *tampered* with *some* aldermen, I fear;
And, men of common-council greeting,
In sad unguarded hour of *eating*,
Mixed *ministerial poison* with their beer.

Poor *iron dust*, through playful fate
Attracted by the *magnet*-state!
Or let us rather call them *straws*—
Whirled from their dirt, their native sphere,
By sudden gusts—aloft, here, there—
Of *babes* the *wonder* and *applause!*

I've seen *that* dæmon's cloven foot;
In spite of mobbing, damning hoot,
The daring imp has learned to stand his ground;
Well steeled his heart, and bronzed his face,
He cocks his nose upon *disgrace*,
And hunts his game—a persevering *hound*.

And now, lord mayor, I shall suppose,
That Addington's inveterate foes
Impede this honest scheme of thine.
Then take this *minikin* of *mine*.

ADDRESS TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

YOUR good, your mild administration—
An epoch in this happy nation—
Our grateful thanks demands:
And let us here express our grief,
That Fate, at times an artful thief,
Should tear you from our hands.

Though dæmons may in league unite
To blur thy star's illustrious light,
That brightens now the age;

Lo! history, with her golden pen,
To give thy name to *future* men,
Shall fill with thee her page.

Oh, may the men, who *seize* thy place,
Their country's glory ne'er disgrace,
By little, base, intriguing arts!
Instead of conquering by their crimes,
Our sacred liberties and limbs,
Subdue, by *noble deeds*, our *hearts!*

Something like this, lord mayor, I want;
This is no parasitic cant—
Thou know'st of Addington the merit:
Let Calumny her venom spit,
And Envy hiss,—and tools of Pitt
Employ their cruel coal-black spirit.

Without disguise, that Pitt I *hate*,
Despise his mind, and parrot prate;
His minions!—with disdain I see 'em!—
And would the king (my wish devout!)
Make all the *motley pack turn out*,
I'd seek St Paul's, and sing *Te Deum!*

Dear Perring, we are *Devonshire*-born—
Where Plenty fills her golden horn—
And, whether sober, sir, or mellow,
Old Devon *certainly* contains,
Now, as of yore, some splendid brains,
And many a brave and honest fellow.

Then let us not disgrace her name,
But give her star a brighter flame—
Exalt, if possible, her credit;
Yes!—*boldly* act, and write, and think,
And *mind!*—my *horn's last drop of ink*,
To raise her glory—lo, I'll *shed* it.

Thy planet led thee to the east,
To fill with precious gems thy chest,
And *eke* with precious ointment:
Mine westward ordered me to roam,
And, after years, come loaded home
With *sterling* disappointment!

And yet I'm not a *broken* spirit;
The public has observed my merit,
As well as India *thine;*
To which kind public, low I bow—
Its *candour* and its *taste* allow;
For gratitude is mine.

Now to the point—Exert thy might,
And separate the *day* from *night;*—
Discern good friends from foes;
For thou hast brethren, dark and deep—
Amid thy flock, some *scabby sheep*,
Aye, *many* a one, God knows!

Yet should an alderman *demur*,
Strait strip him of his gown and fur—
That gown of vivid scarlet!
And should the council dare refuse
To sign th' Address—*stained* be the *blues*
Of every gravy gulping varlet.

I fear that linen-draper's* jaw,
Which gives to liverymen the law—
Forsaking *trade*, in hour most evil,
Lawn, *cotton*, *dimity* and *muslin*,
The *pates* of common-council puzzling—
Has lately played the very devil!

Of *such*—O, may the savery haunch
Ne'er enter the unhallowed paunch;
Great rival of a *bag:*
Before their mouths, may brawn advance,
And turtles fat, and turbots dance,
And balk each well-worn *snag!*

Down their plump cheeks, may custards stream—
Rich trifle, syllabubs, ice-cream;
And may they writhe and grin,
And spread their tantalized poor chops,
To catch the luscious sugared drops—
And not *one* drop get in!

Nay, more! may giants of Guildhall,
Whom mortals, Gog and Magog call,
Leap down on every head,
When next they meet on Lord Mayor's Day,
Their vows to Gluttony to pay,
And crush each sconce of lead.

Oh! strain each nerve, my good lord mayor—
Merit like Addington's is rare—
To *leave him*, what a pity!
The thunder of *my* muse's lays
Shall shake Parnassus with his praise,
And *thou* shalt shake the city.

* Mr Waithman, a great city orator, a son of Liberty and Opposition, and *sleve* of John Wilkes, of volcano immortality; who, from his *great* and *cheap* shop in Bridge-street, Black-Friars, facing the *noble* monument called Obelisk, raised and dedicated to his glorious patron, draws *patriotic inspiration* for his *motions* and *speeches*.

THE HORRORS OF BRIBERY;

A

PENITENTIAL EPISTLE,

FROM

PHILIP HAMLIN, TINMAN, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY ADDINGTON, PRIME MINISTER.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A POSTSCRIPT;

CONTAINING

SENSIBLE ANIMADVERSIONS ON JUDGE GROSE'S SOLEMN AND SERIOUS ADDRESS TO THE UNFORTUNATE TINMAN.

——— *Omnia Roma*
Cum pretio———
Juvenal.

Poor Hamlin, hammering in his tin-shop, thought
That ministers, like saucepans, might be bought;
That courtiers, like a fish-kettle or platter,
Were made of very *malleable matter*.

From those hard walls, amidst whose awful round,
The ear with horror feels the clanking chain;
Where sighs from hollow vaults unpitied sound,
And tears of bitterest anguish stream in vain;

Where, faint and fastened to th' unfeeling floor,
The wretch desponding mourns amid his gloom;
Expecting Death's dread hand t' unbolt his door,
And lead him half alive into the tomb;

From those hard walls poor Hamlin poured his sighs,
Much marv'ling how he came to *such a place*,
And, lifting his two melancholy eyes,
Addressed the author of his sad disgrace:

"An't please your worship, hear me, sir, I pray—
Hear me a bit—Lord! Lord! I thort no harm;
No more, please God! than of my dying day—
I ne'er once thort of making zich a starm.

"I thort that vokes were brib'd in Lenden too,
Az well az in the country—zo thort I;
I caan't but zay I look'd confounded *blue*,
To hear the terney-general's *grievous* cry.

"Lord! half the corporations, zo I've heard,
Look 'pon a bribe no more than bites o' vleas,
And zwallow oaths, Lord! not one crume afeared,
Az glibly az they cluck their bread and cheese.

"I never thort that 'twas a sin or shame;
Vor az vor squeamishness I never vound,
I caan't zay that I thort myself to blame,
That vokes wud quarl way two good thousand pound.

"I know the last election Plymouth votes,
Aye, many, many look'd confounded grum:
They thort of *something* vor to buy mun coats,
Fath! happy to have got but *half* the sum.

"Gert voakes have slip'd a purse into my *hand*,
Guineas—zometimes 'twas eight and zometimes ten—
And zo I thort, with maney at command,
To give a *dowzer* to get voak agen.

"And zimply thus I thort, that I might do,
Lord! never dreaming of a jail, d'ye zee;
But thort that az my *betters did* zo too,
It never could be *wickedness* in *me*.

"*Zomebody*'ll have the place, I do suppose—
A Plymouth man, I make no sort of doubt;
A *vote* too—but, that God-Almighty knows;
I really think that things will so turn out.

"Then why not *me?*—a tinker very true.
But there's 'Squire Canning's brother hath a place:
He was a crock and kittle-mender too;
But had good friends to hoist him from disgrace.

"I own I wanted wisdom for my guide—
Indeed 'twas foolish, out so *plain* to plump it;
And then, methought, so great indeed my pride,
'Twas handsomer to *buy* a thing than *mump it*.

"Lord! sir, I kept a reputable shop;
Liv'd well, as any body may suppose:
But so disgraced, what have I now to hope;
My goods will stink in ev'ry body's nose.

"'A Newgate bird liveth there,' the vokes will cry,
Spit '*pon* my goods as they pass by my door;
'A jailbird!' will they hoot as they go by,
And never buy a spoon or save-all more.

"Nort else had I to offer, sir, indeed,
Had I a vote, 'thad beed another case;
Or had the town of Plymouth beed my own,
Shure, sir, you shud a had it vor the place.

"Zoon as old Andrew Hill had slipped his breath,
My neighbour Tap, the landlord, com'd to *me;*
Says he, 'Leave tinkering—there's a charming *death;*
Hamlin, an angel of death!' quoth he.

"'Zounds! what a noghead and a fool!' says Tap,
'To mend old crocks, and candlesticks, and kittles—
Thy hammer always going rap, rap, rap,—
And all to git, forseth, a *bit o' vittels!*

"'Thy road is now as plain to wealth, my lord,
Plain az from Frankfort-Gate to Plimmoth-Dock,
Then mind thy P's and Q's, and daan't be *mad*,
And think no more of kittles or a crock.'

"Quoth I, 'How neighbour Tap?'—Zo then Tap zed,
'Thee now mayst git a *birth* all warm and snug.'
And then he tould me Andrew Hill was dead—
Zo he and I together drink'd a mug.

"'Lord! Hamlin,' quoth a, 'what a beast thee art,
When thou mayst be a gentleman complete;

To stand here hammering in a stinking shart,
Moiling as black's the dowl with mucks and sweat!'

"Zo, sir, 'twas not *my* fault, your honour zees;
'Twas landlord Tap, you vind, that made me do't:
The fellow mused me with a hundred lees,
And I was fool enough to hearken to't.

"'Hamlin,' quoth Tap, and wink'd—'I *know* gert voak;
They be no better than their neighbours, mun:
At curts, Lord! Lord! mun, honesty's a joke,
Froth leeke my fresh draad beer—Lord! downrert fun.

"'Offer the minister at once the *bait*,
Thou'lt find a *gudgeon*—zee if I'm not right;
Now daan't take squeamish scruples in thy pate:
Snap is the word at court—I know he'll *bite*.'

"And zo zays I again to landlord Tap,
'Art sartain that he's hungry, Tap, and poor!'
"'Try—*sniggle* for'n,' quoth he, 'I know he'll snap.
Snap with the devil to't, it is, I'm shore.

"'There's Pitt,' quoth Tap, 'as poor az a charch mouze,
Without a dish or plate upon his shelf;
Trying to git again into the Howze,
And make a little *zomething* for his zelf.'

"Zo did I trust to Tap—and, leek a fool,
Believed the minister was leek a *vish*;
Thort leek a poor weak boy that goesh to school,
And leek a blockhead thort to *bread my dish*.

"'I know mun all,' quoth Tap, 'I know mun well—
Iss, Hamlin, iss, I know mun well anew:
I've had mun at my howze, both gert and smaall—
With all their grandeur 'tis a dam queer crew.'

"'And is it zo?' said I. 'It is,' zaid he;
'I tell thee, Hamlin, no man know'th mun better.'

"'Then Tap,' zaid I, in answer to'n, 'dost zee,
I'll do't—I'll zend the chancellor a letter.'

"And zo I zet me down at once and wrote
The letter that did give zo much offence;
I guess that you can zay it all by rote,
Which show'd, I must confess, my want of *sense*.

"God knoweth my heart, I never thort of harm:
Your conscience, Lord! I didn't mean to shock it;
Two thousand pound, I thort, wud keep ye *warm*,
Nor thort it was a *crime* to fill *your pocket*.

"'Tis cruel hard for to be put to jail,
Vor doing what gert vokes do ev'ry day:
I thort I might come down upon the *nail*,
And tern a penny in an honest way.

"I do assure ye, sir, that I'm a *vote*—
Had many a guinea slipt into my hand;
And thort at any time that I might do't,
And thort it was the way of all the land.

"The gert vokes shaked our hands as blest as grigs,
And with King Georgo's image made mun *burn*.
As gert voak buy *us* leek a lot of pigs,
Why not *we* buy the gert voak in return?

"Tap bid me write and *gauge* the servants all,
And bid me try your worship's maid and man;
But, leek a blockhead, I forgot it all,
And wrote to *measter*, 'stead of Joan and Jan.

"I must zay this for Tap, he bid me *squint*,
And zee how things were managed in your houze;
If *covetous* leek *zome voakes** in the law,
Not only starved theirselves, but every mouze.

"I've heerd, sir, a fine lady†, zome time dead,
Did keep a shop vor titles, and got rich;
And sold mun just as bakers sell their bread,
Or as a porkman sellth a ham or flitch.

* The late Lord Kenyon, of miserable memory, and a *present great* law lord.
† Madam Schwellenberg.

"Up jumped Sir Jan, Sir James, Sir George, Sir Will!
Up with his star and garters rose my lord:
This was the case, I hear, and may be still;
And places too she sold, to make a *hoard*.

"Now there's Lord Rolle, that I remember well,
When simple Mister Rolle—not one crumb more;
What mad'n a great lord? Lord! *I* can tell—
'Twas Pitt, and Devonshire int'rest, to be shore.

"Lord bless us! I remember that as how
He was a *simple* 'squire, upon my soul!
And meend, too, that his *wife*, my lady *now*,
Called nort else but Janny, Janny Rolle.

"Now by God's marcy, and your kindness, sir,
If ever from this hell* I should escape;
From home I shall be zo ashamed to stir,
There'll be such talk, and laugh, and grin, and gape!

"I never now shall have my pretty rambles,
Afeard of every butcher, every drab;
Ne'er go for beef and mutton to the shambles,
Nor to the fish-stalls, for a plaice or crab.

"I ne'er must put my nose upon the Hoe,†
The people's jeers wud give me zuch a shock;
And slily by Mill-Prison I must go,
To sell my pots and dripping-pans in Dock.

"The world's too bad, I speak it to their shame;
When a man vall'th, the meanest rogue will bang un:
Zo with a dog too—give un a *bad* name,
And every body hath a rope to hang un.

"Voakes will point at me as I go along;
The very boys will hold me by the *tail*,
And crack their jokes, and zing a jeering song,
And whoop 'Here's Mister Hamlin come from jail!'

"I thought of high preferment, I declare;
But that, I fear, will never come to pass;
That I should be one day our Plymouth *mare*,
But, Lord! my lot's to be a Plymouth *ass*.

"Instead of marching proudly through our town,
Amidst the town-voakes, all with wondering faces;
Decked all in scarlet, Lord! a fine fur gown,
Just leek a king, behind the silver maces.

"Lord! Lord! to be confined in these dark place,
And have a *rope*—for zo it may befall!
Ah me! it is a very different case
Between a room in Newgate, and Guildhall.

"Shore! sir, I've drinked your health a hundred times,
And never dreamed that you could be *uncivil*;
Have wished *zome voakes* the gallows for their crimes,
And wished the *warhoop* fellows to the devil.

"Indeed, sir, you're a favourite with us,
Thort mild and *human*; yes, indeed you are,
But Pitt, and all his dirty gang, we *cuss*;
Though Dock and Plymouth git zo much by *war*.

"We hate the Grenville faction, hate mun all,
A pack of hungry hounds, just like *starvation*;
That snarl and quarl, and grin, and bark, and bawl,
Wanting to burst their guts, upon the nation.

"I love his majesty—deny't who can?
True to his government and every thing.
Whene'er he dyeth, Heaven bless the gentleman!
I daant think we shall git a *better* king.

"Now, sir, be please to let a body know,
And let me zee the end of all my cares:
That if I'm to be *hanged*, that I may go,
And make my peace with God, and zay my prayers."

Such are the tinman's tuneful sighs,
That from his gloomy mansion rise,

* It is asserted, and from very respectable authority, that this pathetic elegy was sent to the minister before the sentence took place, and produced a most fortunate *peripatia* in this Newgate drama.

† A most delightful walk for the Plymouthians, now totally neglected on account of its comatability beauty.

Something like song from dying swans of old:
Then Addington, thy rigour quit,
Nor boast the iron heart of P—;
But show that *thine* was formed in Mercy's mould.

Yes, let the culprit be forgiven—
No *actual rape* took place, thank Heaven!
He wished to *buy* thine Honour's pure embraces.
I own with *awkwardness* he strove—
A country bumpkin in his love—
A simple Cymon, 'midst the polished Graces.
Then smile, and put the bumpkin out of pain,
And send him *whistling** to his *shop* agen.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE the Penitential Epistle could come from the press, the awful sentence was pronounced upon my *simple* countryman, who has, I find, been *agreeably* disappointed, in not being *ordered* for *execution*. This case of an attempt at political simony having been most impartially and fairly weighed in the scales of *political justice*, it has been determined that three months' further habitation in a jail, and the payment of one hundred pounds, will be the precise *quantum* of punishment due to the enormity of the offence.

The learned judge (Grose,) with the usual *professional solemnity*, in an eloquent and impressive address to the poor trembling tinman, informed him, amongst other important matters, that, for a first minister to receive a bribe with a view of securing a preference in the appointment to any office where merit *alone* should be *consulted*, would be a high misdemeanor and a breach of trust.—"It must, therefore," continued the learned judge, "be considered as *no small misdemeanor*, for any individual to attempt to *overturn* this *corner*-stone of the constitution.

"Men in *all times*," continued the learned judge, "have *held such* attempts in *abhorrence;* and more *convincing proofs* cannot be given, than the *few instances* on *record* of persons *being accused* of similar offences.—It was a practice," continued the learned judge, "which, if *countenanced*, would lead to mischief incalculable; as in every office, *civil* and *military*, men of *ability* must give place to the idle, the ignorant, and the corrupt."

With every deference to the learned judge, I must beg the indulgence of a trifling comment on this part of his lordship's *solemn* address to the tinman. That a prime minister should be superior to a bribe, in order that merit alone should receive the *meed* of her labours, may readily be admitted;—but had the learned judge observed the transactions of the world, and more particularly the *political* world, he would have discovered that few, *very* few, have founded their pretensions to high honours and lucrative appointments, on the basis of such an *unfashionable* and *solitary* claim as *merit*. The pedestals on which the most *conspicuous figures* of this kingdom are elevated, are composed of the *stained* and *rotten stone*, instead of the *unsullied*, *solid*, nay, *immortal marble*. Was it Merit that pleaded for the "heaven-born minister?"*—God *mend* the poor angels be left behind, if formed of *similar materials!*—Was it Merit that created him Chancellor of the Exchequer? Was it Merit that introduced his brother, of *sleepy* and *yawning* memory, to the first situation in the naval department? Was it the merit of his most *disinterested* associates that procured themselves such a handsome provision, on their various resignations?—Had there been a single blush in the skin of a Pitt, it must have appeared on that occasion. Was it Merit that raised the *humble* bellows-blower of the late huge organ of St Stephen's chapel, *videlicet*, Master Canning; placed him on the back of that lean tame *jack-ass* the nation, with Mother Hun and her daughters from the country theatrical barns; brother Tom the tinker, from Pentonville, and brother Bob, a common soldier, from Botany Bay?—Such is the *respectable* and *motley* group worthy the pencil of some modern Hogarth! Such was the *heaven*-born minister's *laudable remuneration* of *virtuous labours*, and such his *boasted* political economy!—Was it the Modest voice of Merit that pleaded for Lord Grenville and his *poor* wife?—But I am tired of putting questions that raise a smile at the instant they are proposed.

The assertion of the learned judge, that men in all times have held bribes in abhorrence, wants *confirmation;* and that the

* "And whistled as he went, for want of thought."
Cymon and Iphigene.

* So sublimely denominated by *one* Mister Drake, in a Parliamentary oration.

few accusations of the commission of the crime on record are convincing proofs of such abhorrence, is certainly fallacious. Thus do I deny both *premises* and *conclusion*.—That bribery is *not* held in *universal abhorrence*, I appeal to every man that can *see* and *hear*, as well as to *thousands* that *taste* and *feel*—and I assert, that the *paucity* of accusations for bribery which appear on record, is more owing to the *love* and *acceptance* of the *bribe*, than the *abhorrence*. Such is my humble sentiment of the present state of *political corruption*, so diametrically opposite to those of the judge, who, I am inclined to think, argues from *particulars* to *universals*, and, from the purity of his own heart, infers the virtue of the million! which strongly induces me to believe that the learned judge is, in *politics*, more of a *simple* Parson Adams* than an artful and unprincipled Machiavel.

So universal is this *terrible* vice, that even the *sacred* region of Parnassus is not exempt from its taint. Mr Francis Rivington, lately a *great* commander in the Bridewell Volunteers, and a *great* bookseller to boot; and Mr Charles Rivington, *great* among the saints of methodism, and eke *great* in partnership with his brother Francis; also the Reverend Mr Nares, *great* in evangelical *children*, called sermons, poor still-born brats; moreover, the Reverend Mr Beloe, *great* in literary children, long since *dead*, named *translations*, *poems*, &c. the aforesaid two reverend gentlemen being now the two great spinning Jennyst of the Rivington manufacture of monthly criticism—these, I say, sit on the *apex* of Parnassus, and *dispose of places* to literary ladies and gentlemen who sigh for a niche in the temple of Immortality. As criticism is considered by the aforesaid gentlemen in the light of a *trade*, like *bookselling* and *preaching*, they naturally endeavour to make the *most of it*. So much for hypocrisy.

To conclude my commentary—let me inform the learned judge, that, by extending his scale of information, he will find that public virtue, so far from being in its *bloom*, is in a most lamentable *decline*, and that, if the minutest wheels of the political machine are not smeared with the oil of corruption, the *whole* will be at a *standstill*; or, to use the more energetic language of Dr Johnson, of *sesquipedalia verba* memory, it would resemble the pyrotechnic wheel, which, for want of more of the *sulphureo-nitrato-carbonic* particles of explosive animation, experiences annihilated effulgence, and, submitting to the *vis inertiæ*, becomes destitute of the rotatory circumgiration.

* A character drawn by Fielding, in that excellent novel Joseph Andrews.

† The two parsons who labour in the critical vineyard, called the British Critic, are the principal workmen.—They sit at the right hand of the Rivingtons at every critical dinner, and are looked up to with *reverence* by the inferior *literary scalpers* that are invited to the Rivington table, to exhibit their *scalps* and receive the wages of their *execution*. To be somewhat serious; I would advise these two reviewing *parsons*, who pretend to piety and morals, not to damn a little amatory line in *one* author, and recommend in a strain of panegyric a work that would have defied the prurient powers of the famous Lord Rochester to surpass. A pair of divines, preaching piety in their pulpits, and recommending, (even by quotation) the *lowest songs* that ever were sung at the orgies of the Cyprian goddess! The *Bible* and *B—dry* issuing fron the *same* shop!—for shame, parsons! The altars of Christ and Venus should never be attended by the same *high priests*.

TRISTIA;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF PETER.

ELEGIES

TO

THE KING, LORDS GRENVILLE, PETTY, ERSKINE, THE BISHOP OF LONDON, MESSRS FOX, SHERIDAN, &c. &c.

Pleraveere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis————
Horace.

In cold neglect is Genius heard to sigh;
And Virtue lifts in vain the languid eye.

PROLOGUE.

A SAGE, whose name I don't at present know
(And 'tis no mighty matter, I confess),
Says, if he wished to curse his bitterest foe,
How would he do it?—curse him with *success*.

"Curse *me*," cries every one who reads my book,
"If I don't wish that formidable evil:
On *me*, let Fortune ever smiling look,
I'll run the risk of going to the Devil."

I fear I'm one of those, and wish to meet
Dame Fortune always smiling—in my power;
Adversity one can't with pleasure greet—
Too much a cross old maid—so very sour.

T' enjoy Life's comforts be my lucky lot:
Some let me have, dear Life, however *small*—
"A *mouse*" (the proverb tells us) "in the pot
Is always better than no meat at all."

Few are the treasures that Parnassus yields,
Its hills and dales, of very little price,
Abounding *more* in rocks than golden fields;
And less in sheep and cows, than rats and mice.

The streams of Helicon are deemed *divine*,
Yet quench not thirst of bards like British ale;
Envy must own its founts are vastly fine,
Yet poets oft prefer the *tubs* of Thrale.

Poets are ever treading upon stars,
Sublimely walking arm in arm with gods,
Neglecting thus all sublunary cares—
Good solid beef for shadows, songs, and odes.

Mild is the mien of Merit—ah! how meek—
All diffidence, she looks with downcast eye—
A blush, a crimson blush o'erspreads her cheek—
And fear of censure gives her soul a sigh.

"Heavens! Mister Fox is quite a charming man,
So placid, and so generous in his nature;
And then agen for Mister Sheridan,
So lively, clever, Lord! so *great* a creature.

"So sensible, indeed—so full of wit,
So pleasant, so good-humoured, sober, mellow;
Lord; without meat a fortnight one could sit,
To hear him talk—he's such a pleasant fellow.

"Full of his fun, and always something new,
O heav'ns! a nightingale to Pitt the croaker;
One, easy, as we say, as an old shoe,
The other, stiff and formal as a poker.

"Then there's Sir Francis! how polite a man,
So worthy, and his character so fair is,
Pays all his debts! uncommon!—a black swan!—
Oons! down with Cold-bath Fields, and down with Aris.

"So handsome, and so neat as a new pin!
So like a gentleman in every feature!
Lord! what a shame Mainwaring should come in,
A shabby, nasty, black and ugly creature!

"There—Pitt *has kicked the bucket*—what a rout!
He made the people many an empty dish;
Our party were unwilling to *cry out*,
But no one, to be sure, cries 'Stinking fish.'"

He's dead—and heav'n go with him, where he goes;
Poor bees! he robb'd our hives of all the honey!
Hard are his taxes, God Almighty knows!
Like so much dung, he shovelled off our money!

Yes, Fox and Sheridan, and poor Burdett,
Sore frightened all the pages, maids, and dames;
Put all the cooks and scullions in a sweat!
Wolves in their forms, and poison in their names!

Poor sheep, by Pitt call'd black, throughout our isle;
Poor lambs, that wandered bleating to and fro,
Now, in the sunshine of the royal smile,
Behold their fleeces are as white as snow!

Oh! would *my* wool but turn a little white!
I too am *black*, and doomed to bleat and hunger:
"No!" cries my ruling star, "thou still must bite
The barren rock, and wait a little longer."

My liege, there are some very pretty places
That I could fill, at least that would fill me;
One whisper to their lordships or their graces,
Would *do*—I think we should not *disagree*.

"Who first an oyster eat" was a bold dog,
So said King Charles, whom hunger seldom vext,
But *he* (say I) who ventured on a hog,
Must think of dining on the *Devil* next!

Ah! sharp is hunger—for to feast on air
Must make the stomach look confounded *blue;*
I grant those things are formidable fare—
What will not *teeth* t' oblige the stomach *do?*

A poet of great poverty and fame,
Maynard, addressed old Richlieu on a day;—
"My lord, I'm sunk in years, and blind and lame,
Ere long the debt of nature doom'd to pay:

"Soon as I gain the Elysian Fields, the king,
Our late good monarch, whom we all must love,
Will say, 'Monsieur Maynard, what news d'ye bring,
What are my subjects doing, pray, above?'

"Then will I mention the great things I see;
Report your deeds, that dazzle ev'ry eye:
Now should he ask, sir, what you did for *me*,
What to the king, my lord, must I reply?

"'Reply!' cried Richlieu, to him, 'answer *nought*.'
Oh! what an answer to so great a poet!

Thus to disgrace the cardinal was brought,
And Hist'ry's blushing page will ever show it.

Dread sir, your palace gate I often pass,
Kneel at your door at times, and scent your meat;
But neither *cook* nor page comes out, alas!
And kindly crieth, "Peter, rise and eat."

ELEGY TO THE SAME.

He moralises on Virtue and Money; mentions the neglect of celebrated Authors; and triumphs in the Idea of the Honours he should receive from Napoleon, could he be conveyed to Paris, and gives a noble Speech of the Emperor on the Occasion—The Poet concludes with dropping another Hint to His Majesty about *Merit* and *Places*, which last he very probably will discover to be purely Utopian.

"WHAT's virtue, without *fortune* to support it?"
Says Horace—"viler than the vilest weed."
What genius, grant *sublime*, yet who will court it?
The world inquires not who can *write* or *read*.

But *he* who gives a splendid ball or rout,
Like Thelluson, a breakfast or a dinner;
Him, *him*, the world endeavours to find out;
Makes *wits* of fools, and sanctifies a sinner!

The gentle Ovid, whom the graces love,
Charmed with his plaintive lyre the hills of Thrace:
No tears could melt, no supplication move;
The exile pined, and perished in disgrace.

Yet all the world—one universal cry,
Condemns the rancour of the emp'ror's soul;
That frowned, unmoved by Pity's melting sigh,
The abject slave of Passion's proud control.

Old Homer: that sublime, immortal name!
Poor bard! sung ballads through the streets of Greece,
To save himself from famine—what a shame;
And sold them for *one half penny a piece!*

Our Milton too, with equal spirit fired,
No patron found, his talents to requite;
And, pining, from a barb'rous world retired,
Sunk *darkling*, like the tuneful bird of night.

The plaintive Otway perished through hard need,
While rhyming Dulness batten'd at her ease;
And Dryden, on *ambrosia* form'd to feed,
Just like a rat, has din'd on bread and *cheese!*

Much did King Charles our Butler's works admire,
Read them and quoted them from morn to night;
Yet saw the bard in penury expire,
Whose wit had yielded him so much delight.

And you, my liege, if Fame the truth report,
In reading verses oft employ your leisure;
And often from the tumults of a court,
Read *certain odes* too, with uncommon pleasure.

Eternal scandal to this barb'rous age:
In piteous penury Savedra pined;
In piteous penury lay poor Le Sage;
Oh! what a stinging satire on mankind.

Yet let one action of the day shine forth,—
(And Candour loves to dwell upon my tongue),
Thurlow could see a Cowper's modest worth,
And crown with fair reward his moral song.

Dame Fortune never asks me what I wish,
Though bold my flights, that raise the eyes of kings;
They ne'er exclaim, "thou wondrous flying fish
Amidst our seas of claret wet thy wings."

O would the angel to my room repair,
Who rais'd good Habakkuk, and lift my crown
(No matter by the wig or by the hair),
And then in Paris gently set me down;

Soon at my lodgings would arrive a card,
From him, whose deeds a world with wonder fill;
"The emperor's compliments—requests the bard
Would eat his mutton with him *en famille*."

Then as the bottle *jovially* we push,
The Gallic Alexander roars with spirit,
"Great Monsieur Peter, I shall beat *the bush*,
For some nice place to *crown* your matchless merit."

Then will he say to Monsieur Talleyrand,
"I honour genius, and of bard the name;
So take this charming poet by the hand,
And cover yon ungrateful isle with shame."

Behold me then on Fortune's wheel, in short,
High fixed, a seeming hero of romance!
Kissed by the ladies of Napoleon's court,
And visited by all the wits of France!

Such is the picture Fancy loves to paint;
A scene, perhaps, that sober Wisdom scorns.
Sick is my soul, with disappointment faint,—
"Cursed cows," reports the proverb, "have short horns."

Tell not in Gath nor Askelon such things,
And furnish Scandal's tongue with defamation;
No! let her never cry, "the *best* of kings
Neglected the *best* poet of his nation."

Pleased, on his tombstone, couldst thou read these words?
"Here lies the bard of humour, wit, and whim,
Who, though he *sweetly* smiled on earth's great lords,
Did ne'er bestow a single smile on him."

ELEGY TO LORD GRENVILLE.

The Poet accuses the Delusions of Hope, who had promised him a Number of good Things; sings with much pathos of the Treasury, and a Stranger called Money; and concludes with a handsome compliment to Lord Grenville, hoping for the Honour of his Lordship's Acquaintance.

Hope whispered that my market would be made,
If one day Pitt should *go upon his travels;*
Lo! Pitt is off, yet Fortune lags, a jade,—
This, please your lordship, the poor poet gravels.

Hope whispered me that Calumny's black breath
Would cease, and that the howling imp would die;
Yet, in the winds I hear the fiend of death,—
This steals a sorrow from your poet's eye.

Hope flattered—but her pleasure is to cheat,
She loves to chouse the feeble-sighted mole;
Her mansion forms the idiot's last retreat,
Her glittering beams the *moonshine* of the soul.

O Grenville! who hast felt the furious storm,
And bellowing thunders of the gloomy main;
Traced too with boldness, Danger's giant form,
In port, at anchor, thou art *snug* again.

While now, amid thy fleet, with towering pride,
Safe moored, secure from rocks, and winds, and fog;
Admit my little *cutter* along side,
And ask its master to a glass of grog.

The Treasury's golden door to many a man
Opes wide! ah! shut on me, the bright abode;
These shoes have tramped from *Beersheba* to *Dan*,
Nor found a small brass farthing on the road.

A guinea's lovely face I never see,
Though strong my passion, wishing to be *billing;*
Even little sixpence prudish is to *me*,
And coyer too her elder sister, shilling.

With thee the beggar is no longer poor,
The blackest sinner whitewashed soon and *sainted*,
Regeneration then within thy door;
Oh! what a pity we are not *acquainted!*

ELEGY TO LORD H. PETTY.

The Poet addresseth Lord H. Petty on those important Objects called Meat and Drink; disclaims the Vanities of Ambition, his highest being to sing in a snug Corner and eat.

O Petty! of whose talents, virtues—Fame
Is with a trumpet pleased to talk a deal;
O listen if thou lovest a poet's name,
To what concerns a poet much—a meal.

To *me* has nature bountifully given
A handsome stomach and discerning palate;
Forgetting to *complete* my earthly heaven
To put a *little something* in my wallet.

I wish not to be minister—not I;
I put not up my prayers for Petty's place;
Nor Fox, nor Sheridan produce a sigh;
To Ireland goes unenvied Bedford's Grace.

Too often Fortune, on her cloud-capp'd tower,
Shall place a gentleman, and then, uncivil,
Shall bid the thunder roar, and torrents pour,
And wash and blow his honours to the D-v-l.

Survey *gude* Melville and his *gude* friend Trotter,
Who drove the world before them in high glee!
Amphibious Melville! yes, a kind of otter,
That lived on flesh and fish by land and sea.

Be *somewhat* mine, but far from bustling men,
In stillness be the gentle poet blest!
In secret solitude a humble wren,
To hop and peck, and twitter near my nest.

Formed with economy, in Wisdom's school,
What government may give I will not squander;
And imitate the Prodigal, the fool,
Eat grains in hog-sties, and a vagrant wander.

The gay Hilario lived in style—in state;
A palace for his mansion—dined with dukes;
Enjoyed his carpets, sofas, pictures, plate,
Dogs, horses, music, mistresses, and cooks.

Pale Envy marked with wishful eye the scene—
How long? ah! soon did Fortune turn her back,
Revoked her smiles, and showed an altered mien,
Refusing *farthings* where she gave a lack.

Behold him meagre, wan, in mean attire,
Doomed ever, in a prison's cell to pine;
Now cooking, at a little hungry fire,
A pound of tainted mutton on a twine!

Much should I like to see a joint of meat,
Instead of one poor solitary *chop;*
Afford my friends, at times, a little treat,
A fiddler call, and give their heels a hop.

My mansion too, I would enlarge, I own,
Increase my tables, knives and forks, and pottery;
Now this, my lord, could easily be done,
Would fortune ask me to attend the *lottery.*

One word from Petty makes the goddess kind,
Which thus a pretty little place secures;
My lord, though to *my* merits always blind,
Her eyes were opened to discover *yours.*

ELEGY TO LORD SIDMOUTH.

The Poet exhibits a Sort of Claim on Lord Sidmouth's Attentions, founded on the various and dangerous Battles he fought in support of his Administration: he freely acknowledges his Smile on his Lordship's prudery, that resisted with so much Violence the Bribe of the silly unthinking Manufacturer.—He gives a pathetic History of the Tinman's declining Health, his Swan-like Soliloquy before his Death, his Epitaph; and makes up all Matters with Lord Sidmouth by a small Sarcasm on his own Muse, and a handsome Compliment to the noble Lord.

O Sidmouth! *alias* Addington, on high,
I mark thee basking in the royal smile,
Where honours thick as hops, and pensions lie,
That spread a lustre o'er our happy isle.

So high in favour, and so near the throne,
Say, canst thou not, *by ways and means*, contrive
To gratify a harmless, humming drone
With some small honey from the court's huge hive?

Oft have I dwelt with pleasure on thy name,
And fought thy battles in the wars of wit;
And oft, the tuneful stentor of thy fame,
I took thy part against the Janus Pitt.

Now charged with ode, the muse with much renown,
Has fired from newspapers a deadly gun,
Knocked many an imp of opposition down,
Now with a red-hot satire, now a pun.

Such are the services performed with spirit;
Then ponder on the labours of the muse;
Think of a something to reward her merit—
The dame would thank thee for a pair of shoes.

Hark! hark! I hear the voice of hundreds cry,
"Thy muse has covered him with ridicule;"
This allegation let me not deny;
But Sidmouth should have *smiled* upon the fool.

Muse, on the Tinman let us drop a tear,
And breathe a gentle sigh upon his fate;
Who took to heart his destiny severe,
And never after made a spoon or plate.

Ne'er soldered stew-pan, sauce-pan, or a kettle:
Made not extinguisher, nor pair of snuffers;
In short, ne'er meddled with one bit of metal—
So much a wounded delicacy suffers!

'Lone in his parlour, lust behind his shop,
Poor man! in solitude he sat and sighed;
Tears from his eyes, like peas, were seen to drop,
When thus, in sorrow sunk, the tinman cried:—

"Farewell my dripping-pans, tin-jacks, farewell!
Skimmers, and syringers, and toasting-forks,
Tin pint and shaving-pot, and scallop-shell,
Farewell my shop, with all its shining works!

"Farewell my hopes that whispered a fur gown,
That to the windows brings all Plymouth faces:
No mayor! in glory to parade the town,
Before my aldermen,—*behind* my maces.

"Since Newgate held me, I am lost, forlorn;
My strength decays, in speech I daily falter,
Hourly I wish I never had been born,
For every thing around me *smells of halter!*"

Thus mourned the man of tin, and spoke no more:
I saw him carried to the churchyard's gloom;
I sought his grave at evening's stilly hour,
And sympathising—thus inscribed his tomb:

"Here lies a tinman, who to wisdom lost,
Tried hard to bribe a minister of state;
Who knew not, when a man obtains a post,
That all the virtues on his worship wait.

"Poor man! he knew not that the great were good,
Inflexible, in honour vastly nice;
That virtue ever mingled with high blood;
That lofty lords, like cobblers, *have their price.*"

Yes, Sidmouth, though thy talents I admired,
And loved thy virtues, thou couldst not escape;
By laughing subjects is the muse inspired,
And mine's a little saucy, grinning ape.

And where is all the mighty harm, I wonder!
What is it all, when all is said and done;
The bard, to kill a midge-fly, pours a thunder,
And spares no blemish, though 'tis in the *sun*.

ELEGY TO LORD ERSKINE.

The Poet addresses a just Eulogium to the Lord Chancellor—He thinks that he has taken now and then a poetical Liberty with a certain Peer of the Realm; also with the *modest* and *disinterested* Mr George Rose—recites a Speech of the *exalted* Earl of Liverpool; and complains

of the false Opinions of the World, concerning him.

O Erskine! on whose head, whose blameless head,
The muse of eloquence has placed her crown;
Where Malice has her venom vainly shed,
And Envy, the foul fiend, has fixed her frown.

Such is thine honour's fairness, a pure snow;
And such thy talents as must charm a nation:
Blest change! the cygnet for the croaking crow,
Long-wished amends for one late *elevation*.

Though far from courts, a culprit in disgrace,
In dreary solitude my merits shine;
Though near a throne, *I* dare not show my face,
I'm glad to see the monarch smile on thine.

I think I've called Lord C**** a f***,
And were I king, that lord should be displaced;
Heavens! can the liver of a saint be *cool*,
When *such* on Fortune's pinnacle are placed?

I own I never could expect George Rose,
Wishing him *captain's clerk* or *purser* still;
Not roll in treasure, which God *only knows*,
An *ocean* roaring from a *creeping rill*.

"Hoot!" cries old Liverpool, "ye rhyming rogue,
Ye mun na laugh at people of high station;
Ye that have neither stocking, shoe, nor brogue,
Yer lugs should suffer for yer defamation.

"Ye thenk becaze yer head has some wee brain,
And thenk becaze that ye can speel yer letters;
That ye may shower your squebs as theck as rain,
And take domned leeberties wee all yer betters."

Rave on! no trophies I to *Dulness* raise,
Too proud, though poor, to call foul weather *fair*,
Proclaim a dirty cloud the solar blaze,
And substance yield to castles in the air.

Full oft I laugh (to burst with rage is vain)
To see what false ideas mortals form;
A cloud of darkness drear they paint my brain,
With thunder, lightning stuffed, and floods and storm.

Ah! more like Luna from her eastern bower,
That issues forth in radiant robe arrayed,
Steals sadness from the solitary hour,
And gilds the horrors of the midnight shade.

Or, sweet Arcadian nymph, whose smiles adorn,
Some region that in savages delights;
Or lark, the little syren of the morn,
'Midst magpies, owls, and jays, and screaming kites.

ELEGY.

The Poet sympathizes with the disgraced State of Knighthood at Windsor; and gives the Conversation that took place in St George's Chapel at Midnight, between a Pair of noble Spectres.

Yet not alone is poetry despised,
The noble knighthood also feel disgraces;
At scornful Windsor is the order prized?
The knights, poor fellows, blush to show their faces!

Where is the spirit of our ancient sires?
Tares flourish, where should grow the golden wheat?
Instead of glory, grovelling gain inspires:
How rarely merit and preferment meet.

Where are the noble military knights,
In Windsor's sacred stalls that ought to shine!
Men, for their country that have bled in fights,
And, glorious, cast a lustre on their line?

Alas! the men who now the honours gain,
Provoke from sober justice e'en a laugh;
Lo! by those heroes, sheep are only slain,
Geese, turkeys, rabbits, or a hog, or calf.

There was a time when Honour was in fashion:
There was a time when glory was *adored;*
When Merit was the idol of a nation;
When Valour edged the fury of the sword.

Knights who ne'er killed a foe, except a flea,
Whom garter, mantle, waving, plumes adorn;
Poor knights of Windsor with disdain survey,
Look down upon them with the squint of scorn!

'Twas at the midnight hour, when walk the dead,
Saint George met Edward in the sacred fane;
When thus the saint bespoke the king—
"Ah! Ned,
Alas! poor Honour now is in her *wane.*"

"Dear George, 'tis very true," replied the king,
"Poor Honour is just come upon the *parish;*
Merit may tramp the streets, and ballads sing:
My new-made *knights* can boast of nothing *warrish.*

"Shall Stitch, the cross-legged rascal, to this fane
Hop from his board and hell to be a knight;
Th' immortal glory of the order stain;
What! to the lordly lion mount a *mite?*

"Shall Harry Haunch, Dick Duck, and Toby Pigtail,
Be knights, because his lordship cannot *pay 'em?*
Sam Sledge, Bob Boots, Ben Broadcloth, and Will Wigtail,
Because his debts are such he can't defray 'em?

"O must Tom Turbot, Tart, and Matthew Mustard,
Enjoy the lofty honours of the stall?
And on that cream-faced animal, Kit Custard,
The glories of an installation fall?

"On market day, alas! how dread the sound,
From butcher nights, a most disgraceful cry—
'Beef, mutton, fourpence farthing, ma'am, a pound;
Nice pork, ma'am; veal, ma'am; pray, ma'am, what d'ye buy?'

"Ere long the brazen barrow drab, Bet Bundle,
Shall come and bully with her bill, my lord;
Bet ceases in a trice her wheel to trundle,
To kneel beneath the splendours of the sword."

Now crowed the cock, the eye of orient day,
Peeped on the noble ghosts, each other greeting:
"B'ye, Ned, I'll give," St George was heard to say,
"The history of *my* knights at our next meeting."

ELEGY TO J. DONITHORNE, ESQ.

The Poet, in a Series of happy and illustrative Comparisons, bewails the Cruelty of his Fate.

HEAV'NS! what a world we live in! oh! how sad!
To this thy long experience will agree—
Half fill'd with fools—be-deviled, drunk, or mad—
How blest, dear Donithorne, were all like thee!

Patient as men upon the river's side,
Who for a dinner throw the worm or fly!
So patient I Preferment's fish have ey'd,
But cannot hook one, or to boil or fry.

Patient as hunters in an eastern wind,
Ungracious wind! for running hares unfit;
I seek Preferment's hare, but cannot *find*—
In perfect stillness sleeps the rusty spit!

The smiles of kings, who court the trump of fame,
No *little* partialities should know;
On merit, wheresoe'er it springs, the same,
Like heav'n's kind showers on ev'ry plant that flow.

Or like the sun's bright orb that beams on all,
Disdaining winds and elemental strife,
Bids on the lane's poor pool its kisses fall,
And bids it, like the ocean, teem with life.

Patient as blushing virgins of sixteen,
Whose ears have heard a lover's piteous prayer;
If those same lovers are not constant seen,
Or, faithless, mean to fly to other fair;

Patient as *widows* in their mournful weeds,
When no kind second husband comes to sigh,
Or *heir*, that cannot to th' estate succeed,
Because his father chooses not to die.

Patient as cats before the mouse's hole,
Winking and nursed with sanguine hope the while,
To nab the little animal, poor soul!
These eyes have sharply *mous'd* for Fortune's smile.

ELEGY.

The Poet complains of the unequal Distributions of Fortune; of the Countenance given by the Great to a vile Catgut-scraper and Canvass dauber, in Preference to the sublime Bard; and concludes with a beautiful Apostrophe to his Divinity, Independence.

While others sink in seas of rosy wine,
Where rosy Pitt resign'd his bousing breath;
No drowning oceans of the grape are mine—
I can't afford to put myself to death.

While others, stuffing, chok'd on dainty fare,
Like London aldermen undaunted die:
To Heav'n with turtle in their mouths repair—
I can't afford to choke myself—not I!

I cannot make a larder of my throat:
Nor of my stomach form a purple well;
Good claret by the *sight* alone, I note,
And judge of ven'son only by the *smell*.

Now on a bench I ponder in the Park,
Near some frail nymph as hungry, beauteous sinner!
And now, alone, voracious as a shark,
Dream of a feast, or count the *trees* for dinner.

Behold the catgut-scraper with his *crowd*,
Commands at will the house of hospitality,
Sits by the peer, not Lucifer more proud,
And *hobs* or *nobs it* with the man of quality.

And now, behold a *bellowing* calf *knocks* in,
He thunders, and no porter dares oppose—
Jokes with his lordship, fills himself to *chin*,
Where the poor poet dares not show his *nose*.

Behold the canvass-dauber, he can draw
My lady's cat's-face, or her pug, or parrot,
Shall range at large the mansion, and give law,—
But where's the *modest* poet?—in his garret!

Such is the bard's sad fate of *modern days*,
To gain Life's comforts by his art, unable—
A man despised! the long-ear'd beast that *brays*,
Finds in his manger a *superior table*.

O! Independence, to thy name I kneel!
Yes, with idolatry I bend the knee;
If aught of pride, aspiring pride, I feel,
Sweet *nymph* of freedom, 'tis to live with thee.

Then sorrow never would my heart invade;
Then let us in some rural mansion dwell;
Content will join us there, the simple maid,
And to a little heav'n convert our cell.

Content gives freshness to the fields of air,
With every sweet the breath of Zephyr fills;
Can make our common viands dainty fare,
And yields a flavour to the fountain's rills.

Thus will they pass in silent ease the day,
Each hour shall carry sunshine on its wings;
Nor envy Salisbury's glory at the play,
Five hours a *stake* behind the chair of kings.

ELEGY.

He bewails the World's Want of Candour and Discernment in hearkening to one of the Rivington Reviewers, and paltry Paragraph Spinner, to his (the Poet's Disadvantage).

Too poor am I, alas! to pay for praise;
I cannot visit a reviewer's shop:

And well I know how much a dinner sways!
A pot of porter and a mutton chop.

To gaunt reviewers, paragraph inditers,
Each trembling door is ever open found;
Who dares affront such formidable writers?
Snakes, whose sharp fangs inflict a mortal wound!

Puff called on Daub one morning—"My dear fellow,
How much improved in colouring and grace!
So chaste the contour, and the tints so mellow;
Not *thou*, but Titian, finished up that face!

"To *these*, are Raphael, Titian, feeble souls;
Daub, o'er the town its merits shall be spread!"
"Dear Puff, wife waits with coffee and hot rolls,"
Puff, like a bull-dog, breakfasts on the *head*.

Just before dinner Puff pops in agen—
"Daub, I *must* see the *progress* of thy art;
O, like thy glowing pencil were my pen!
'Sblood! all alive—the figure makes one *start*.

"Exhibit Daub—success is sure—don't doubt it;
The charming piece will ravish all beholders—
Springs from the canvass—murders all about it!"
Thus dineth Puff upon the *neck* and *shoulders*.

"Daub, what a gem! the *finish I must see*,
With not *one* flaw, with lustre so replete:"
Thus Puff upon the *body* drinks his *tea*,
And makes a supper on the *hands* and *feet*.

Yet not alone on Daub he plays his art,
The players too must contribute, beg, and bow:
Or woe to Romeo's, woe to Juliet's part—
He like a lubber dies, and she a sow.

The singers too must humble, must *come down*,
Or, lo! the *pen* destroys them at a stroke:
"Bad—shocking stuff—an insult on the town,
Cracked, *out of tune* the voice, the raven's *croak*."

Poor Tweedledum must also taxes pay,
Must bend to Puff, or woe to Tweedledum!
"The fellow has no bow, no tone—he play!—
Zounds! to the dancing dogs unfit to *strum*."

But Puff possesses still a wider sphere;
For Puff the advertising taylor stitches;
A scrap of *Latin* wins the public ear,
And gives to Puff a handsome coat and breeches.

The man of Pork who wishes for a name,
Approaches with a joint, or dainty chop;
His hogs at once a laurel gain from Fame,
And, lo! all London crowds to Griskin's shop.

Has Block the barber got a son and heir,
Puff pens a paragraph as quick as thought;
"Quite well the lady and the child appear;"
Puff joins the christening, and gets shaved for *nought*.

Is Crispin married? Fame must tell the town;
Puff hails th' event, informs the world the news:
Behold perfection the *fair* lady crown;
Puff gets his bridecake, and a pair of shoes!

Is Mistress Tripe the butcher's lady dead,
Out flames a paragraph of pretty penship;
"Resigned and pious tears in plenty shed,
By all that had the *honour* of her friendship.

"She left three children to lament her fate,
And worthy Mister Tripe to join their grief:"
Rich laud!—in gratitude to Puff! the plate
Receives a handsome tribute of roast beef!

Yet more than this can Puff, ah! happy Puff;
In fate, how much superior to the bard!
Besides, this fellow calls my poems stuff;
Though formed by labour hard, ah! very hard.

Shield sets my song, and Incledon may sing;
But if the pen of Puff shall chance to damn it,
Alas! how little will the ballad bring!
Too soon the grocer's spice and sugar cram it.

ELEGY TO MR FOX.

The Poet addresses Mr Fox and Poverty in a tender and pathetic Strain, and accuses the late Minister of a most infamous Duplicity.

O Fox! thy talents Envy's self must own—
I saw not all thine actions with a *smile;*
In days of yore my face confessed a frown,
Some acts indeed disturbed the *muse's bile.*

The hours of youth are light—those hours are past;
But truce!—a sweet forgiveness shall be *mine;*
A summer sun is sometimes overcast—
Well pleased, I see thee now with lustre shine.

If right I guess—if Fame reporteth true,
Who very often deals in downright *fibs;*
Fortune has made thee look a little blue,
And of some pounds of fat has robbed *thy ribs.*

Thou then wilt pity a poor brother *bard,*
As courtiers called me, "an old rhyming sinner;"
Who playing, with such want of skill, my card,
I cannot get a herring for my dinner.

Amid the scramble for the loaves and fishes,
Ye gods! I fear me, I am come *too late*—
Such legs and noble sirloins in the dishes,
'Tis hard that *I* should find an empty *plate.*

Like Belisarius have I fought and bled,
Attacked the tyrant Pitt with all my art;
What my reward? a bludgeon on the head,
Whips on my back, and daggers through my heart.

Pitt's hungry blood-hounds constant watched my walk,
When, like the babe, sweet innocence was I;
In coffee-houses listened to my talk,
And forged, to blast my fame, the treasoned lie.

What gave that Pitt, that *patriot* Pitt, his power,
For which old Chatham taught his heart to hanker;
Ask R——d, Cartwright, who in evil hour,
Joined their dark counsels at the Crown and Anchor.

To fire and sword the flaming patriot flew,
To cut down all the plants of opposition;
Plants from his own infernal seed that grew,
Nursed in the hothouse of his own sedition.

Rewards and statues, now the r**** required
To give to immortality his name—
With d—n'd combustibles the house he fired,
Then sought our thanks, for putting out the flame.

Ah! Charles, amid the toil for loaves and fishes,
I see no change of colour in *my* fate;
Though *full* my heart of thee, and *warm* its wishes,
Not *one*; my stomach *fills*, or *warms* my plate.

Go, for I'm pleased to see old Nic as soon;
Go, Poverty, and never see me more:
Who takest knife and fork, and dish and spoon,
And turn'st the sad inhabitant to door.

Thy hag-like form and melancholy tones,
Sharp nose, and pale cold cheek, and beamless eye;
And shrivelled skin that scarcely veils thy bones,
Spreads terror o'er my soul and wakes the sigh.

'Tis said, that thou some years ago wert seen
With Rose and Jenkinson, on Scotia's plains;
Then leave, O! leave me with thy haggard mien,
And visit Rose and Jenkinson again.

ELEGY.

The Poet confesses his utter dislike of Pitt's Administration; describes his own uncommon Intrepidity, and relates an apposite Story of a Brother Bard and a rhyming King of Sicily.

Fond of the marvellous are mortals all!
And love sublimely of *themselves* to talk:—

From Paul's church-yard, upon the dome of Paul,
I ne'er could *see* a fly, nor *hear* him *walk*.

Yet some have *wondrous* ears and *wondrous* eyes!
Drake, ere he came, beheld his idol Pitt;
Beheld his angel form amid the skies,
And heard his wisdom, eloquence, and wit!

Too oft Credulity entraps the soul!
She lies in wait for idiotism and youth—
List'neth to tales baptized *rigmarol*,
And makes them pass for oracles of truth.

What thousands thought, with marv'ling Master Drake,
That Billy Pitt descended from the skies—
I own I stood not staring like a stake—
Pitt blazed no *meteor* on the poet's eyes.

Yes, I detested Pitt and all his measures,
And wrote *Will*-ippics on administration,
For treating just like dirt the public treasures,
And forcing to the workhouse a great nation.

Pitt swore he'd hang me—ordered out his thieves
To seize the gentle poet by the throat!
But, lo! the poet laugh'd at Mister Reeves—
Still with *Will*-ippics swelled his daily note.

"Thy measures are all vile," I boldly said;
Then vow'd he horrid penalty and pain:
"Thy measures are all bad, all bad, all bad!"
Fearless of punishment, I roar'd again.

A certain king of Sicily made verses—
Sends for the poet laureat, Mister Bays—
Bays enters, and the rhyming king rehearses—
Expecting from his poet peals of praise.

Deeming them gems from the Parnassian mines—
"Well, how d'ye like my verses, Mister Bays!"
"Bad lines," quoth Bays, "most execrable lines;
I never heard such stuff in all my days."

Black look'd the tyrant—but pursued his rhymes—
"Well! now what think ye?"—"Worse, my liege, and worse!
Don't publish them, O king! and damn the times!"
Then Bays's taste the king began to curse.

The disappointed monarch, in a rage,
Loud by his crown and by his sceptre swore,
If thus he judged, he'd put him in a cage,
Or chain him all his lifetime to the oar.

The king read on—but, ah! in vain he read—
The same untuneful lines, the same dull sallies—
"Speak now, Bays!"—the poor poet shook his head—
"Worse still, and worse—cons! send me to the galleys!"

ELEGY TO MR SHERIDAN.

He compliments Mr Sheridan, confesses that he has been a Literary Reviewer, but of the most consummate Candour—he complains of the Illiberality of Mankind; condemns literary Impostures, and wonders at the Want of Discrimination in the World, which so often mistakes a trifling Capacity, with a little Schoolboy Learning, for Genius.

O Sheridan! amidst thy walks of wit,
Success has crowned thee—ev'ry Muse has smiled;
While Peter, thanks to dulness and to Pitt,
Finds Pindus a most melancholy wild;

Oft am I term'd a *niggard* of applause;
And that I do not justice to the times:
Alas! the world complains without a cause:
Display the virtue, and I'll find the rhymes.

I own I've squeezed some miserable souls,
And made them of their folly somewhat sick;
Showed to a grinning world their phiz, like moles
'Midst fields they ravaged, in a cloven stick.

I own (with candour too) that I *reviewed*—
Unstained like Rivington's black tribes, my tongue;

Merit, with *tomahawks* I ne'er pursued,
Spared hooting owls, and kill'd the birds of *song*.

I spared not puppies, though they bore a star;
I spared not blockheads, though they wore *lawn sleeves;*
On vile imposters rushed my angry war,
Rogues in saints' masks, and literary thieves.

A hound, *mute* hound, in cold contempt they call me,
That never to fair merit *gave my tongue;*
With ev'ry weapon of offence they maul me,
Poor Orpheus! 'midst the Bacchanalian throng.

Much have I suffer'd, and my Lady Muse—
Bullets, like hailstones, pelting at our head—
From mud-forts fir'd, called Rivington's Reviews,
Ah me! incessant show'rs of brass and lead.

Where, cloth'd, well fed, warm quarters, handsome pay,
Enough to put old Satan in a *sweat*—
Four Parsons, hir'd like Swiss, to wound and slay,
Are peeping, aiming, from the parapet.

Muse, tell their names, at whom Religion stares,
Like scavengers that labour in the kennel—
Maurice and Beloe, all-devouring Nares,
And supple, fawning, crawling Parson R——l!

O genius! thou fair flower of rich perfume,
What stinking weeds have stole thy sacred name;
Displayed their tawdry colours, for thy bloom,
Till blushing Folly's self has cried out "shame!"

Possess'd of mem'ry, Nature's gift to fools,
Thus coxcombs read and learn the thoughts of others;
And swell'd with lexicons and grammar rules,
Scare with Greek-thunder their old aunts and mothers.

Of *such* I could a manufactory make—
With such *sad things* the groaning world encumber;
From town and country *any* orders take,
And send, at shortest notice, any number.

Grosses of Rennels I could quickly send,
Of cobbler Giffords, and such *cobbling* fellows—
Of Fus'lies, numbers, numbers, without end!
Thousands of Nares, and Maurices, and Beloes.

O Sheridan! once more to thee I turn;
Say, is there nothing that my taste would hit?
In vain I fear me for the gift I mourn;
Lo! every wit would *kill* a brother wit.

Thus, when two clouds of fire sublimely meet,
Immediately are heard most serious matters;
The gloomy foes in sounds of thunder greet,
And, rushing, tear each other into tatters.

ELEGY TO THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Poet supplicates his Brother Poet, the good Bishop of London, and one of the great Guardians of the British Museum, to dislodge the Parsons that are got into that Dwelling, thinking it more in Character for a pious Divine to attend rather to the souls of his Parishioners, than to lousy Birds, Quadrupeds, and musty Manuscripts; and supplicates for himself the Post of Curator.

O Porteus! hear a poet's humble prayer;
For Porteus, thou hast been a poet too
Of *yore*—like me of golden trappings bare—
Like me, with scarce a stocking or a shoe.

No friends have I, alas! on Fortune's wheel;
No patron kind to help me at a pinch:
But happier thou! when wanting a good meal,
Sweet smiled upon thee Lady Charlotte F****.

Sweet were the smiles, indeed, of Lady Charlotte;
For, lo! 'twas she as all the world believes,

So good, so chaste (abhorrent of the harlot),
Who heard thy prayer, and gave thee thy lawn sleeves.

Say, Porteus (for thou ought'st to love a poet),
Why can't I get to Montague's great house?
As well as can thy parsons, I can show it,
And keep from nits the elephant or mouse.

Three parsons now are keeping cock and hen:
From preying worms, the weasel and the rat;
The tribe of ostrich, and the tribe of wren—
The tribe of goose and cuckoo—tribe of gnat!

Moths in old books, and parchments too they scout,
Though great the toil! and hundreds worth a year—
This arm, I trust, can put them to the rout—
With equal fire attack their front and rear.

An't please your lordship, well I know the art
Of snatching from perdition fish and fowl—
Can bid mortality from snakes depart;
Preserve a crocodile, and stuff an owl.

As brave as Maurice, brave as parson Nares,
These hands the leathern forts of moth can storm;
And, sharp as sportsmen, foxes chase and hares:
Through all his various winding hunt the worm.

Then pray now send each parson to his parish,
Where Sin the cradle of each infant rocks;
And since with nitty tribes so wondrous *warrish*,
O bid them slay the maggots of their *flocks!*

THE END.

OCT 20 1916